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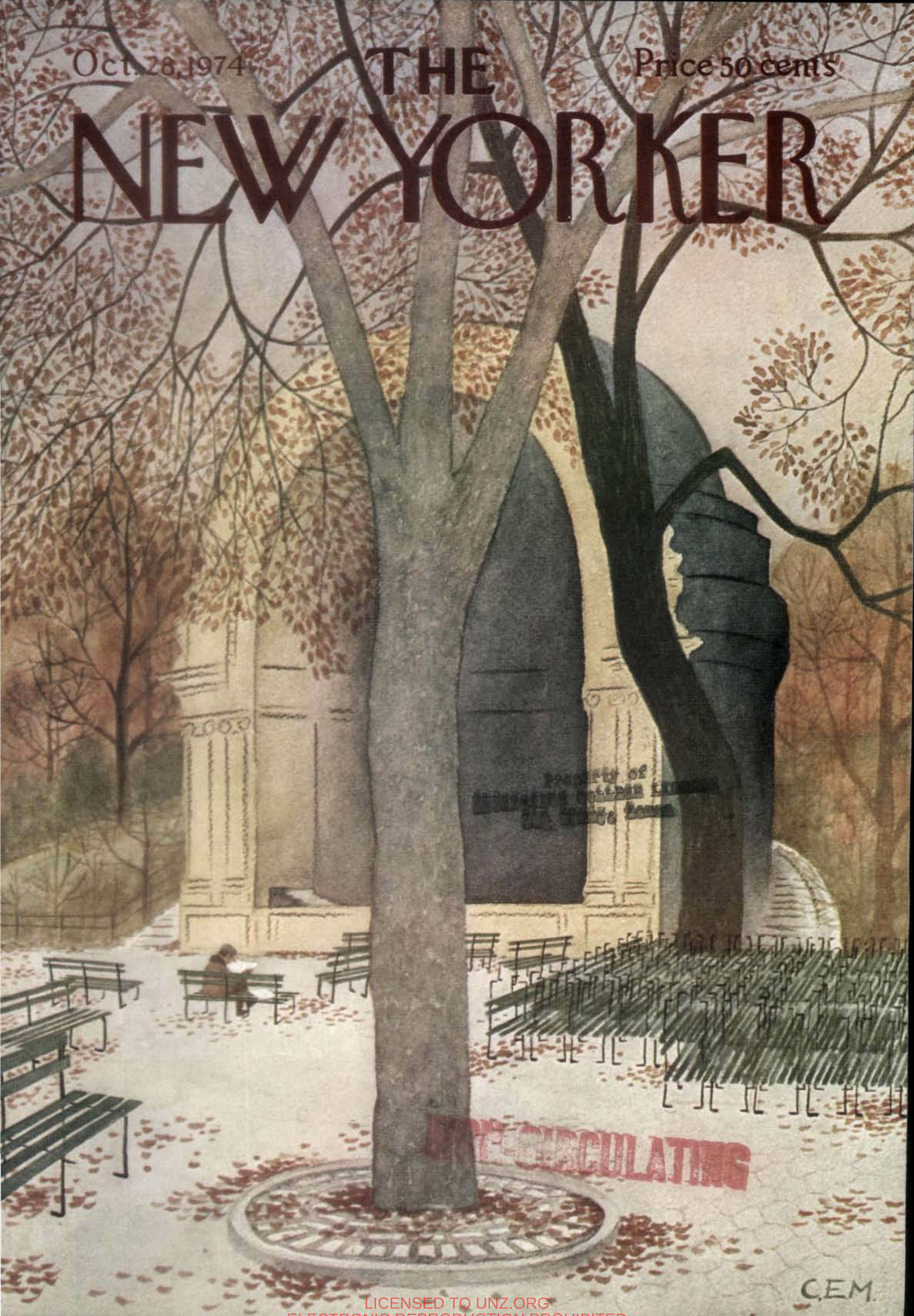

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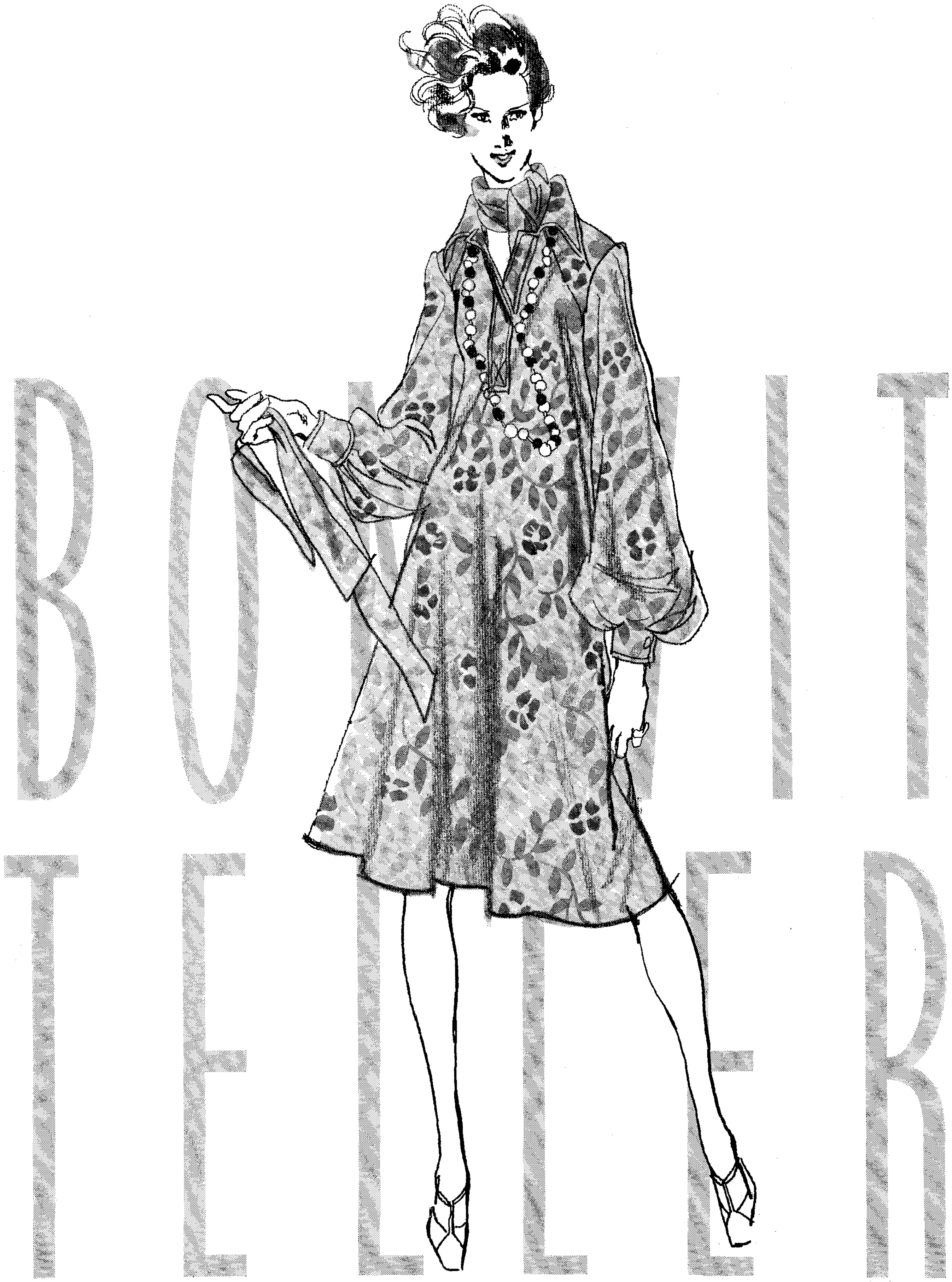

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

As Long As You're Happy, Barbara—A play by Gary Lasdun. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 24-27, at 7:30. Free.)

The Beauty Part—A revival of S. J. Perelman's 1962 comedy, with Joseph Bova, Ron Faber, and Cynthia Harris. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 23, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 23. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Brief Lives—A superb one-man, one-woman show. The man is Roy Dotrice, who wonderfully embodies the seventeenth-century English antiquary John Aubrey; the woman is Julia Trevelyan Oman, who designed the dingy, gorgeous set. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Elizabeth Ashley, Fred Gwynne, Keir Dullea, and Kate Reid in a fine revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama about sex, money, and family ties in the Deep South. Directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 16.)

Dreyfus in Rehearsal—A mistake, starring Sam Levene and Ruth Gordon. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shaw's comedy **Arms and the Man** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—A psychological thriller by Peter Shaffer, imported from London and starring Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth. Directed by John Dexter. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 24. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Flowers—Lindsay Kemp as a wistful drag queen is ably accompanied by a company of six men and a woman in a series of fantasies inspired by Jean Genet. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gypsy—A revival of the hit musical of fifteen years ago. Angela Lansbury plays the part originated by Ethel Merman. She works very hard indeed, which is to say harder than she ought to have let us see, but she is charming as well as valiant and her supporting cast is attractive. Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, directed. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hosanna—Richard Monette and Richard Donat are an unhappy couple in love. One of them likes to dress up as Elizabeth Taylor, and the other likes leather and motorcycles, and they tear away at each other until it is time to go to bed. Written by the young Canadian playwright Michel Tremblay. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-3194. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Hothouse—A play by Megan Terry, directed by Rae Allen. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 23, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 10. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 3.)

Mack & Mabel—How Mack Sennett and Mabel Normand fell in love and didn't marry and gained fame and lost it, seen mostly through the eyes of Gower Champion. With Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 27.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—A trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles,

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SHOWN, FROM LEFT: CHRYSANTHEMUM, AUDUBON AND PROVENCE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Euripides, and Seneca, in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. **MEDEA** and **THE TROJAN WOMEN**: Thursday, Oct. 24; Sunday, Oct. 27; and Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **ELECTRA** and **THE TROJAN WOMEN**: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1. (La Mama Annex, 66-68 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8.)

THE MEASURES TAKEN—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

MERT & PHIL—A play by Anne Burr, with Estelle Parsons and Michael Lombard in the title roles. Directed by Joseph Papp. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 29. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 30, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 15. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

MY FAT FRIEND—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NAOMI COURT—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE NATIONAL HEALTH—Peter Nichols' grim and yet often funny play about a number of sick and even dying men in a hospital ward in England. Directed with great skill by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OVER HERE!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RICHARD III—Michael Moriarty plays the title role in the first of three plays by the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

SCAPINO—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EL TEATRO CAMPESINO—A musical revue from California. Opens Thursday, Oct. 24, and will run through Monday, Nov. 18. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THIEVES—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Moves on Wednesday, Oct. 30, to the Longacre, 220 W. 48th St., 246-5639. Tuesdays, except Oct. 29, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ROYALE
ROYALE
tom funk

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THE WAGER—*A comedy by Mark Medoff, with* Kristoffer Tabori, Linda Cook, Kenneth Gilman, and John Heard. Anthony Perkins directed. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WHY HANNA'S SKIRT WON'T STAY DOWN—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30. Special performance Sunday, Oct. 27, at 9:30.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE**: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sundays, Oct. 27.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,033 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GOOD EVENING**: Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN**: A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Trinity," "Remembrances," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Evening Dialogues," and "Interplay.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "The Dream," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Petrouchka," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Kettentanz.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Pulcinella," "William Tell Variations," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Evening Dialogues," "Valentine," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "William Tell Variations," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Trinity," "Remembrances," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Evening Dialogues," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Evening Dialogues," "Monotones," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Pulcinella," "Parade," and "Le Beau Danube." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

CHET BAKER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current Messengers, Fridays and Saturdays, from ten.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

SONNY FORTUNE—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Saxophone, leading a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, Oct. 26.

SONNY GREER / RUSSELL PROCOPE / BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

TINY GRIMES—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

ELVIN JONES—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet, nightly at ten, through Sunday, Oct. 27.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

ELLIS LARKINS—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

JUNIOR MANCE—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

MABEL MERCER—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays

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at ten and midnight. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 29.

New Lost City Ramblers—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Fiddle, banjo, and guitar, played by Mike Seeger, Tracy Schwartz, and John Cohen, respectively. At eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Friday through Sunday, Oct. 25-27.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a trio led by saxophonist Red Prysock, from eight-thirty (Friday and Saturday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, Oct. 26.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three, starting Wednesday, Oct. 30.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Zoot Sims and Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Tenor sax and piano, respectively, with drummer Ray Mosca and bassist Major Holley. From nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Sylvia Syms—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Vocals, backed by a trio, except Sundays.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A knickknack-cluttered, seaworthy, pub-flavored Chelsea gathering place that could easily be converted into a curio shop and *is* transformed into a music club on Fridays and Saturdays. A jazz trio—the John Lewis Sound—ascends the central elevated bandstand between nine-thirty and two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality, but with such minor physical handicaps as obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open. Stalwart saxophonist Sonny Fortune leads a quartet through Saturday, Oct. 26. On Wednesday, Oct. 30, onetime Basie vocalist Irene Reid returns with her backup quartet, which features an authentic-sounding rhythm-and-blues organist and a baritone saxophonist, the latter doubling on alto and flute. Miss Reid is a clear, authoritative, worldly singer with a mixed-up repertoire—blues, ballads, and Top Forty-Barry White soul-schlock, which she can turn into music. Her soul numbers are refreshing, primarily because her style is derived from blues, rather than from rococo gospel mannerisms. One of her best moments occurs during her lengthy repetition of the lyrics "I'm Feeling Mighty Good," and variations, as her band chugs along playing raw r-&-b riffs. Nine-forty-five to three are the music hours. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. Kenny Rankin and Carolyn Hester, both seasoned folksingers, trade sets through Thursday, Oct. 24. From Friday through Sunday, Oct. 25-27, Martin, Bogan & Armstrong, a folk-rock crew, alternates with the more traditional New Lost City Ramblers, who conduct a thorough exploration of their musical roots—blues and train songs, rags and reels. The San Francisco-based comedy troupe the Committee will do improvisational skits Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 29-31. Jerry Reed, a slick Nashville cat who appropriated many of his licks from Merle Travis and Chet Atkins, will perform opposite singer Linda Hargrove and her country band. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

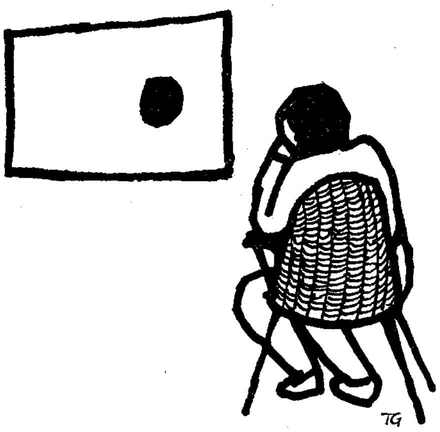
Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Jimmy Rowles, a subtle pianist and an occasional crackly-voiced singer, is currently occupying that niche with bassist Bill Takas. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate singer Sylvia Syms, who is making a rare club appearance. Miss Syms, often regarded as the female counterpart of Sinatra, will be supported by a trio throughout her two-week stay. Two shows weeknights, three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of it. Ellis Larkins, a subdued, understated pianist, along with his bassist, Benny Moten, manages to capture the attention of normally preoccupied diners with gently playful but demanding stylings. The music runs from eight to one. Dick Hyman claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Pianist, singer, arranger, and actor Onzy Matthews works with a quartet Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, and Wednesdays through Saturdays from six until nine. Snacks.



Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Overseen by the second generation of the family that started it nearly thirty years ago, this club is a smoothly run, reliable, first-rate jazz spot. The two brothers and their sister are almost always at the club, greeting patrons at the door or working behind the bar. Baritone crooner Arthur Prysock sings standards with saxophonist Red Prysock's trio opposite solo pianist Lance Hayward. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. On Sundays, various jazzpersons are likely to turn up. The hours run from eight-thirty to two Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty to three-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward returns from his Half Note engagement on Monday, Oct. 28, to reclaim his keyboard. He plays here nightly, except Wednesdays, joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine and on Fridays and Saturdays by bassist Lyn Christie. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Folds fills in for Dick Katz Mondays through Wednesdays. On Sundays, Gene Roland brings in a five-piece band that plays from eight to two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This once and recent New York pinnacle on the overamplified rock-folk-and-blues circuit is now under new management. The crowds have dispersed somewhat, and the place may have begun to lose its pulse. Sundry rockpersons gather nightly from about nine. Dining downstairs; drinks and snacks in the upstairs music room.

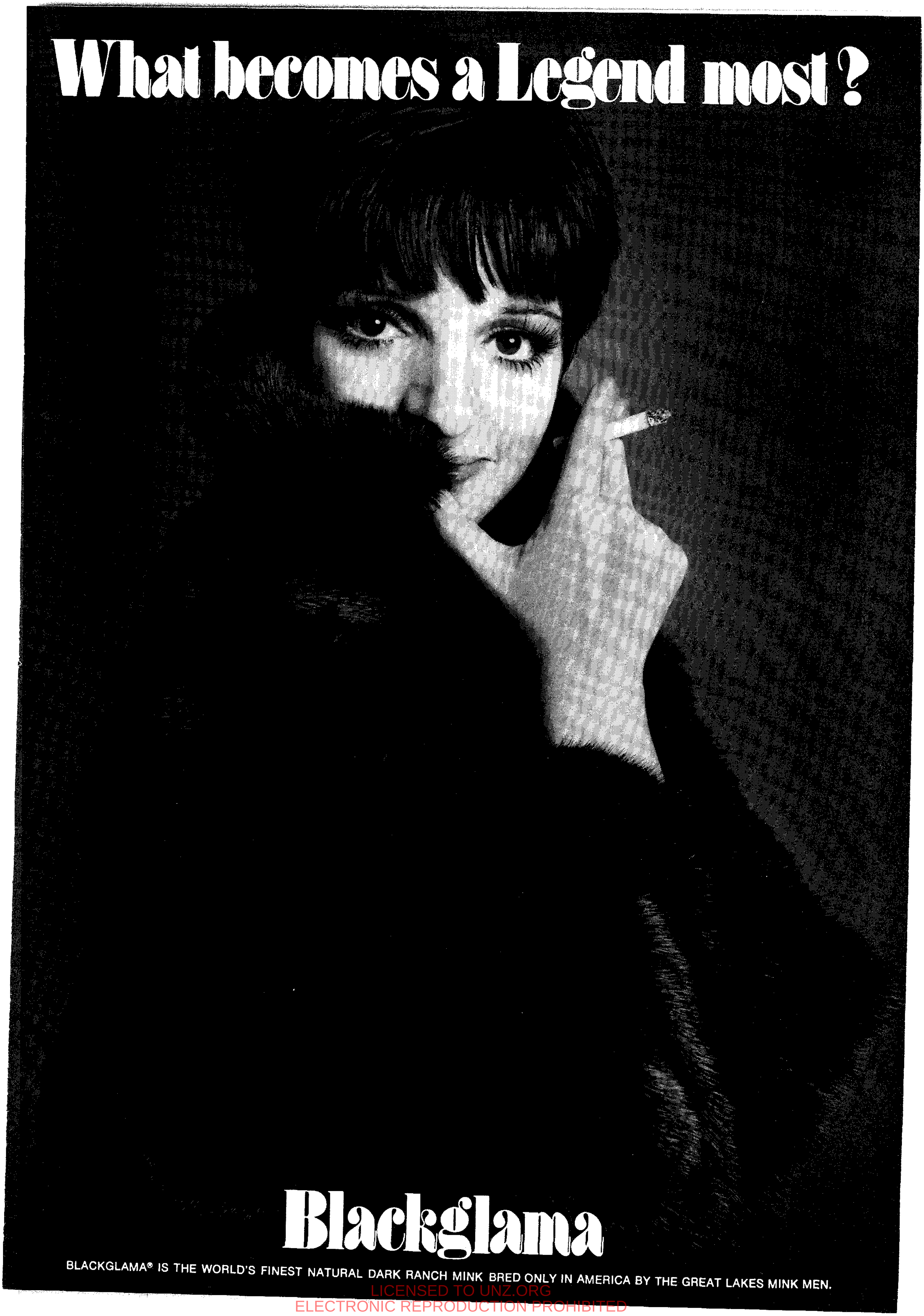
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are pianist Dave McKenna, saxophonist Zoot Sims, drummer Ray Mosca, and bassist Major Holley. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both fitted out with tables for drinking and dining. Junior Mance, whose piano stylings are as good-natured as the look on his face, leads a wide-awake trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, Esther Marrow sings some impeccable rhythm-and-blues with her band. Music from ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Film actress Joan Hackett, who makes a charmingly tentative presence on stage, sings Sammy Cahn and some tasteful Dory Previn and Stephen Sondheim songs. Michael Greer, a living-room-calibre standup who might not be tolerated in some living rooms, alternates with her through Saturday, Oct. 26. Deadpan humorist and bluesy singer Baby Jane Dexter will share the stage with Bruce Vilanch, a put-down comic, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 29. Shows at nine and midnight. Dolly Jonah sings on Sundays, at nine and eleven. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer begins another season in this ornate little nook. Her recitatives, accompanied, as always, by Jimmy Lyon's piano, begin at ten and midnight, starting Tuesday, Oct. 29.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Mondays and Tuesdays, Chet Baker, drawn and gaunt, with longish slicked-down hair, is here with a trio. Vibraharpist David Friedman works with a bassist on Wednesdays and with a trio on Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, guitarist Attila Zoller visits with his threesome. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty until two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime Soho streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source for the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, Sonelius Smith, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz that lies somewhere beyond John Coltrane, approaching the intricacies of Cecil Taylor. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who are now considered the vanguard of sixties' jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Sporadic weekend jazz in an upstairs room with all the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Drummer Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers perform straight-ahead, mainstream music Fridays and Saturdays from ten. On Thursdays, Hellman's Angels, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman, provides the sounds from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones energizes his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 27. On Tuesday, Oct. 29, Joe Farrell and Joe Beck, on reeds and guitar, respectively, round up their quartet to play some heavyweight rock-tinged jazz. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and about fifteen other first-rate musicians take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right on a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to the Swing All-Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Ed Lewis, and Brooks Kerr on piano. Durham, a Kansas City jazzman during the twenties and thirties, was one of the very first jazz guitarists, and he played and arranged for such history-making bands as the Blue Devils, Bennie Moten, Jimmy Lunceford, and Count Basie, as well as his own band. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes plays a bluesy, bebopping guitar with his trio. Fridays and Saturdays, boogie-woogie stylist Sammy Price romps all over the piano, as Ed Lewis, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, and the drummer, Ditto (whose name rhymes with "Perdido"), try to keep up with him. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café**, pianist Herb Winner, with the assistance of two singing instrumentalists, plays dance music from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room**, singer Manuel appears at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. On Monday, Oct. 28, he will be succeeded by Jean-Paul Vignon, that throaty tenor. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **plaza restaurant** provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the **palm court**, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight, and Sundays from four to seven, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. Miss Andrews returns to the keyboard Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting comedian Jack Carter and vocalist Tony Darrow at dinner and supper. Dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Budd ends her series of song recitals in the **maisonette** on Saturday, Oct. 26. The next occupant, due on Monday, Oct. 28, will be Freda Payne, a girl likewise devoted to carolling. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini quartet. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **empire room** affords the songs of Dax Xenos at dinner and supper. His final night will be Saturday, Oct. 26. On Monday, Oct. 28, Gladys Knight and the Pips reopen the place as a forum for their songs. They will do just one show at ten opening night; thereafter, they will appear twice an evening. The Bob Rosengarden orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Thelma Appel—Paintings of fields and moors. Through Nov. 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shusaku Arakawa—One large canvas and several related pastels. Through Nov. 16. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

William Bailey—Still-lifes and figures. Through Nov. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Samuel Bak—Skillfully executed Surrealist works concentrating on the horrors of war, by a Polish-born Israeli artist. Through Nov. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Large, commanding abstract paintings, reminiscent of the Vorticists, and smaller, quieter collages with an Italian flavor. Through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Siri Berg—The circle is the theme of this group of paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

David Burt / Ruth Lerman—Metal sculptures. / Sculptures in alabaster and something called African wonder stone, which is black with blue highlights. Through Nov. 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Three-legged standing figures abound in this Halloween surprise that the sculptor has sprung on his fans. Through Nov. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jon Carsman—Vistas of small country towns, done in acrylics, in which menacing shapes crop up in otherwise innocent foliage. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Salvador Dali—Drawings, collages, lithographs, and etchings. Through Nov. 9. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Whitney Darrow, Jr.—A collection of cartoons and drawings, from 1936 to the present. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claire Fejes—Genre paintings of Eskimo life and wild Alaskan landscapes, plus some Eskimo sculptures and artifacts. Through Nov. 9. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Louis Finkelstein—Paintings of bridges, rivers, and roadways of New York, and landscapes of the South of France. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—A crowded show of wood, stone, and bronze sculptures by this seventy-year-old artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Hayes—Two dozen bright-colored ceramic wall pieces. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Helen Hoie—Abstract acrylic paintings; first solo show here. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masuo Ikeda—Erotic watercolors in which photographic images are transformed to paper (the process is called *frottage*) and retouched by the artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Lithographs hand-colored with pastels, watercolors, and gouache. Through Nov. 16. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Nov. 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics that show how the artist's work changed during various periods. Through Nov. 9. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Lobdell—Abstract paintings and drawings by a Californian prominent since the fifties. Through Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden—Abstract drawings (1964-74). Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann McCoy—Four large colored-pencil drawings, mostly of underwater scenery, plus a group of smaller ones. Through Nov. 9. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

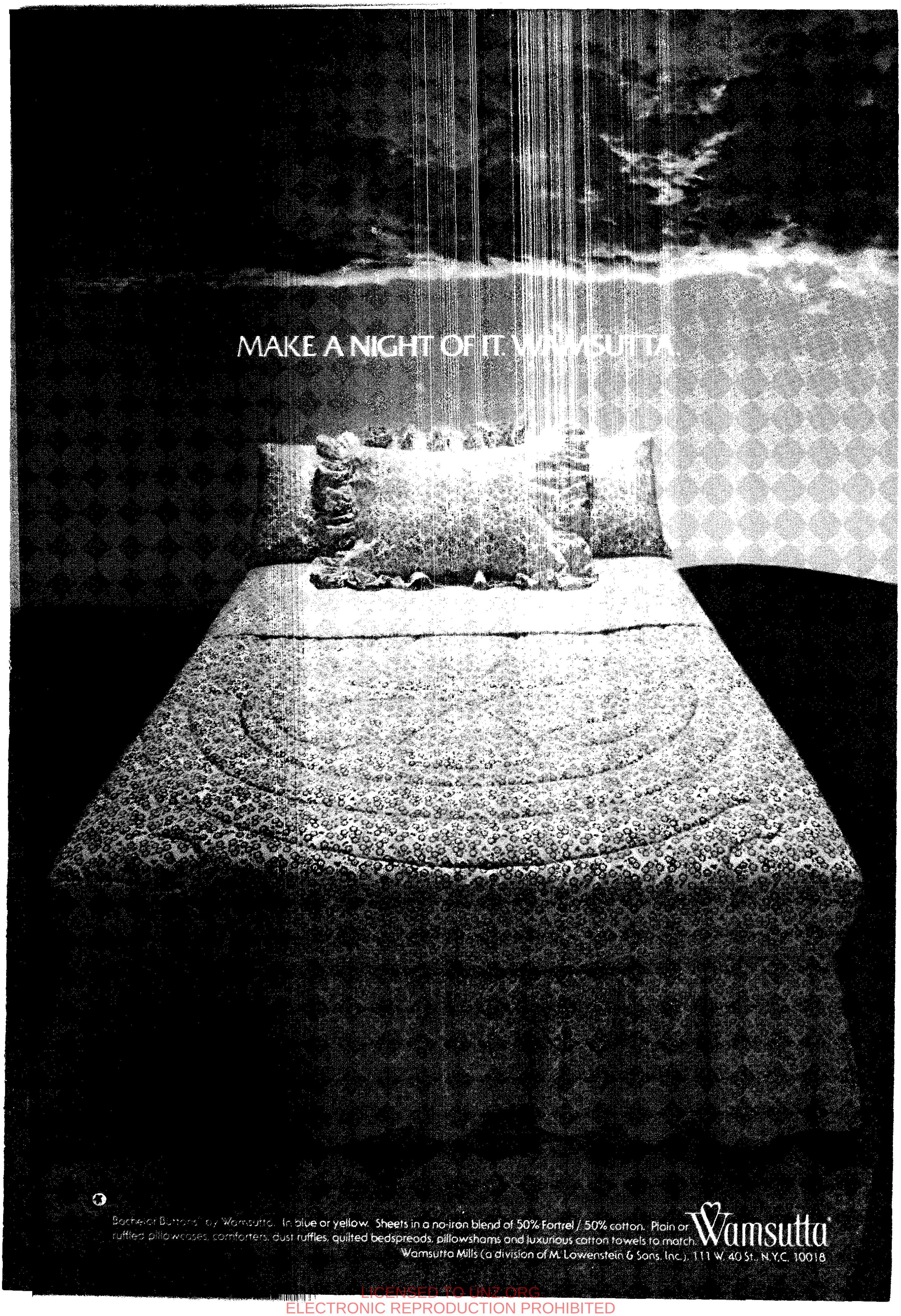
Richard Merkin—Semi-abstract glimpses of the recent past. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Shozo Nagano—Three-dimensional and illusory canvases. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Don Nice / Wayne Nowak / Franz Kline (1910-62)—Outsize paintings, in acrylic or watercolor, of a rattlesnake, a squirrel, a pheasant, a bunch of carrots, a pair of sneakers, and so on. / Constructions—small boxes stuffed with curios. / Barroom drawings that in no way foreshadow this artist's later Abstract Expressionist masterpieces. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Niizuma—Marble sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Penney—Figurative, architectural, and landscape paintings, some done during travels in Greece and Italy and others in upstate New York. Through Nov. 9. (Kraushaar,



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1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figurative drawings. Through Nov. 9. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A benefit showing of about sixty paintings on loan from museums and private collections. Starts Thursday, Oct. 24. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Richard Serra—Nine-by-sixteen-foot panels, some white, some black. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Shapiro—Misty-looking abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Sidney Tillim—Three large paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Flowery abstracts not far removed from peach- and cherry-blossom reality. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Tobey—Paintings. Through Nov. 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Carroll S. Tyson (1878-1956)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors, many of them of Maine. Through Nov. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jarvis Wilcox—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures done in oil. Through Tuesday, Oct. 29. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St.)

Group Shows—At the **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works by, among others, Dubuffet, Reinhardt, and Agnes Martin. Through Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **far gallery**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics of animals or birds by such contemporary artists as John Groth and Jane Canfield, as well as by Audubon, Bierstadt, Bonheur, and others. Starts Thursday, Oct. 24. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Original drawings of early comic-strip characters—Winsor McCay's Little Nemo, Rudolph Dirks's Katzenjammer Kids, George McManus's Maggie and Jiggs, George Herriman's Krazy Kat, and Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: One or more paintings by each member of The Eight. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Davis, Marin, and others. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Included are such artists as Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Aguilar Alcuaz—Tapestries, oils, and watercolors by a Filipino artist who lives in Spain make up this exhibit at the Runyon-Winchell Gallery (33 W. 56th St.), which operates under the auspices of the Runyon-Winchell Cancer Fund. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Sundays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Miki Benoff—Sculptures done in translucent polyester resins. Through Nov. 7. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Brown—Recent works that continue the "Dancers Series" this California artist has been working on for some time. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Robert Goodnough—New paintings by this veteran New York artist. Starts Saturday, Oct. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

José Guerrero—Large, distinctive, confidently painted abstracts. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Lenor Larsen—Woven murals, quilted wall hangings, and other pieces based on textiles. Through Nov. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Meyer—Small terra-cotta and bronze figures—almost caricatures—of fashionable-looking people at play, and a couple of sculptured still-lifes. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Paintings of immense flowers—roses, tulips, jonquils, orchids—shown against a black-and-white-striped background. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Archie Rand—Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings in thick impasto and drawings by this abstractionist. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

George Segal—Spectral figures cast in plaster direct from living models, some of them in so-called environmental settings, and others—a new departure for the artist—done as hanging wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by William Fares, Jim Juszczyk, Mary Miss, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Prendergast, O'Keeffe, and Marin (downstairs), and marine paintings by such nineteenth-century artists as Robert Salmon, Samuel Walters, and T. E. Buttersworth (upstairs). Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Realist drawings, mostly in pencil and all of top quality, by ten Spanish artists. Through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Among the sculptors represented are James Rosati, David Smith, and Beverly Pepper. Through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Over a hundred and fifty African pieces, including examples from private and museum collections. Through Saturday, Oct. 26.

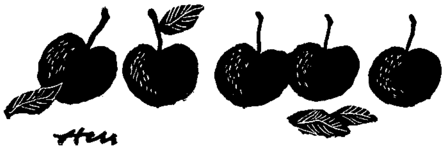
GALLERIES—SoHo

Mary Joan Bono—Large, haunting abstracts, one called "The Saga of Patty Hearst," and smaller works in watercolors and pastels. Through Nov. 3. (Aames, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays.)

Patrick Caulfield / Jorge Stever / R. J. Kreznar—Large paintings of interiors, mostly done in acrylics with a stencilled effect. / Canvases, some of them shaped, that resemble heavy slabs of black metal. / Sculptures done in geometrically ordered assemblages of small glass panels. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays).

Jim Dine—Incisive, life-size drawings of familiar tools—hammers, saw, clippers—and a spirited full-length portrayal, in oil, of a crosscut saw. Through Nov. 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Fekner / Robin VanArsdol—Off-white canvases, with hairline flecks of color, which resolve themselves into dim portraits if stared at long enough. / Abstracts, made with bright crayons, thumbtacks, nails, and so on, which sometimes escape their frames and infect the wall around them. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)



Robert Gordon—Installations. Through Nov. 7. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Greenberg / Robert Sievert—Paintings. Starts Friday, Oct. 25. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Tom Halsall / Paul Zelevansky—Large abstracts with a Persian-rug richness of colors. / Antic constructions in a joking vein. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William L. Haney—This accomplished painter makes free with the work of his heroes (Matisse, Ingres, Botticelli, for instance) in assembling large compositions of his own. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Yu, in a new location, at 393 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Hutchinson—Twenty-six pieces in a show called "Alphabet Series." Through Nov. 20. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Brian Kazlov—Six large abstracts, perhaps inspired by the sweep of a windshield wiper. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Benedek, in a new location, at 145 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Kuehn—Realistic figure paintings of a competence not frequently encountered in this part of town. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Terence La Noue / Jim Starrett—Semicircle sections made of painted materials, plus some drawings. / Abstract drawings done in pastels and charcoal. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cork Marcheschi—Kinetic pieces involving flashy electrical discharges set off when the viewer pushes a button. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Miller—Wood and rope pieces. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Passlof—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 7. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Tomiyo Sasaki / Paul Tschinkel—Paintings done in metallic pigments, plus glass and mirrored pieces. / Metal floor and wall pieces. Through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (55 Mercer St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Shields—Paintings. Through Nov. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Tran Tho—Large abstracts, some incorporating motifs found in Malaysian carvings, by a Vietnamese artist now resident here. Through Nov. 5. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

David True—What might be called a True story is an environment consisting mainly of a fifteen-foot lookout tower lying on its side; an axe that may have been used to cut it down; some pottery fragments and painted stones; a large, sagging painting that depicts an angel, the stump of the fallen tower, and a man dressed up as a bear and holding an axe; and a printed legend on one wall that tells of a vigilante group, known as the Bear Men, who discovered a religious sect that built the tower (the cultists kept one of their members on top of it) in the wilds of Ohio seventy years ago, chased them away, burned their cabins, and cut down the tower. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

Lawrence Weiner—Two new Conceptualist pieces. Through Nov. 9. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Williams—Abstract sculptures. Through Nov. 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Sharon Wybrants-Lynch / Cynthia Mailman—Realistic portraits. / Realist landscapes and small portraits. Through Nov. 6. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

William Zehngut—Paintings. Through Wednes-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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day, Oct. 30. (Second Story Spring Street Society, 167 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—Paintings by Alan Cote, Harvey Quaytman, David Diao, and John Walker. Through Nov. 27. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Leonard Baskin—Lithographs and etchings. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Pace University, 41 Park Row. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 7.)

George Cherepov—Landscapes of New England. Through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

José de Creeft—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings to mark this artist's ninetieth birthday. Through Nov. 9. (New School Graduate Faculty Center, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Ralph Iwamoto—Geometric paintings and drawings organized around the octagon. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Westbeth, 155 Bank St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Oto Logo—Bronzes by a Yugoslavian sculptor; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 9. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Richard Serra—Drawings by an artist better known for his sculptures. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays, except Oct. 28, through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by John Fischer, Howard Conant, Galeyn Remington, John Fudge, and others. Through Friday, Oct. 25. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alan Dennis / Nathan Farb—Dye-transfer photographs. / Photographs of his family. Through Nov. 3. (Midtown Y Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

P. H. Emerson (1856-1936)—Platinum prints and gravures. Through Nov. 9. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Factory children and immigrants are two of the subjects of these photographs, taken between 1905 and 1932. Through Nov. 16. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Duane Michals / James Newberry—Images in sequence, with handwritten captions. / Nudes and landscapes. Through Nov. 9. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Steiner—A retrospective of the work of this seventy-five-year-old photographer. Through Nov. 9. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Vintage photographs, plus scenes of Kansas by Brian Lanker. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **new-york historical society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of Indians of North America by Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Edward S. Curtis, and others. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Examples by Charles Harbutt, Eugène Atget, and others. Through Tuesday, Oct. 29. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5.... ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5.... ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Nine lithographs by the Japanese artist Shusaku Arakawa. Through Nov. 3.... ¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10.... ¶ Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The small room to the left of the ground-floor elevators is given over to an environmental arrangement, mostly artificial, by Jim Roche—a sort of Hieronymus Bosch garden path down which one is led past pastel-colored, snake-infested trees, flotillas of horseshoe crabs, an assembly of bleached shark jaws, each clamped onto a bird, an army of tiny alligators, and so on, while eagles wing by overhead, each clutching a snake in its talons. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. ... ¶ A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Through Dec. 1.... ¶ A hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Through Nov. 10.... ¶ Graphic works from 1965 to the present, by Alex Katz. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ On Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of music by [and with commentary by] Elliott Carter, performed by the Composers String Quartet; Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Ursula Oppens, piano; Michael Rudiakov, cello; and the Speculum Musicae, conducted by Gerard Schwarz. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Abstractions by younger artists, among them David Diao, Joan Snyder, and David Novros. Through Friday, Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19.... ¶ A new gallery is showing a survey of the entire history of Japanese art, including pottery, ceramics, and prints, plus a small selection of Korean objects. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—About fifty works, mostly landscape paintings, by four Japanese painters who lived in the late eighteenth century. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, watercolors, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, as well as Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by Leonid, plus a selection of works by his fellow-Neo-Romantic artists, among them Christian Bérard, Eugene Berman, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Through Nov. 10.... ¶ Approximately two thousand photographic post-cards from the turn of the century to the present. Through Sunday, Oct. 27.... ¶ A mishmash of seldom shown minor treasures from the reserve vaults of fifteen institutions, including the Museum of Primitive Art, the Metropolitan, the New York Botanical Gardens, and the American Numismatic Society. Starts Friday, Oct. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than four hundred paintings, drawings, and prints focussing on New York in the post-Revolutionary period when the society was founded by John Pintard. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit in honor of the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Astor Library—part of *this* library since 1895—with some examples of its rarest manuscripts and books (Alexander Hamilton's handwritten proposal for the Constitution, a first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and a copy of Audubon's "The Birds of America" among them). Also on view are items dealing with the library's history—original card catalogues, rules and regulations, and such. Through Dec. 2.... ¶ "Am I in It: Gertrude Stein Is 100," a small display of the author's letters, manuscripts, plays, and operas, with some photographs by Carl Van Vechten. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30.... ¶ Fifty-seven French posters (1860-1928) that were used to advertise operas, ballets, and operettas. Through Nov. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Young peoples' art work from I.S. 201, including paintings, drawings, wood carvings, and masks. Through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 23: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, Donald Gramm, and

Kenneth Riegel; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 24: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 25: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmoor; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 26: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Franco Tagliavini, Peter Glossop, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 26: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 28: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 29: "Don Giovanni," with Rachel Mathes, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 30: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 31: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 1: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Renata Scotto, William Lewis, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 2: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Janis Martin, Joann Grillo, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, Paul Franke, Donald Gramm, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 2: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Tagliavini, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; Alberto Erede. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Johanna Meier, Esther Hinds, Robert Hale, and Gary Glaze; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Samuel Ramey; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Joan Patenaude, Kathleen Hegierski, Richard V. Taylor, and Pablo Elvira; Judith Somogi. . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Richard Stilwell, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Puli Toro, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Anthony, Diane Curry, Luciano Rampaso, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7: "La Bohème," with Emily Derr, Noelle Rogers, Melvyn Poll, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8: A new staging of "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Marisa Galvany, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Michele Molese, and Willard White; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Noelle Rogers, Luciano Rampaso, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Richard Stilwell, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Marisa Galvany, Carolyne James, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Pamela Hebert, Esther Hinds, Richard V. Taylor, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "The Mikado," with Diana Soviero, Betty Allen, David Griffith, and Jack Eddleman; Judith Somogi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

New Japan Philharmonic—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the opening performances of the season here—An all-Ravel program, with, among others, Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 23, and Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ A varied program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Ilana Vered, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis conducting, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting Mahler's Symphony No. 8. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8, with Grant Johannesen, piano, and Zara Nelsova, cello. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, with Philippe Entremont, piano.)

Concentus Musicus of Vienna—Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducting his baroque chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Teiko Maehashi, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Toho String Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama and Tadaaki Otaka conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

Early Music Quartet—A program of music of the Middle Ages by this vocal and instrumental group from Munich. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Robert Smith—Harpsichord, in the first of two all-Couperin recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Helen Boatwright—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Keyboard, in the first of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Vermeer Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:15.)

Fred Loeb—Clarinet, with, among others, Elizabeth Wright, piano; Daniel Morganstern, cello; and an orchestra conducted by Dick Hyman. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:30.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Paul Jacobs—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute, with the Concord String Quartet, and Robert Levin, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Karl Kraber—Flute, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano, in the first of two all-Scriabin programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Myung-Whun Chung—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Richard and John Contiguglia—Duo piano, in

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an all-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Lydia Artymiw, piano; Felix Galimir, violin; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Rudolf Serkin, piano; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 3, at 5.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Playing Handel's "Water Music." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Peter Pears and Julian Bream—Tenor and lutanist-guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider and Jean-Bernard Pommier—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

André Watts—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 5:45: PATRICE MUNSEL. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 5:45: A TRIBUTE TO ANNE SEXTON.

Charles Aznavour—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 27.

Andy Williams and Michel Legrand—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 27.

Fairport Convention—With Sandy Denny and John Fahey. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Dave Mason—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.

Golden Earring—A benefit concert. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

Duke Ellington Alumni—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Herbie Mann—With the Family of Mann, David Newman, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Count Basie and His Orchestra—Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-6316.

Chicago—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8.

Irish Rovers—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8.

Tony Bennett and Lena Horne—Minskoff Theatre. Wednesday, Oct. 30, through Sunday, Nov. 17. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30.

Anthony Newley and Henry Mancini's Orchestra—Uris Theatre. Wednesday, Oct. 30, through Sunday, Nov. 10. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.

David Bowie—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 3, at 8.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8 and 11:30.

Loggins & Messina—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8 and 11.

Van Morrison—With the Persuasions. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 1, at 7 and 11.)

Shawn Phillips and Quatermass—Academy of Music. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8.

Morgana King—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.

Focus and Gentle Giant—Academy of Music. Friday, Nov. 1, at midnight.

Aerosmith—Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8.

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge—With Barbara Carroll and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 8.)

Hawkwind—Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Nov. 1.

Boxing: Closed-Circuit TV—Muhammad Ali vs. George Foreman, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 10; films of previous World Heavyweight Championship bouts will be shown starting at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 26: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Bucknell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Siena, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Air Force, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 2: Army vs. Vanderbilt, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 27: Jets vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. California Golden Seals, Tuesday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Jan. 4. Through Saturday, Oct. 26, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Great American, Wednesday, Oct. 23; the Long Island Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 26; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Monday, Oct. 28; and the Knickerbocker Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 23. The Jersey, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Ruddigore," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Nov. 2, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Milky Way." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Joseph Brodsky reading from his own works, in Russian, with English translations read by Paul Zweig, and Christopher Middleton reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8.) . . . ¶ Galway Kinnell reading from his own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Architectural Tours—Henry Hope Reed, John Barrington Bayley, and other guides will conduct a tour of the Broadway theatre district on Sunday, Oct. 27. It meets at the southeast corner of Broadway and 43rd Street, at 1. For information about tickets, call 989-1332.

The Crystal Palace on 42nd Street, 1853-54—Enlarged drawings and prints showing both the exterior and interior of the building, as well as many of the industrial and art exhibits which made up the "Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations," when it graced the site now known as Bryant Park. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 23-25, from 9 to 6, and Saturday, Oct. 26, from 11 to 3.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the items displayed are Oriental occult figures, Victorian jewelry, and a collection of children's classical books. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-26, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 27, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by Utrillo, Picasso, Mondrian, and others; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: Impressionist and other modern paintings and sculptures, including a Monet landscape, a still-life by Braque, and a Surrealist composition by Max Ernst; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Rodin, Vlaminck, Pissarro, and Pascin; from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8, and Friday, Oct. 25, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by Barnett Newman, Morris Louis, Kline, Noguchi, and others; from various sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, *objets de vertu*, and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century portrait miniatures; from the collection of Jack Goetze and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 26.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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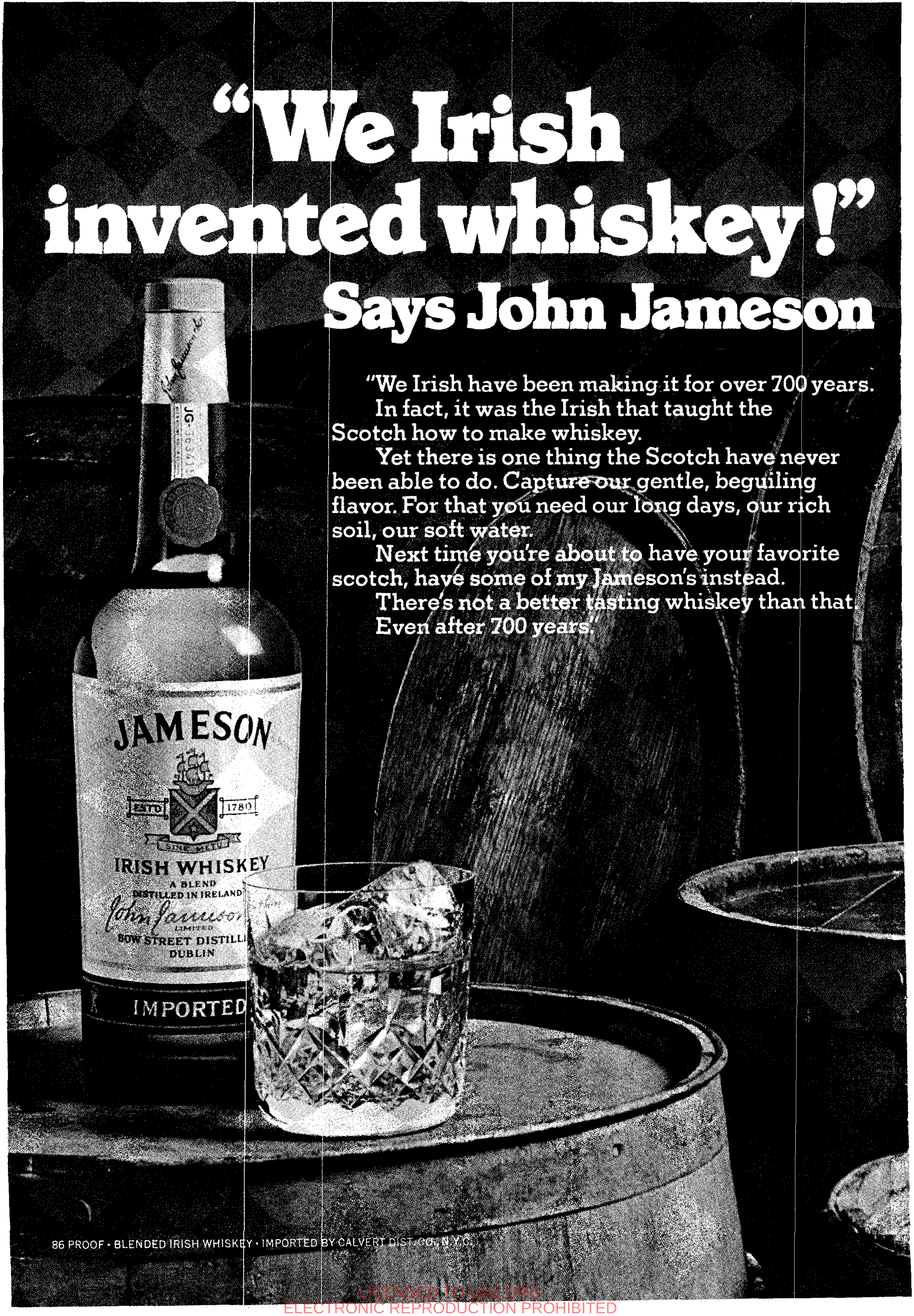
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Chinatown."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Oct. 26: "Red-Headed Woman" and "Niagara."
Oct. 27-29: "Jane Eyre" and "Pride and Prejudice."
From Oct. 30: "Freaks," "Mark of the Vampire," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Oct. 29: "Harold and Maude" and "If . . ."
From Oct. 30: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 29: "That's Entertainment!"
From Oct. 30: "The Longest Yard."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport 1975."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gold."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Cabaret."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Abdication." (No evening performances on Thursday, Oct. 24.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 30: "11 Harrowhouse."
From Oct. 31: "Phantom of the Paradise."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Gold."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Law and Disorder."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Juggernaut."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Oct. 23: "Dodes'ka-den."
Oct. 24-29: "Magical Mystery Tour" and "Gimme Shelter."
Oct. 30: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 31: "Ali."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Great Battle."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 29: "California Split."
From Oct. 30: "The Last Detail" and "The Lords of Flatbush."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 29: "Little Murders" and "Brewster McCloud."
From Oct. 30: "8½" and "La Strada."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 29: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 26: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From Oct. 27: "Giuseppe Verdi."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Groove Tube."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Odessa File."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Airport 1975."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8000)
"The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Juggernaut."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Oct. 25: "Mean Streets" and "I Vitelloni."
Oct. 26-29: "The Emigrants" and "The New Land."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 24: "Cabaret."
From Oct. 25: "The Longest Yard."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Oct. 23: "Love and Anarchy" and "Le Sex Shop."
Oct. 24: "In the Year of the Pig" and "Paths of Glory."
Oct. 25: "Rush to Judgment" and "Executive Action."
Oct. 26: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" and "Dr. Strangelove."
Oct. 27: "Painters Painting" and "The Agony and the Ecstasy."
Oct. 28: "Point of Order!" and "The Candidate."
Oct. 29: "America Is Hard to See" and "The Best Man."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 29: "That's Entertainment!"
From Oct. 30: "Juggernaut."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Oct. 29 at one or another of the theatres: "Animal Crackers," "Bank Dick," and "A Hard Day's Night"/"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Catch-22"/"Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly"/"The Seduction of Mimi" and "Fellini's Roma."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Oct. 23: "Day for Night" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
Oct. 24-26: "Burn!" and "Last Tango in Paris."
Oct. 27-28: "Walkabout" and "Lord of the Flies."
Oct. 29-30: "The Wild Child" and "Murmur of the Heart."
From Oct. 31: "Women in Love" and "The Music Lovers."
Note: Sunday, Oct. 27, one performance, at noon: "Sherlock Junior."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 24: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From Oct. 25: "The Seduction of Mimi."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Widow Couderc." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 29.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Law and Disorder."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 23: "The Ladykillers" and "Whiskey Galore."
Oct. 24: "Twentieth Century" and "My Man Godfrey."
Oct. 25: "The 400 Blows" and "Zero for Conduct."
Oct. 26: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."
Oct. 27: "Great Expectations" and "Oliver Twist."
Oct. 28: Theatre closed.
Oct. 29: "Variety" and "Pandora's Box."
Oct. 30: "Grand Illusion" and "The Elusive Corporal."
Oct. 31: "Burn!" and "The Battle of Algiers."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 26: "Harry & Tonto."
From Oct. 27: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 29: "Chinatown" and "Don't Look Now."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 24: "Black Holiday."
Oct. 25-27: "Women in Love" and "The Devils."
Oct. 28-29: "Pierrot le Fou" and "The Stranger."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 29: "Escape to Nowhere."
From Oct. 30: "The Girl from Petrovka."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Oct. 24: "California Split."
From Oct. 25: "The Last Detail" and "The Lords of Flatbush." (After 8 on Tuesday, Oct. 29, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Foreman-Ali fight.)

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Oct. 29: "Chinatown" and "Gumshoe."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 24: "Phase IV."
From Oct. 25: "The Longest Yard."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 29: "The Groove Tube."
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 29: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Wedding in Blood."
From Oct. 30: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "Sleuth."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 23 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5:30: "Devil's Doorway" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with Robert Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 5:30: "Moonfleet" (1955), directed by Fritz Lang, with Stewart Granger and George Sanders. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8: "The Red Badge of Courage" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Audie Murphy. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: "The Desperate Search" (1953), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Howard Keel and Jane Greer. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 5:30: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at noon: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), a silent film, directed by James Cruze. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 3: "Royal Wedding" (1951), directed by Stanley Donen, with Fred Astaire and Jane Powell. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 5:30: "Plymouth Adventure" (1952), directed by Clarence Brown, with Spencer Tracy and Gene Tierney. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 12:30: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly and Debbie Reynolds. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 3: A program of eight Tom and Jerry cartoons from 1940 to 1964. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 5:30: "Singin' in the Rain." . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 2: "The Naked Spur" (1953), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart and Janet Leigh. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 5:30: "Party Girl" (1958), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Robert Taylor and Cyd Charisse. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2: "Father of the Bride" (1950), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 5:30: "The Catered Affair" (1956), directed by Richard Brooks, with Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 5:30: "Father of the Bride." . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2: "Dr. Kildare: Tyger, Tyger" (1964), directed by John Newland, with Richard Chamberlain, Yvette Mimieux, and Raymond Massey; from the television series. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 5:30: "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant" (1942), directed by Willis Goldbeck, with Lionel Barrymore and Van Johnson. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 8: "Young Dr. Kildare" (1938), directed by Harold Bucquet, with Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 23: "Father's Little Dividend" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 24: "Miss Tatlock's Millions" (1948), directed by Richard Haydn, with Wanda Hendrix and John Lund. . . . ¶ Oct. 25: "The Locket" (1946), directed by John Brahm, with Laraine Day and Robert Mitchum. . . . ¶ Oct. 26: "A Foreign Affair" (1948), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Oct. 27: "The Bellboy" (1960), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Oct. 30: "Artists and Models" (1955), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Oct. 31: "The Secret Life of an American Wife" (1968), directed by George Axelrod, with Walter Matthau and Anne Jackson. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:15 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 29: "Luminous Zone," a program of five short films by Barry Gerson, Richard Serra, and Robert Morris. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 30: "Rivers of Sand," directed by Robert Gardner. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Sutton. No evening performances on Thursday, Oct. 24.)

The Agony and the Ecstasy (1965)—There is a dreadful discrepancy between Michelangelo's works and the words put in the mouth of Charlton Heston, who represents him here, and this picture—which is mostly about a prolonged wrangle between the sculptor and Pope Julius II (Rex Harrison), who keeps sweeping into the Sistine Chapel and barking, "When will you make an end of it?"—isn't believable for an instant. It was a terrible fiasco for all concerned—the financers as well as the artists. Carol Reed directed, from Philip Dunne's lugubrious adaptation of the massive Irving Stone best-seller. With Diane Cilento. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 27.)

Airport 1975—With Charlton Heston, Karen Black, and George Kennedy, directed by Jack Smight. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Ali—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Oct. 31.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. People who blamed him for taking a false route in one or two of the last films that struck them as epicene frescoes might have trusted him to get onto his own track again. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

America Is Hard to See (1970)—An Emile de Antonio film. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 29.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

The Best Man (1964)—Gore Vidal's political melodrama is about a convention at which the two chief contestants for the party's nomination for the Presidency are an Adlai Stevenson type (Henry Fonda) and a Joe McCarthy type (Cliff Robertson). The film has a lot of verve, thanks to Haskell Wexler's black-and-white cinematography and Franklin Schaffner's clean direction, but Vidal sets the issues in terms of a slick, simplistic ends-and-means morality play, and throws in the kind of clever, self-congratulatory topical jokes that sound dated the first time you hear them. With Lee Tracy as the hard-bitten old-pro ex-President, Kevin McCarthy, Gene Raymond, and Shelley Berman, as an obsequious weakling. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 29.)

Black Holiday—Directed by Marco Leto. In Italian. (Regency; through Oct. 24.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Beekman; through Oct. 29.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Elgin; Oct. 24-26. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 24.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through Oct. 29.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 28.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Art. . . . ¶ Paramount, and New Yorker; through Oct. 29.)

The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder—With Timothy Bottoms, directed by Arthur Hiller. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Elgin; Oct. 23.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Regency; Oct. 25-27.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1932)—Fredric March goes in for a hilarious makeup that includes a change in the shape of his skull and an alarming number of huge teeth, and his rampaging Hyde is so exuberantly athletic he seems to be modelled on Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Rouben Mamoulian directed this version; he rather overdoes the pseudo-science at the beginning, but at some levels this story seems to work in every version, and this one, set in a starched mid-Victorian environment, suggests the lust that has to come out—and the attraction of the gutter. With Miriam Hopkins, shiny-eyed with sexual mischief, as the trollop, and Rose Hobart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 30.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 26.)

Dodes'ka-den (1971)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 23.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Paramount; through Oct. 29.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Beekman, starting Oct. 30.)

11 Harrowhouse—An awkward, harmless, small-time American (Charles Grodin) tries to rob the International Diamond Syndicate, based in London and headed by John Gielgud. This lackadaisical caper comedy is inoffensive, but the comic ideas don't build or erupt, and since the director, Aram Avakian, fails to get any suspense going, it becomes a bumbling and stupid romp. The cast includes Candice Bergen at her most beautiful (she's so consistently gorgeous that she looks like a science-fiction creation); Trevor Howard, waving his arms a lot in a helpless attempt to earn his salary; Helen Cherry; and James Mason, who provides the only two good scenes in the movie. Playing an underling of Gielgud's, he shows the sly, almost dirty sense of farce that he demonstrated in "Lolita." (10/21/74) (Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 30.)

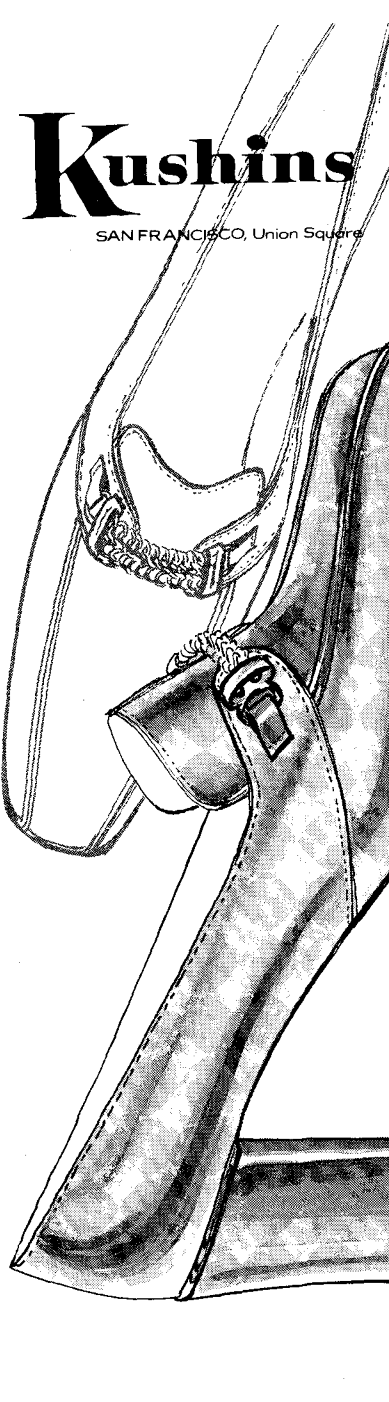
The Elusive Corporal (1962)—Jean Renoir returns to the prison camp setting of "Grand Illusion" and treats the themes of war and survival in a more comic and matter-of-fact mood. With Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur, O. E. Hasse, and Claude Rich. In French. (9/2/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

The Emigrants (1971)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant work, Troell's achievement is prodigious. The story is concluded in a second film, "The New Land." Both with Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 26-20.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 29.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (11/19/73) (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 25.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—With Jean-Claude



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Brialy and Monica Vitti, directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris; starting Oct. 27.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (10/21/72) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 25.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 30.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, and especially at the disaster at Altamont. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 24-29.)

The Girl from Petrovka—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 30.)

Giuseppe Verdi—A musical biography, with Tito Gobbi and Mario Del Monaco. Directed by Raffaele Matarazzo. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Oct. 27.)

Gold—A recycling of the old straightforward adventure films: the musty plot is about an international syndicate that floods a South African mine in order to drive up the price of gold. The picture is mindlessly passable, largely because it was shot on location in South African mines and in and around Johannesburg. The director, Peter Hunt, can't be much more than efficient with this material, but at least he doesn't try to squeeze us emotionally on behalf of the stock characters, played by bland, dimply Roger Moore, Simon Sabela, Susannah York, Bradford Dillman, John Gielgud, and Ray Milland, who manages to inject the only note of personality. (10/21/74) (34th St. East, and Fine Arts.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

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The Great Battle (1971)—Condensation of a five-hour Russian film dealing with the defense of Kursk and the liberation of Kiev from the German armies in 1943. In English. (Columbia I.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwich; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 27.)

The Groove Tube—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (U.A. East. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Oct. 29.)

Gumshoe (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. (New Yorker; through Oct. 29.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris; through Oct. 26.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 29.)

In the Year of the Pig (1969)—Emile de Antonio has gathered news footage from many sources for this overview of the background and issues of the Vietnam war. There are some almost forgotten faces, like Emperor Bao Dai's and Madame Nhu's, and some American words we might like to forget. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 24.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable 1944 version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27-29.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Oct. 30.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 25. No evening performance on Tuesday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Columbia II; starting Oct. 30.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Elgin; Oct. 24-26.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Beekman; through Oct. 29.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Waverly, and Symphony; starting Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Oct. 30.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Elgin; Oct. 27-28.)

The Lords of Flatbush—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 25. No evening performances on Tuesday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Columbia II; starting Oct. 30.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 23.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Guild; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Oct. 30.)

Magical Mystery Tour (1969)—The Beatles. (First Avenue Screening Room; Oct. 24-29.)

Mark of the Vampire (1935)—Uninspired and choppy, this is a lesser effort of Tod Browning's, though it's handsomely staged and well photographed (by James Wong Howe). The cast includes Carol Borland as an amusing female vampire, Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 30.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 25.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy (1971)—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 26.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 29-30.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Elgin; starting Oct. 31.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured

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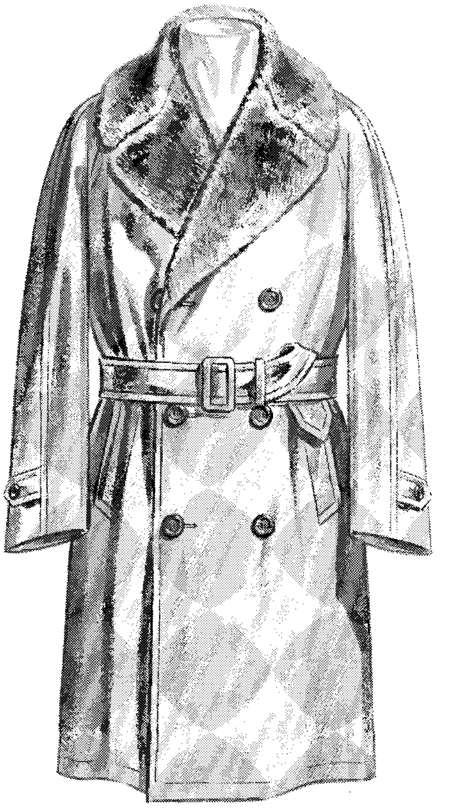

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to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

The New Land (1973)—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (10/15/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 26-29.)

Niagara (1953)—Exceptionally good script by Charles Brackett, directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe magnetically scheming and Joseph Cotten as her psychotic husband. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 26.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum.)

Oliver Twist (1948)—David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of the Dickens novel, with Alec Guinness as the sly, depraved Fagin. Robert Newton is Bill Sikes, Kay Walsh is Nancy, John Howard Davies is Oliver, Anthony Newley is the Artful Dodger. The movie is beautifully done, although in its fidelity to Dickens' attack on cruelty it is sometimes a bit hard on the audience (children may be frightened by the murder of Nancy). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 27.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 27.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—G. W. Pabst directing the flower-faced Louise Brooks, who does a famous Follies-girl walk across the stage in a theatre scene—all of four steps, but Pabst makes it enough. He always edited everything in his head before shooting. This is Louise Brooks's best-known film, apart from "Diary of a Lost Girl," also made with Pabst. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Stanley Kubrick's film about the First World War, when the issues were simpler, it's true, but nothing that Kubrick does is ever unsophisticated or without an echoing shrewdness. Not to be missed on any account. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 24.)

Phantom of the Paradise—With Paul Williams and William Finley, directed by Brian De Palma. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 31.)

Phase IV—With Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy, directed by Saul Bass. (Symphony; through Oct. 24.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Regency; Oct. 28-29.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 28.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 27-29.)

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Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 26.)

Rush to Judgment (1967)—A deliberately rough-looking brief-on-film for the posthumous defense of Lee Harvey Oswald, with many eloquent and convincing witnesses making points that cannot be ignored. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made "Point of Order!," the McCarthy feature. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 25.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Cinema I.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Oct. 25.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He opens up a store called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 26.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a marvellously imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Elgin; Sunday, Oct. 27, one performance, at noon.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (12/23/72) (Olympia; starting Oct. 30.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Beekman; starting Oct. 30.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Regency; Oct. 28-29.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Elgin; Oct. 23.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—With Walter Matthau and Robert Shaw, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Reviewed in this issue.) (86th St. East.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 26.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Greenwich; through Oct. 29.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld.)

Variety (1925)—A German classic of sadomasochism in a circus setting, with the master masochist actor Emil Jannings as an acrobat who leaves his wife for a foreign girl (plumply erotic, saucer-eyed Lya de Putti); he forms a trapeze act with the girl and a younger acrobat (Warwick Ward)—who inevitably seduces her. The movie, directed by E. A. Dupont and photographed by the great, imaginative Karl Freund, is not, however, to be equated with its far from original story; the restless, subjective camera and the fast editing make the film an almost voluptuous experience. It has been extremely influential; von Sternberg's "The Blue Angel" and Ingmar Bergman's "Sawdust and Tinsel" ("The Naked Night") are both indebted to it. (A remake in 1935 with Hans Albers and Annabella was negligible.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 25.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Elgin; Oct. 27-28.)

Wedding in Blood—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Olympia; through Oct. 29.)

Whiskey Galore (1949)—The only amusing famine in movie history is the whiskey famine on the mythical Scottish island of Todday. A ship bound for the United States with fifty thousand cases of Scotch is wrecked on the shore, and the parched islanders take on the sweet task of salvage. Alexander Mackendrick directed. With Joan Greenwood. Also known as "Tight Little Island." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 23.)

The Widow Couderc—With Alain Delon and Simone Signoret, directed by Pierre Granier-DeFerre. In French. (Playboy. No evening performances on Tuesday. Oct. 29.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 29-30.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Regency; Oct. 25-27. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Oct. 31.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 25.)

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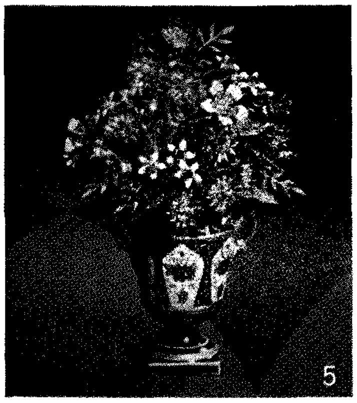
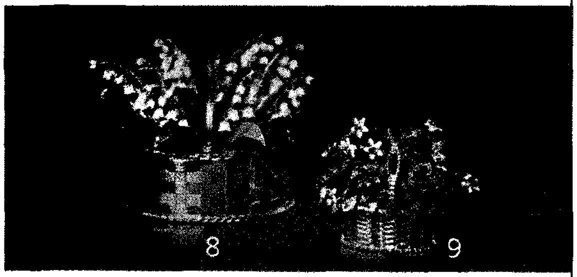
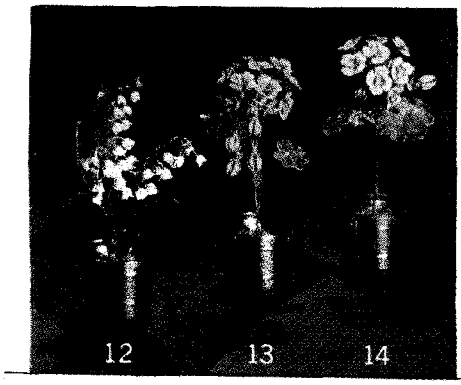
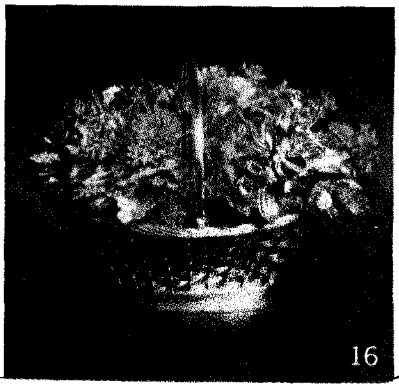
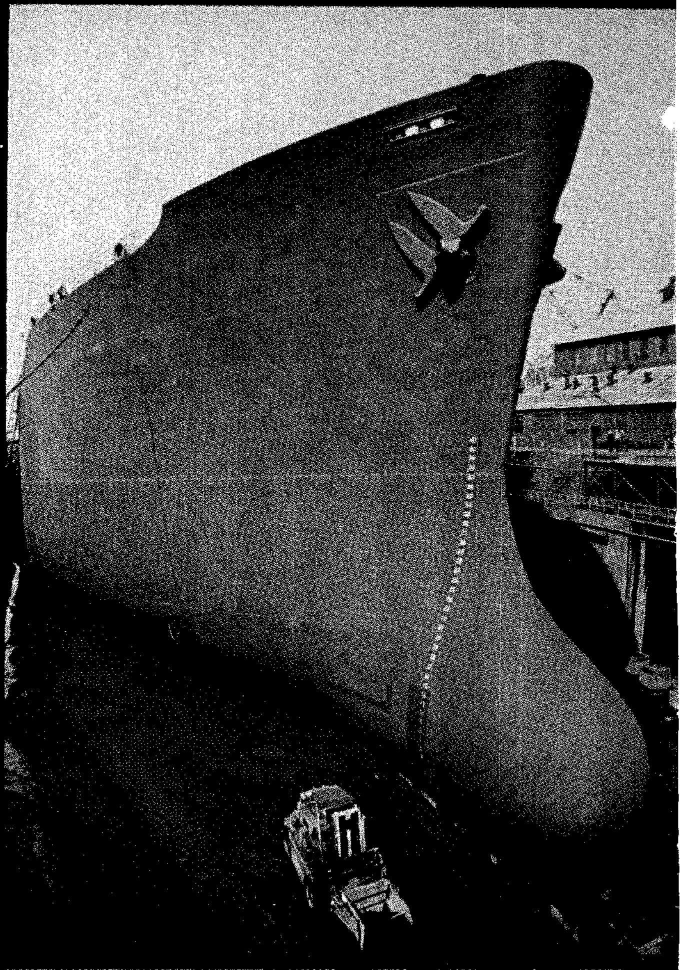




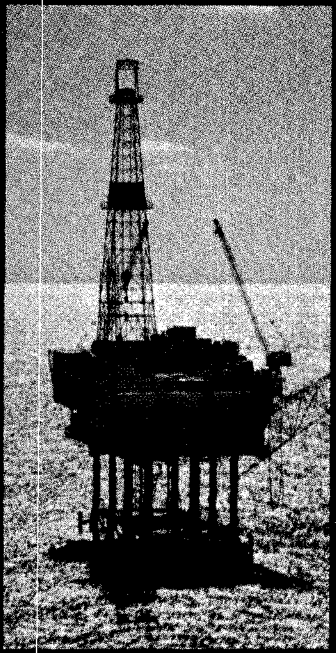




Tenneco's Newport News shipyard is expanding to build the giant tankers needed to bring home oil and liquefied natural gas from abroad.

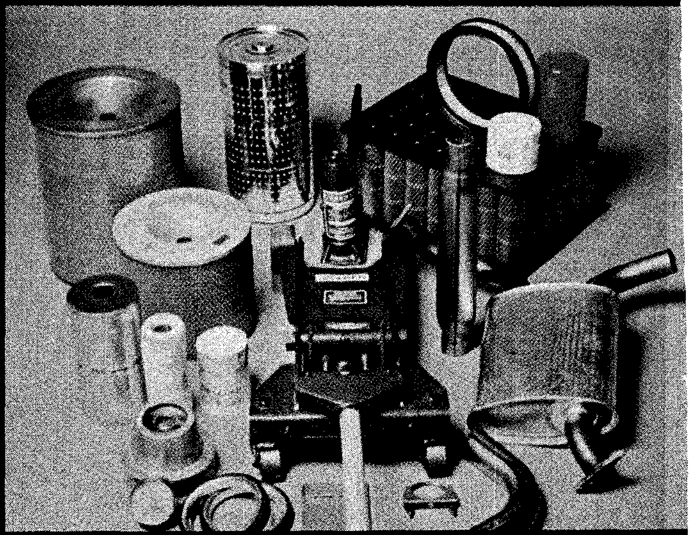


Tenneco's drills probe the most promising offshore areas around the world in the search for new energy sources.



Premium quality fresh fruits and vegetables plus raisins, dates and almonds are marketed *under Tenneco Sun Giant® brand.*

We are still expanding our 15,600 mile natural gas pipeline system and working hard to develop new supplies of *this clean burning fuel.*



Our Walker Manufacturing is the leading supplier of auto exhaust systems in the replacement market and also supplies jacks, filters and lifting devices.

A layer of urethane foam from our Chemicals Division in this soft snug blanket lends insulation and warmth to the user.

Tenneco's Packaging Corporation of America pioneered high-fidelity full-color labels on corrugated containers to effectively present products in today's self-service outlets.

Our JI Case tractor division is the leading maker of backhoe loaders used for construction and repairs in communities all across the nation.

TENNECO®

The incredible ULCC.

When this ship makes one trip it brings back enough oil to keep 100,000 homes warm all winter.

Ultra-Large Crude Carriers. That's one way America plans to bring home the oil in the near future.

These incredibly large oil tankers —the biggest ships ever built in the U.S.—will be able to deliver 3.5 million barrels of oil from a foreign land to an American port in a single journey. That's enough energy to heat about 100,000 homes for 4 winter months in a Northeastern area (based on 1500 gallons usage for a single family dwelling).

And Tenneco's Newport News Shipbuilding, which has built the Navy's largest nuclear ships, is now preparing to build ULCC's. We are expanding our shipyard, already one of the world's most sophisticated, at a cost of $170 million.

We will continue to meet the Navy's requirements. But with the latest shipbuilding techniques and the most modern machinery and equipment, we will also have the capability to produce new super tankers as well as cryogenic tankers which will import natural gas in a liquid state.

These great ships will be built to American Bureau of Shipping standards and fitted with on-board pollution abatement systems and sophisticated electronics equipment to assure safe operation.

New fuel transports comprise only part of Tenneco's involvement in the energy picture. We're also engaged in development of known gas and oil fields and a vigorous search for new resources throughout the world. We're working on a feasible technology for converting coal to pipeline quality gas and synthetic oil. And our joint venture with Westinghouse—Offshore Power Systems—is planning to produce offshore floating nuclear power plants on an assembly line basis.

We're also building efficient construction and farm machinery. Marketing premium quality Sun Giant® fruits and vegetables. Finding better ways to package the nation's goods. Adding to our chemical capacity for plastics.

All part of Tenneco's commitment to help meet America's basic needs.

Tenneco Inc., Houston, Texas 77001

Tenneco

10 ways to give your small business a fighting chance against inflation and other perils.

You want your business to be profitable, and so do we. To help, we've made a list of 10 essential things every small business owner needs to know about in these complicated times. Our thinking's free of charge, because we believe that helping you protect your financial future means better business for us both. Simply check the ones you'd like to hear more about and send this page, along with your name and address, to Phoenix Mutual, One American Row, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

1. Business valuation: If you haven't taken steps to establish a value for your business, there will come a time when the Internal Revenue Service will do it for you.

2. Accumulated earnings tax: This specialized 27.5% tax can really hurt a small business. If you don't know what it is or when it applies, you should.

3. Stock attribution rules: If you're in business with relatives, stock transactions can be complicated. A wrong move can destroy your plans.

4. Incorporation: It's surprising how many businesses that should be incorporated aren't. Incorporation could save you a lot of money.

5. Employee benefit and incentive plans: In today's marketplace, you have to compete with other companies. For employees. Without good benefit and incentive plans like pensions and profit sharing, you're not really competitive.

6. Tax shelters for you and key employees: Everyone talks about oil depletions and cattle ranches, but the more practical tax shelters are a lot closer to home.

7. Salary/wage continuation: In unsettled economic times, deferring compensation can provide current tax savings as well as protection against inflation.

8. Disability protection, including overhead expenses: If you're suddenly disabled, certain business expenses will have to continue. You need protection.

9. Stock redemption plans: At least one personal tax bill can be picked up by your business. It's worth looking into.

10. Your personal estate conservation: Sometimes you can be so busy making your small business a success, you don't have the time or the energy to do the same with your personal financial planning.

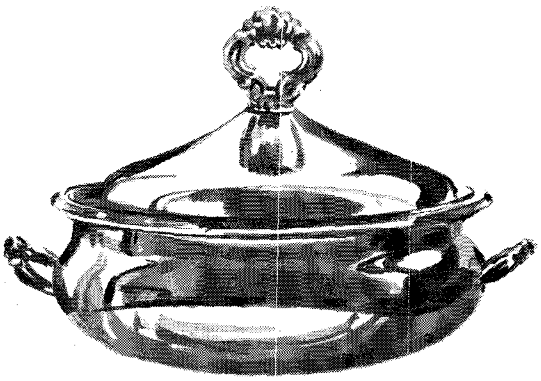
PHOENIX MUTUAL **PICK OUR BRAINS**

CHRISTMAS 1974; PEACE, GOODWILL, CHRISTMAS 1974; PEACE, CHRISTMAS 1974; PEACE, GOODWILL, CHRISTMAS 1974; PEACE, GOODWILL,

LORD & TAYLOR INVITES YOU TO DO A LITTLE ARMCHAIR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING—

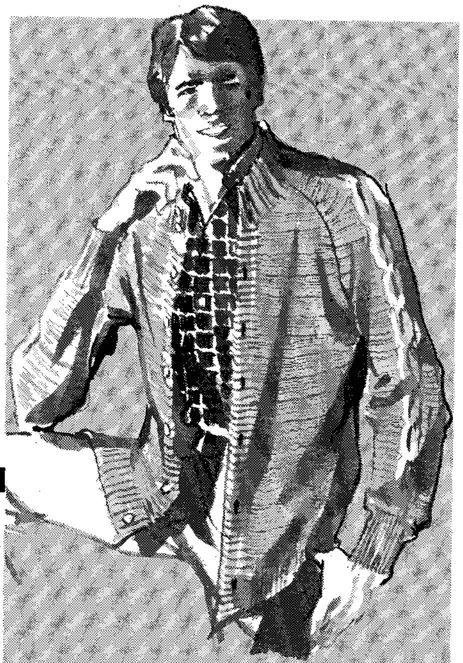
it's the pleasantest way to get a jump on the season. Right now. Far from the madding crowd. Before the hustle begins. Forthwith, gifts galore and, of course, there are more in store! Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10018. Call WI 7-3300. And at all Lord & Taylor stores.

Lord & Taylor



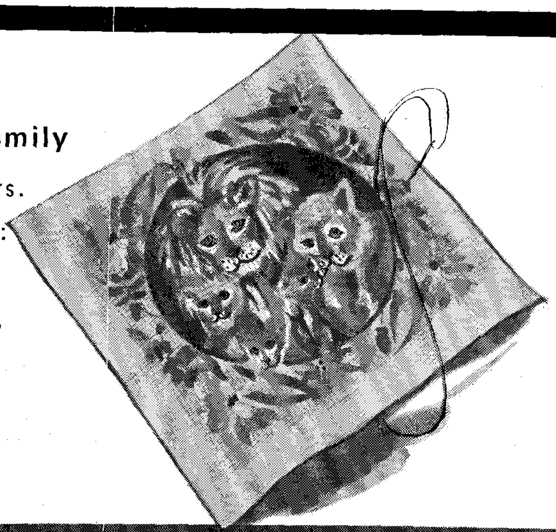
The silver casserole

for candlelit dinners. Silver-plated with matching lid, pyrex liner. Two-qt. size. By F.B. Rogers Silver Co. 35.00 Ninth Floor (2-45)



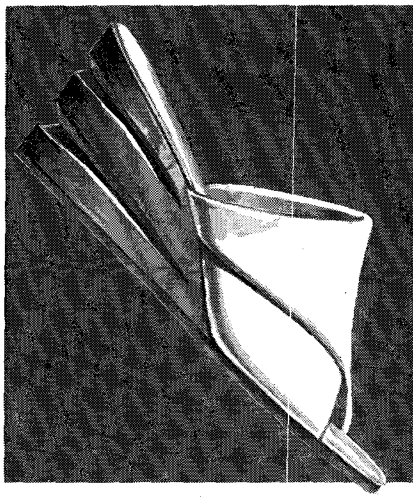
Cardigan with class

touched with cable knit. Ours alone in bone, green, camel, navy acrylic, 25.00 Tapered, long sleeved sport shirt — ours alone in green-camel or camel-navy nylon knit, 16.00 Both, S, M, L, XL. Street Floor (2-51)



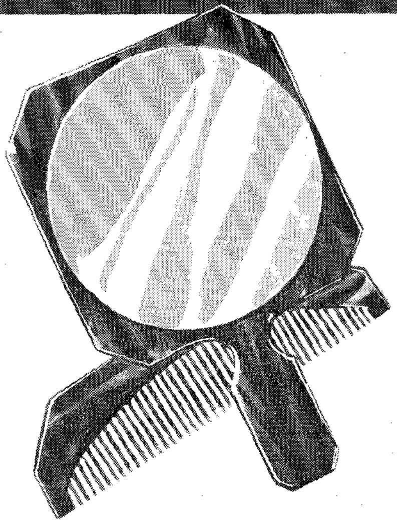
Meet the Lion Family

and make them yours. With needlepoint kit: 15"x 15" canvas, Persian yarn, needle, instructions, 16.00 Street Floor (2-12)



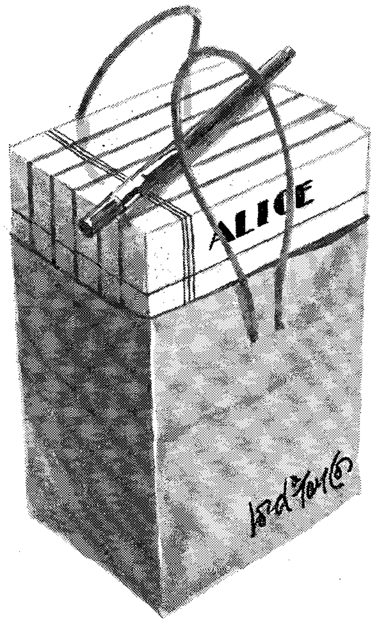
Groovey,

that wooden heel. Strapped sandal of polyester vinyl. Yellow, green, red, navy, bone, white. By Bertlyn. S-M-ML-L-XL, 11.00 Street Floor (2-15)



Dressing table charm

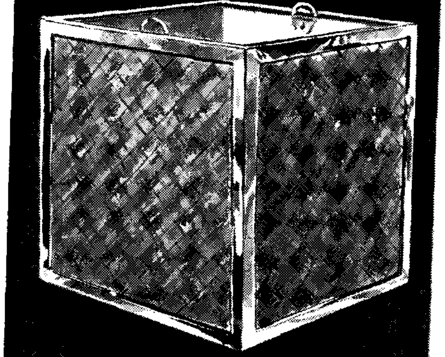
"Tortoise" from Italy. Handsome 9"x 6" mirror and oversize comb, 2"x 8". Ours alone, 15.00 Street Floor (2-175)



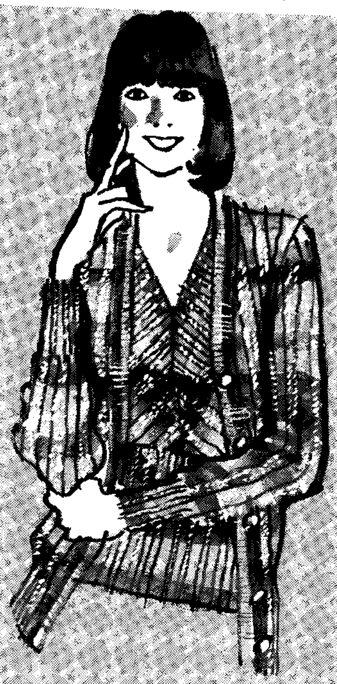
Write a note, make a list. Brown paper tote holds six 5"x 8" beige memo pads, brown-lined, and brown felt pen. Imprinted with name. (4 weeks delivery) 20.00 Plain, 11.00 Street Floor (2-73)

Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 — Telephone WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day)

Handwoven palm leaf covers this aluminum planter. For table, sills, floor. 8"x 8", 30.00; 10"x 10", 35.00; 14"x 14", 45.00 Ninth Floor (3-14)

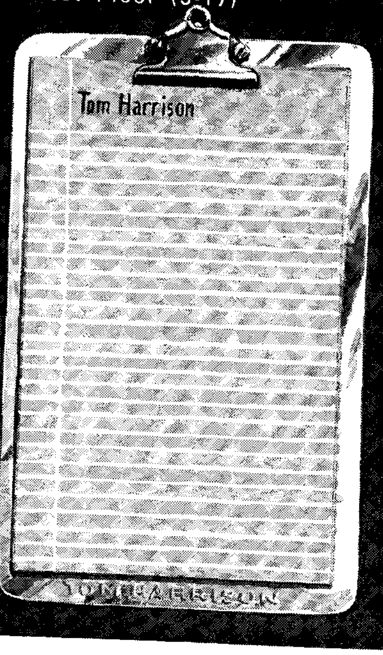


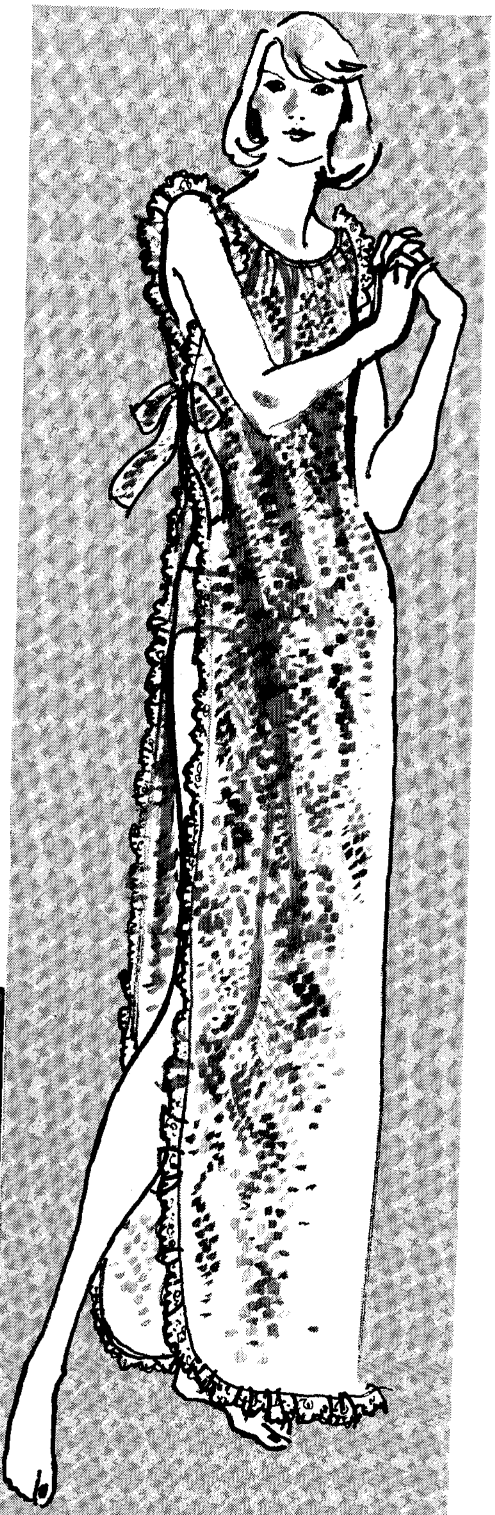
Quintuplets. Straw baskets nestled inside each other. Five of them in natural with green/red designs. For jewelry, whatever. 13.00 Street Floor (3-73)



Flaunt a rainbow
A sweater duet of DuPont Wintuk™ Orlon® acrylic in multi-colored pastels. S-M-L. By Bananas. Short sleeve pullover, 17.00 Cardigan, 19.00 Sixth Floor (3-60)

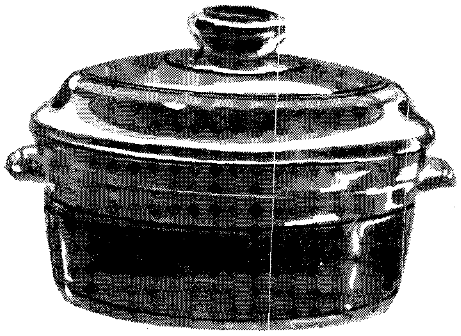
Personalized clear lucite clip-board and tan-lined pads. Both with same name, up to 19 letters. Clipboard, standard size, 9.50 4 standard pads, 14.00 Legal size clipboard, 10.00 4 legal pads, 16.00 (4 weeks delivery) Street Floor (3-17)





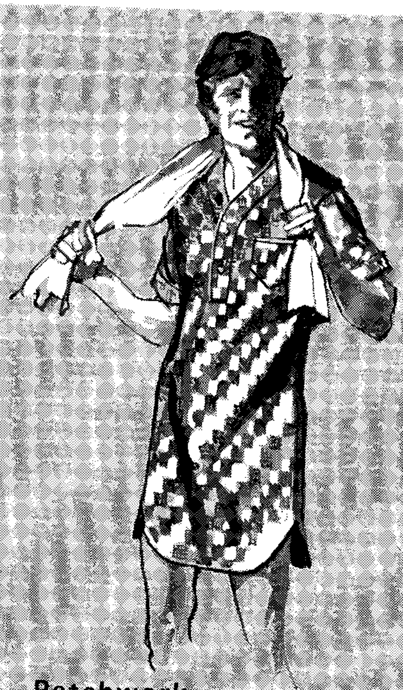
Dreamy reptile print
Gown, bikini in grey/ black nylon tricot. S-M. Carol Stein for Chevette, 27.00 (Not shown: Shortie, 21.00) Lingerie, Fourth Floor (3-24)

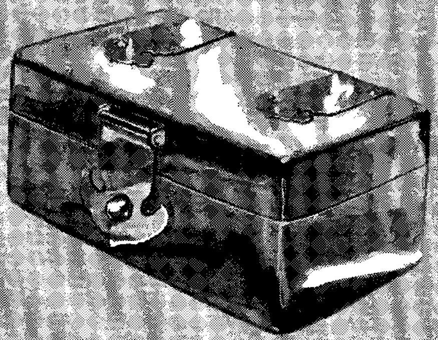
Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 – Telephone WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day)



Handmade stoneware

from the Tennessee mountains. Three-quart ovenproof casserole, tan with copper/olive trim, 45.00 Ninth Floor (4-42)



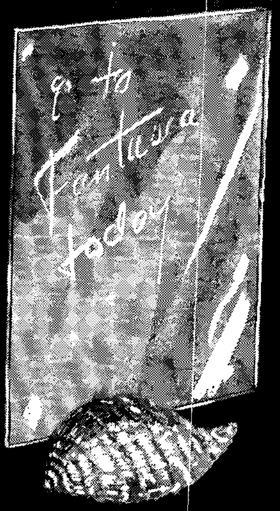


Handmade box

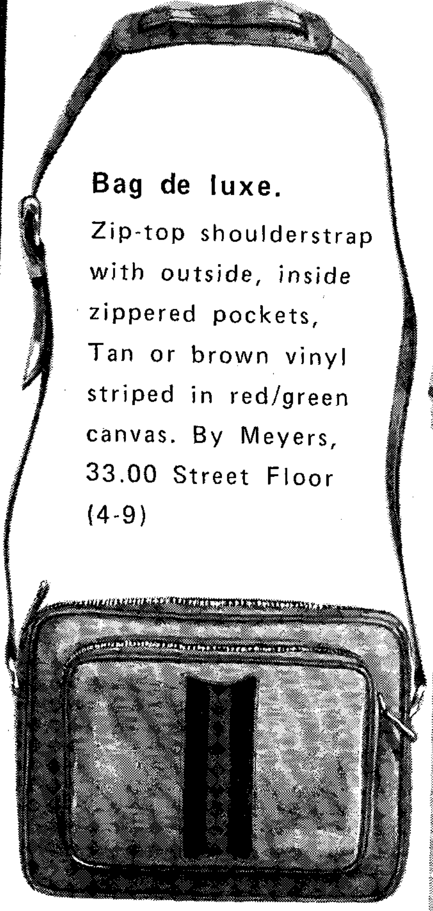
of solid brass, copper trim. Reproduction of a Chinese antique. 6''x 3½''x 2½''. Ours alone, 20.00 Ninth Floor (4-45)

Patchwork night shirt

in squares of red, yellow, navy, white. Polyester/ cotton. By Varsity. Ours alone. A-B-C-D. 13.00 Street Floor (4-70)

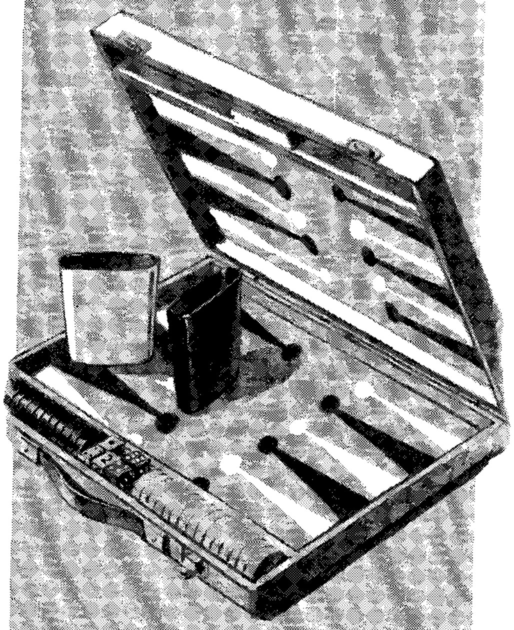


Write your menu on lucite, messages too. Plexiglass shell base. For desk, table, or by phone. 4½''x 6½''. With pencil, 11.00 Street Floor (4-73)



Bag de luxe.

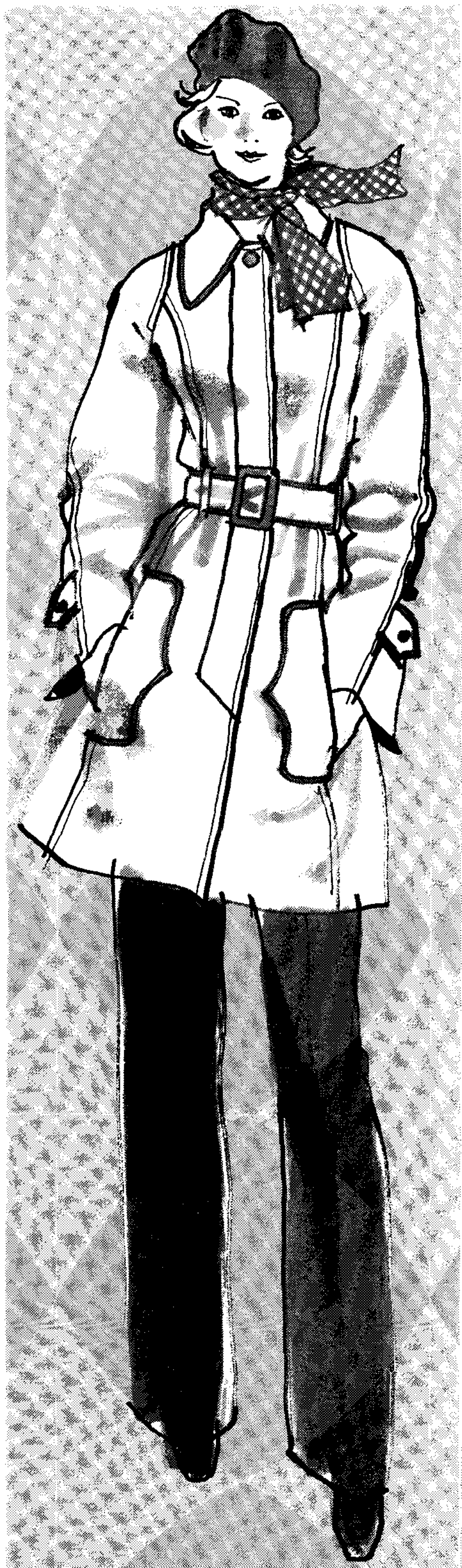
Zip-top shoulderstrap with outside, inside zippered pockets, Tan or brown vinyl striped in red/green canvas. By Meyers, 33.00 Street Floor (4-9)



Tim Holland

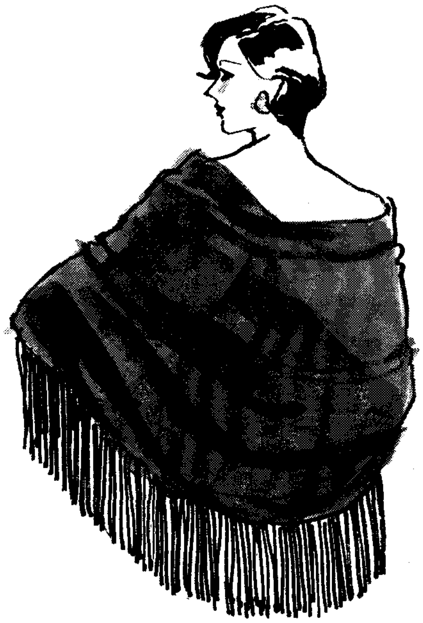
Backgammon set in tan padded vinyl attache' carrying case. Includes cork playing field, 8½''x 14'', 1¼'' chips, 2 molded, lined cups, doubling cube, 4 dice, instructions. From Reiss, 30.00 Street Floor (4-17)

Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 – Telephone WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day)



After dinner panache

Set of six fluted white demitasse cups and saucers. Nestled in a Christmasy red box, 15.00 Street Floor (5-73)



Black beauty.

Jersey shawl with 5″ fringe. In DuPont's Nandel™ acrylic. Also white. 33½″x 70″ By Sally Gee, 18.00 Street Floor (5-87)

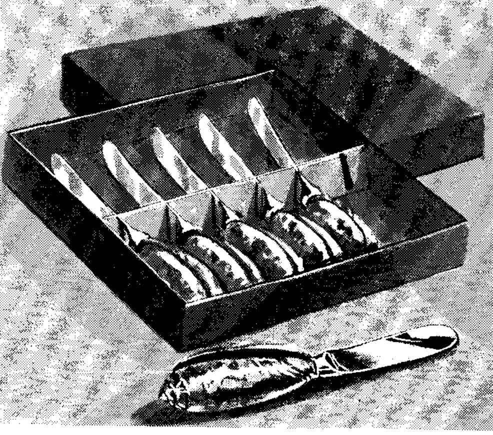
London Cabbie game

Try to steer clear of traffic jams, stingy tippers. How fast can you go on the illustrated map of London? 6 can play, all ages. 12.00 Street Floor (5-17)

CABBIE
CABBIE

In a London Fog®

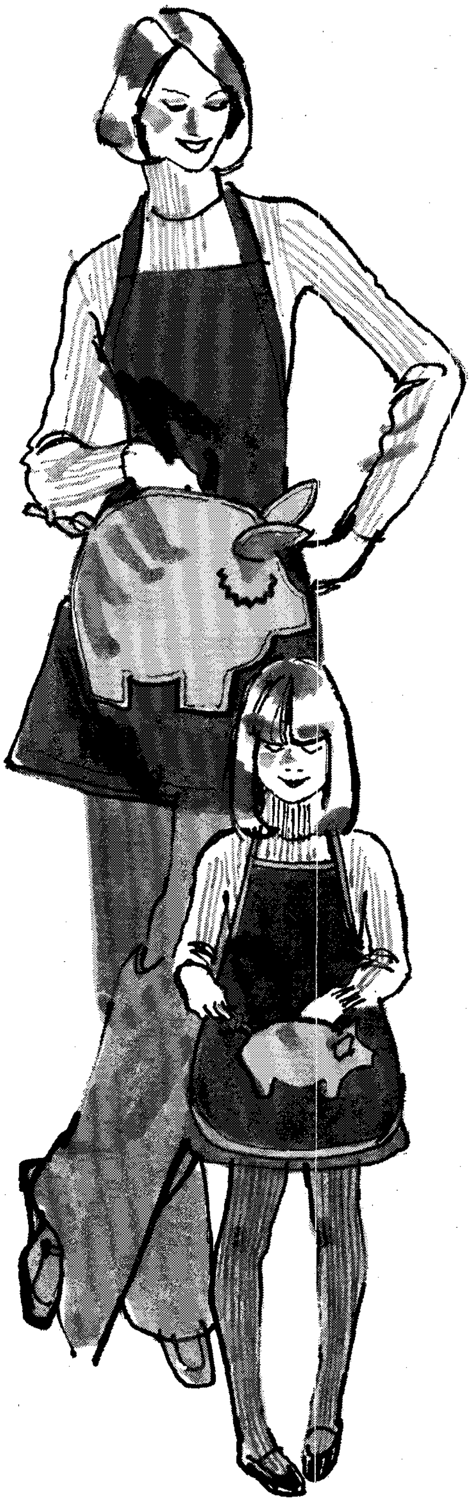
Rain jacket in cream cotton-polyester with brown trim. Washable. 8-16, 65.00 Third Floor (5-85)



Say "cheese"

and out come six gleaming knives with real shell handles ready to slice into the Brie. Wonderful, too, for spreading holiday dips. 40.00 Street Floor (5-73)

Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 — Telephone WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day)

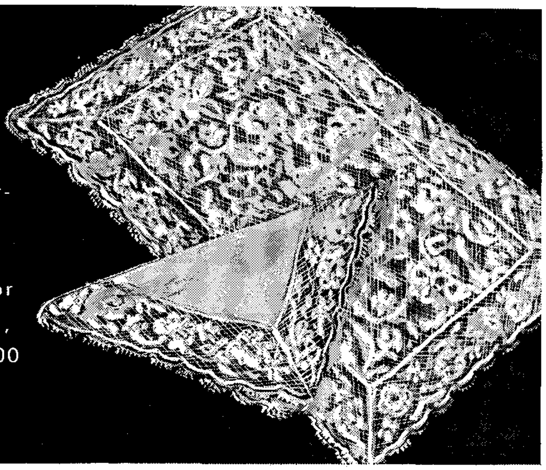


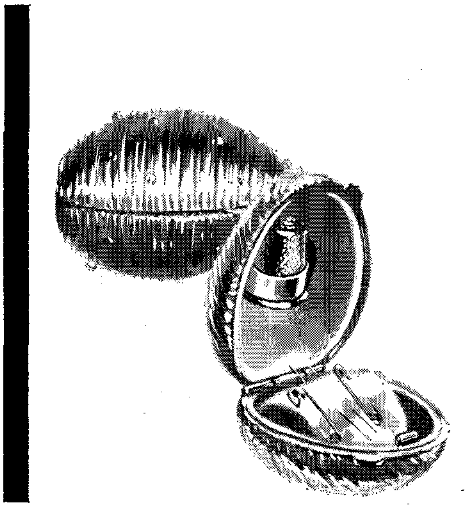
Porky the red pig

makes it big in the kitchen. One size apron in navy cotton denim for him or her. By Handicraft Marketing Sales, 13.50 Childs, 3-6, 7 50 Ninth Floor (6-5)

Dine on lace

Set of four lace mats with four napkins in white or ecru polyester-cotton, 35.00 From John Matouk. Matching cloth, 70x 90'' oblong or oval, 45.00; 70'' round, 37.00; 88'' round, 60.00 Ninth Floor (6-5)



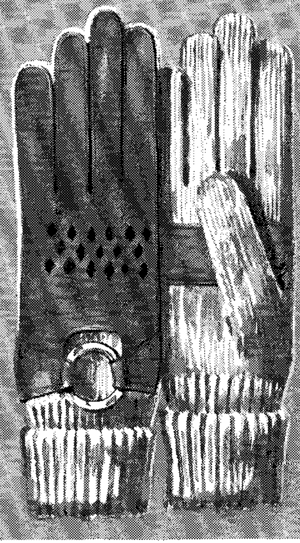


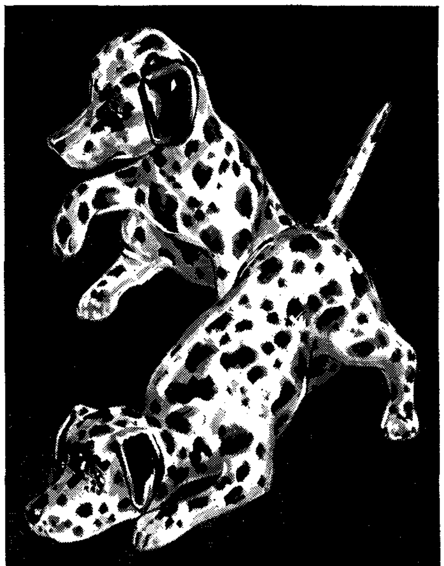
A jeweled golden egg

is a sewing kit. Velvety lined, jeweled in ''turquoise''. Holds thimble, needles, safety pins, 16.00 Street Floor (6-73)

The car buff's glove

Acrylic knit with suede back, palm piece. Ring metal ornament. Ours alone. Natural with camel, or all tobacco. By Grandoe. One size, 8.00 Street Floor (6-12)





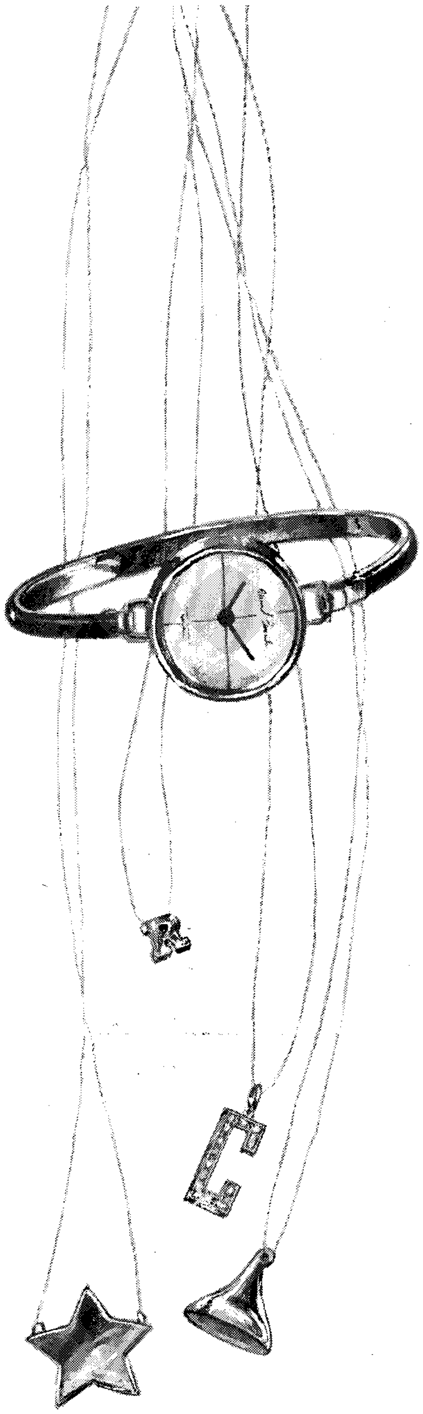
Dalmatian pets

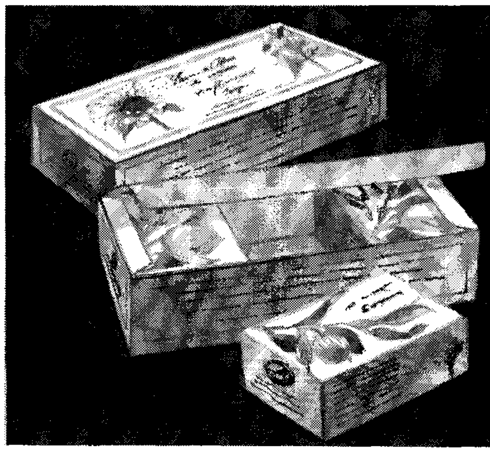
from Portugal. Black on white ceramic, hand-painted and glazed. Pups, 6'' tall, 9'' long. 15.00 each. Street Floor (6-17)

Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 – Telephone WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day)

The canvas carry-on — our cotton canvas tote in natural with navy or brown leather latched pocket and trim. Inside zip pocket, snaps closed. By Bienen-Davis, 47.00 Street Floor (7-180)

Hurricane by Dansk Designs. Onion-shaped green or clear glass globe with pillar candle. 11" high, 7" diameter, 24.00 Ninth Floor (7-14)





Swiss soaps with natural base. 3 French milled cakes to a box. Apricot, avocado, buttermilk, cucumber, goat's milk, peach, rosemary, sunflower, 4.00 Glycerine soaps in lemon, lime, raspberry, rosewater, strawberry, 4.50 Street Floor (7-175)

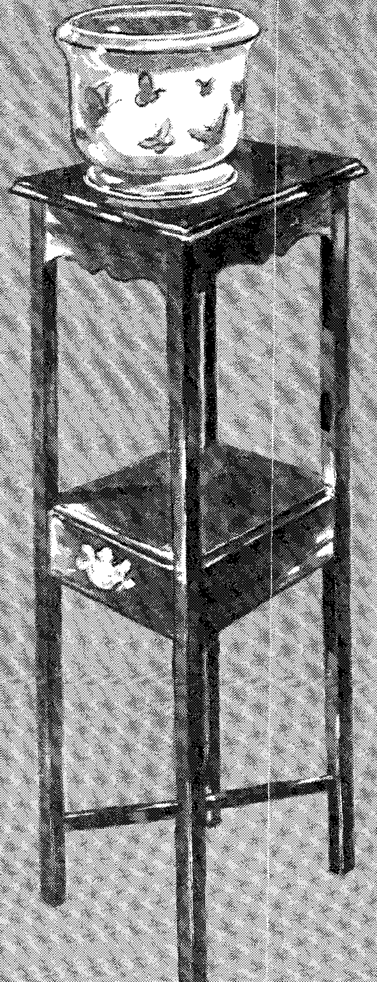
Diaries plus. "The Executive Golf Diary" by Bob Toski; "The Executive Tennis Diary" by Stan Smith. Plus instructions, vacation guides, etc. Brown simulated leather, gold stamping. Sports Marketing Inc. 16.00 each. Street Floor (7-56)

The Executive Golf Diary
1975

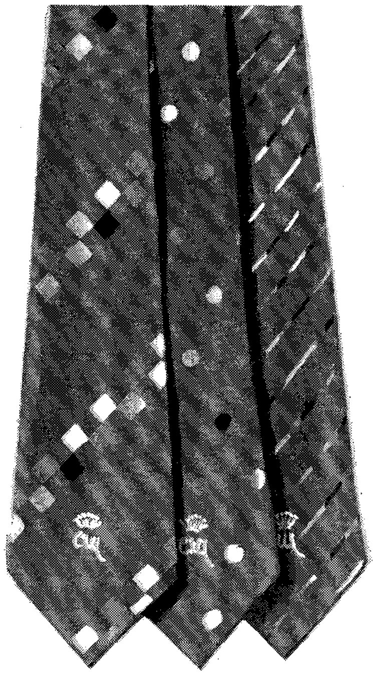
Christmas nuggets Boucher watch on golden wire bracelet, 55.00 12-kt. gold-filled star on chain, by Winard, 12.50 14-kt. gold initial on 15" chain, by Anchor Casting, 30.00 14-kt. gold initial with .10 pt. diamonds, white gold chain, by Lazarus, 142.00 14-kt. gold "kiss" on 20" chain, by Astoria, 96.00 Street Floor (7-16/97)

Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 — Telephone WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day)

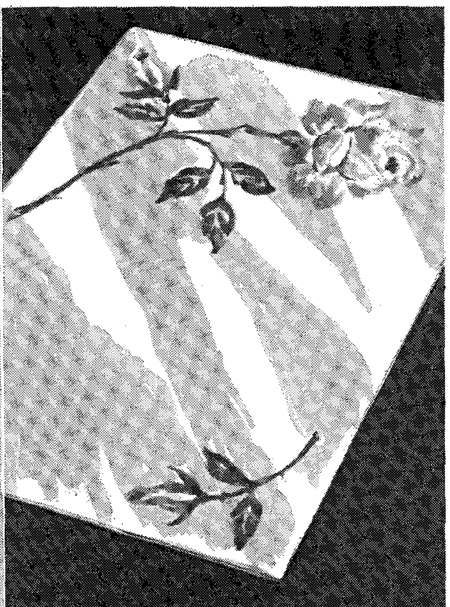
Pastel butterflies flitter across our reproduction of a French porcelain cachepot. 18-kt. gold decoration on white. 6½" high, 5" diameter. 15.00 Ninth Floor (8-45)



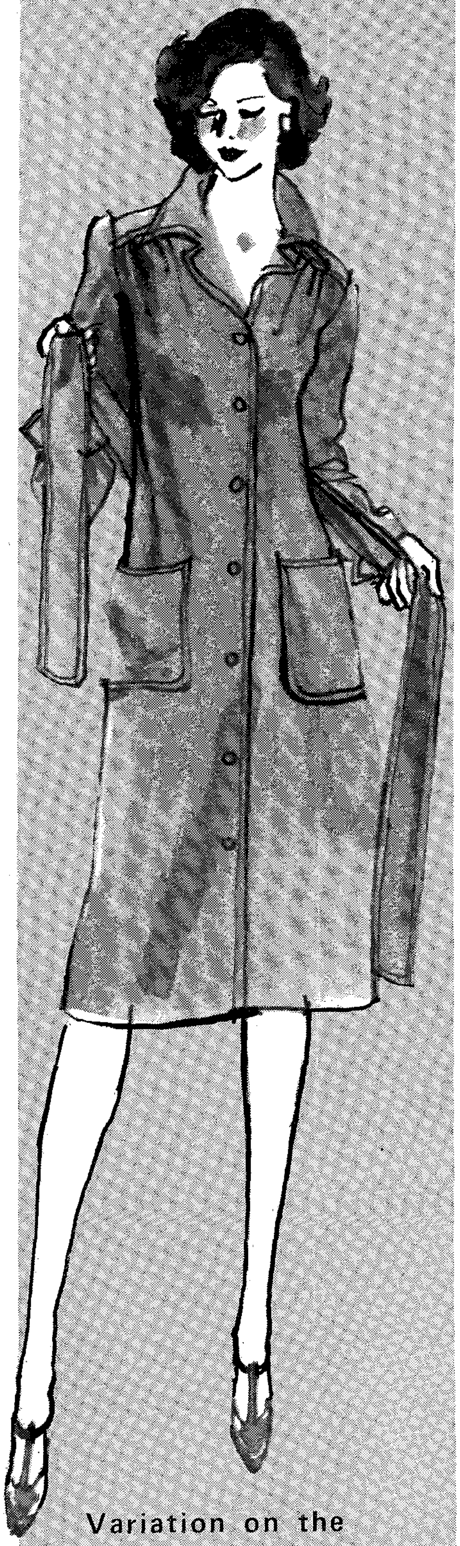
The plant stand for the narrow hallway. Of mahogany solids and veneers with brass chippendale pull on make-believe drawer. 10"x 10"x 32" high, 120.00 Eighth Floor (8-82)



Countess Mara silks for the well tie-d. Navy, berry or brown with color accents in dots, dashes, or squares. 16.50 Street Floor (8-20)



Clearly a rose is a rose on a clear vinyl placemat. Exclusive design by Edgar Watkins-Cubics. Rose red or yellow. Set of 4, boxed. 12½"x 17" 20.00 Ninth Floor (8-5)



Variation on the chemise. Of Qiana® nylon in chocolate, royal, cherry, silver grey or black. 12-20, 38-42. By Baron Peters, 105.00 Third Floor (8-29)

Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018 – Telephone WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day)

Introducing the radio that plays music and news

UHF PSB FM AM
TRIPLE INDICATOR
TUNING
VOLUME
Panasonic

and life and death.

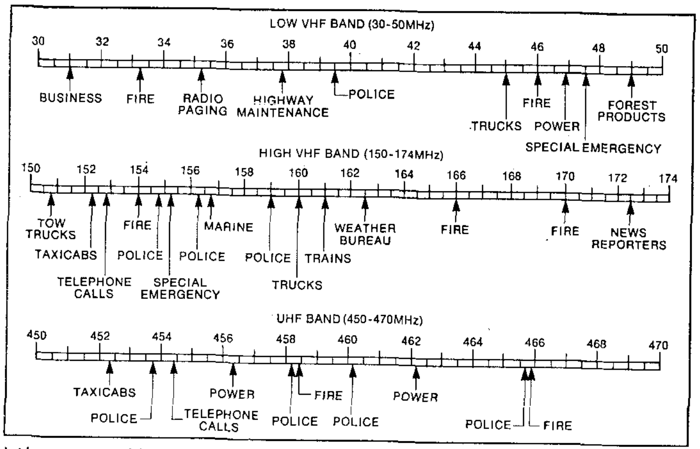
The Tech 1100. Switch it on and you're in the back seat of a prowl car racing through city streets. At the elbow of a fire chief responding to a three-alarm blaze. Aboard a *Coast Guard cutter* knifing through fogbound waters to a ship in distress.

The Tech 1100. It's a whole new breed of radio from Panasonic. With UHF and High and Low VHF Public Service Bands for all the real-life drama of Public Service Broadcasts.* Everything from taxi calls to your local forest ranger.

And the Tech 1100 doesn't forget AM and FM. It brings them to you with sharpness and brilliance through its 5" dynamic speaker. Sophisticated Tech Series circuitry. AFC for drift-free FM. Separate bass and treble controls. Gyro AM antenna. Telescoping FM/VHF antenna. And whip UHF antenna.

But the Tech 1100 has a lot more that separates it from ordinary portable radios. Squelch control for static-free Public Service Band listening. A VU/battery/tuning meter. A 120-minute automatic on/off timer. AC cord as well as Panasonic Hi-Top batteries so you can play it anywhere. A rugged, military-style detachable shoulder strap so you can take it anywhere.

The Tech 1100. It's the nicest way we know to know more than the 6 o'clock news.


LOW VHF BAND (30-50MHz)
30
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BUSINESS
FIRE
RADIO PAGING
HIGHWAY MAINTENANCE
POLICE
TRUCKS
FIRE
POWER
SPECIAL EMERGENCY
FOREST PRODUCTS
HIGH VHF BAND (150-174MHz)
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TOW TRUCKS
TAXICABS
TELEPHONE CALLS
FIRE
POLICE
SPECIAL EMERGENCY
POLICE
MARINE
POLICE
TRUCKS
TRAINS
WEATHER BUREAU
FIRE
FIRE
NEWS REPORTERS
UHF BAND (450-470MHz)
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TAXICABS
POLICE
TELEPHONE CALLS
POWER
POLICE
FIRE
POLICE
POWER
POLICE
FIRE

Tech Series

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

The Tech 1100 (Model RF-1170)

Two-year warranty on parts and labor. Subject to terms and conditions on the warranty card packed with the product.
*Public Service Broadcasts vary by area. Check with local authorities.

Aristocratic temperament. A pure white evening chemise, slim and subtly revealing, with the intrigue of openwork. An acrylic and nylon knit, 8 to 14 sizes, $130. Fifth Avenue Shop. Slightly higher in the West. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. *In the vicinity? Do come see how we've expanded our Phoenix store.*

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS we looked over the news from around the world last week, two stories—one from Monaco and one from India—arrested our attention. The story from Monaco, which appeared in *Time*, was about three men who are suffering from an excess of riches. They are three Saudi Arabian princes, including the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Fahd ibn Abdul Aziz, and they had come to Monaco to gamble. Such was their wealth and such was their jadedness in regard to ordinary winnings and losses that they had the usual maximum value of four hundred dollars for one chip raised to sixteen hundred dollars, and insisted that the Casino stay open all night so that they might go on gambling. When they were done, they had lost more than six million dollars. The story from India, which appeared in the Washington *Post*, was about many thousands of people who are suffering from scarcity. In fact, they are starving. The problem in the afflicted district is not that food is unavailable; it is that "the poor have no money to buy it." One thousand people have starved to death within the past two months. For some, "a daily plate of gruel, which cannot be digested by starving children or adults," is supposed to be available. But "only people with cards issued by the village authorities can get even this." And "those without cards are forcibly turned away, and leave, moaning or weeping, to die." The *Post* reporter goes on to relate, "Across the road from a distribution van, a woman collapsed on the roadway, motionless except for her tongue moving in and out." And the reporter met "a young man" who "walked away, unfed, from a gruel kitchen, carrying an emaciated baby obviously close to death." The young man "burst into tears saying his wife had left him and his gruel entitlement card had been stolen."

In one place on our planet a few weeks ago, there were people staying up all night because they were unable to throw away enough money in the daytime, and in another place there were people starving within sight of food for lack of a few cents. In every age, the makings of juxtapositions like this one have been plentiful. In every age, too, there have been voices bearing witness to these injustices—voices saying that every injustice diminishes everyone. But in our time there is a difference. It is as though moral precepts that once existed on the level of abstractions or as imperatives had, through world developments that no one planned or anticipated, acquired practical force, and had lodged themselves concretely in our affairs. The oneness with the members of our species which men of moral imagination once urged us to feel is now an accomplished fact. The *Post* story, for instance, went on to point out that a shortage of fertilizer (which derives, in part, from the oil that made the Saudi gamblers rich) is likely to worsen the famine in India, and that the worldwide shortage of grain will also worsen it. These two shortages, of course, are directly influenced in one way or another not only by the Saudi princes but by just about everyone, including, preëminently, ourselves. The word "humanity," which was once an all but abstract idea, now refers to something highly specific, much as the word "Canada" or "Venezuela" does. Humanity exists in a new way because ships, wires, pipelines, exchange rates, and airwaves bind its parts together, but it also exists in a new way because in a time of global scarcity we all draw on the same reserves. We all line up at the same breadline and sit down at the same table; and if three Saudi princes—or three Americans, or three Russians—take up a thousand extra seats, somewhere in India or Africa the gruel is going to run out and a thousand people will die.

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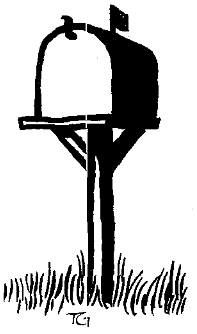
For the City Center

THE Friends of City Center held a Membership Week Kick Off Party the other afternoon in an effort to gain financial support for the New York City Opera, the New York City Ballet, and other artistic affiliates of the City Center. Some eight hundred people gathered on the plaza in front of Burlington House, at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, to watch an assortment of theatre luminaries talk, sing, dance, and make appeals for funds. We listened while Sandy Baron, who was the master of ceremonies, and is the host of a television show called "A.M. New York," explained what the Kick Off Party was all about. (Among other things, the Friends of City Center are trying to raise eight million six hundred

thousand dollars over a six-year period to match a grant from the Ford Foundation.)

As musicians played and comedians drew laughs, we repaired to an upstairs room of La Scala, a restaurant on West Fifty-fourth Street, which was serving as an improvised greenroom for the performers. There we joined Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who were seated at a table scribbling on two scraps of paper. "We're writing a song that we've got to sing in five minutes," said Mr. Green, giving us an owlish look. He hummed a tune. Miss Comden hummed a tune. Each of them scribbled more words on the scraps of paper. Then they tried out the song together, singing, "The City Center is our very own."



They seemed satisfied with their song. Miss Comden said, "I think a lot of people are under the impression that these things are publicly funded. They think that a thing called the City Center—or a thing called the Public Library—is city-endowed. They don't realize that both foundation funds and private funds are needed."

A voice over a walkie-talkie said, "Comden and Green in three minutes." Comden and Green got up and left.

Before long, the actor Keir Dullea strolled by with Doug Henning, who is the star of "The Magic Show," at the Cort Theatre, and they joined us. "I'm going to levitate a girl," Mr. Henning told us. "I put three swords with their points in the air, and then I hypnotize a girl and place her on the tips of the swords."

"You know what's great about your show?" said Mr. Dullea to Mr. Henning. "It really works as a total show. It doesn't come across just as an excuse to do some magic."

"I do a thing with rings, too," said Mr. Henning. "They're Chinese silver rings, and they link and unlink."

"I'm supposed to meet my wife and kids in Macy's," said Mr. Dullea. "But I haven't done my thing yet."

In a few minutes, both Mr. Dullea and Mr. Henning were called by walkie-talkie to go outside and do their things.

Soon after that, we were joined by Edward Villella, the dancer. "The City Center is very proud of its popular-priced tickets," he told us. "But I like to refer, jokingly, to the fact that our popular-priced tickets are supported by popular-priced salaries. In other words, we principal people, and the kids in the corps de ballet, are subsidizing our own art. Personally, I spend about six months of the year out and about, on television and doing symphonic dates, concerts, and so forth, earning money, so that I can afford to work where I want to work—and that's here in New York, at the New York City Ballet, at the City Center. Artistically, it's the best place in the world for me to work. There's no place else where the music, the artistic direction, or the choreography is better. Where else in the world can you find a George Balanchine and a Jerome Robbins in tandem?"

Kevin McCarthy, another actor, came into the restaurant and went out again. Mrs. John V. Lindsay came in and went out again.

We went out again, too. Gail Nelson and Bob Guillaume sang "Bess, You Is My Woman Now." The New York City Opera Children's Chorus sang music from "Carmen." Leonard Harris, former arts critic of Channel 2, told the crowd that the City Center loses money on every ticket it sells. "Please help them," he said. "They can't live on love alone."

Then Sandy Baron asked Edward Villella to dance a few steps to rock music. Edward Villella laughed and refused. Sandy Baron coaxed him. The crowd applauded. Edward Villella laughed and danced.

Genevieve and John

ONE important question to consider when thinking about Genevieve Waite and John Phillips is "Well, what do they look like?" We've thought about it, and it seems to us that John Phillips looks like a Harvard section man who is spending the summer in Provence. Genevieve is easier: she is plainly someone who has left her tour group and has no intention of going back. What they do is this: John Phillips writes songs, and Genevieve sings them; John Phillips plays the guitar while Genevieve sings his songs; and every once in a while John Phillips plays and sings his songs himself. John has been doing this for a while, having been Big Papa in the Mamas and the Papas. Genevieve is, as they say, a Fresh Face. They both belong to that perceptive group of almost young performers who are drifting (subtly, they hope) away from their moorings in the sixties toward some modest re-creation of café society. John and Genevieve were performing the other night at Reno Sweeney (itself a modest re-creation of café society), and we went to see them. We have these things to report:

(1) Genevieve Waite is very, very pretty. She really knows how to wear little black satin pants. More important, she has, sensibly, decided to bring back the pout. Genevieve does a lot of talking about bringing back romance (one of her songs is called "Romance Is on the Rise"), but we think her really important contribution will be to bring back the pout.

(2) Genevieve Waite is very good at delivering snappy song introductions. She dedicated a song called "Trashy Rumors" to Wilbur Mills. Genevieve Waite delivers lines in a manner reminiscent of the manner of Viva, the popular Warhol superstar now not much in evidence. Genevieve Waite may be the marketable Viva.

(3) There is something odd about John's and Genevieve's sophistication. They have a whimsey that may have got too much sunlight while they were in California. One more thing on this subject: John does a song about Wernher von Braun, and he shouldn't.

"Time" Covers, NR

ONE summer in the nineteen-fifties, the editorial staff of *Time* began to collect material for a synoptic cover story about Americans on holiday. Reporters were sent fanning, and Boris Chaliapin, who had produced more *Time* cover pictures than any other artist, was asked to create a work expressing the theme. The resulting picture was not used. It was consigned to darkness with the fatal term "NR" ("Not running"). Chaliapin had painted the Statue of Liberty on water skis. Her classic robes had been shed on Bedloe's Island and were draped there over her plinth. She now wore a bathing suit. Torch in hand, she scudded across the harbor.

We remembered that painting (who could ever forget it?), having seen it once, long ago, in *Time's* editorial offices, in Rockefeller Center. It had been the star of a collection of analogous works, which had been commissioned and completed but, for one reason or another, had never seen the light of print—a gallery's-worth of NR *Time* covers under dust in an outsize closet. We found ourself wondering how the collection had evolved in recent years. So we called up Henry

Grunwald, *Time's* managing editor, and asked him.

Unused cover paintings and cover sculptures had a tendency to disappear, he said, but there was no lack of them on hand. He happened to have one on his own wall. It showed God lying in a coffin.

"Whose idea was that?"

"Larry Rivers'."

"May we look at it?"

"You may."

"And the others?"

"Why not?"

Grunwald is a courtly man, born and raised in Vienna, educated in New York, and he has an accent that lilts at all volumes. We found him sitting at his desk, twenty-five stories up. Framed by a window behind him, he himself might have been an NR cover of Henry Kissinger—the rippling hair, the middling height, the eyes that seemed to inflate behind glasses that had dark rims. The resemblance between the two men is considerable and it is flattering to each to say that he looks like the other. Grunwald wore a striped tie and a brown-and-white striped shirt. He was managing his magazine through an intercom console that had many levers. As he went on speaking to genies all around the building, he waved hello and pointed to the wall where God lay dead.

We studied the picture—a collage. God's coffin was a fold-out affair, as if from a children's book, and an arrow that led away from the bier seemed to suggest a route by which He might escape. Subordinate themes surrounded the central image—sets of pictures and symbols having to do, apparently, with functions that in some way man had wrested from God. Medicine. Weather. Dishwashers. Rockets. Very, very subtle. Da Vinci's God had been pasted in and then, with a red crayon, crossed out. Rivers' God seemed in no hurry to get out of the coffin. All this had been too complex for the magazine, Grunwald told us. NR. Rivers had done the collage to accompany a cover story titled "Is God Dead?" and those words alone ran on the cover of the magazine, in red letters on a solid black field—the first time ever that the magazine had not used some sort of picture.

Larry Rivers had another cover in the NR collection, Grunwald told us. It had been an attempt to paste together the essence of Norman Mailer. In two rooms nearby, several dozen NR'd pictures, collages, and sculptures had been set out for viewing, and in one corner was Rivers' Mailer, coming apart in layers. Rivers had started with a photograph of his subject's face and then—preserving little more than the eyes—had placed upon it numerous cutouts in cardboard and silver paper, and a Band-Aid, and a pair of large ears, and cardboard glasses, and a pushpin in the chin. Pencil squiggles served for hair. "It was Rivers' conceit that Norman Mailer wears a false face," Grunwald said. "That is, he saw Mailer's face as a mask with Mailer's own eyes in it." As we stared at Rivers' Mailer, the mask indeed seemed to become the face, the face the mask—with eyes at

the bottom of cardboard wells. "It seems quite lifelike," we muttered. "One almosts expects it to speak."

We looked around the room from cover to cover, NR.

Spiro Agnew. Papier-mâché sculpture by Paul Davis. NR'd because it looked too much like Lyndon Johnson.

Ron Ziegler. Collage by Louis Glanzman. "Ziegler never quite made it," Grunwald said. "The moment never seemed quite right. I think it's safe to say he won't make it now."

Jean-Paul Sartre. By Ben Shahn. Sartre in profile, with sheaves of manuscripts under his arm—"Les Mots," "La Nausée," "Saint Genet." A background of mottled pastels. How could the magazine have rejected that?

It hadn't, Grunwald said. Cover stories on such people had often been swept aside by unexpected developments in the news or lost in a fruitless quest for "the right moment." And, of course, one never knew when a writer might implode. In Sartre's case, the idea for the story had kicked around for years, but the book section (the magazine's book-review staff) had never pulled itself together enough to produce a story. Of Ben Shahn's work for *Time*, only the Sartre had not run. Shahn had done cover portraits of Lenin, Alec Guinness, Sargent Shriver, Johann Sebastian Bach, Martin Luther King, Jr. When Shahn came into the office, he would sit and chatter with Rosemary Frank, the cover researcher, and he would tell her about the Depression days, when he had been a painter for the W.P.A.

W. H. Auden. An oil by René Bouché. A study in wrinkles, a splendid face. The accompanying story had been written while Otto Fuerbringer, Grunwald's predecessor as managing editor, was away on vacation. Apparently, Otto didn't like Auden, Grunwald said, and Otto came back too soon.

Marilyn Monroe, by Aaron Bohrod. In a pale sky among wisps of cirrus, she stood in an oval picture frame, wearing a string-strap top with a scoop neck. Demure—by the lights of 1974. An attractive and flattering portrait. One could hardly imagine a better treatment of Monroe. Roy Alexander, Fuerbringer's predecessor, had killed it because it was too sexy—eighteen years ago.

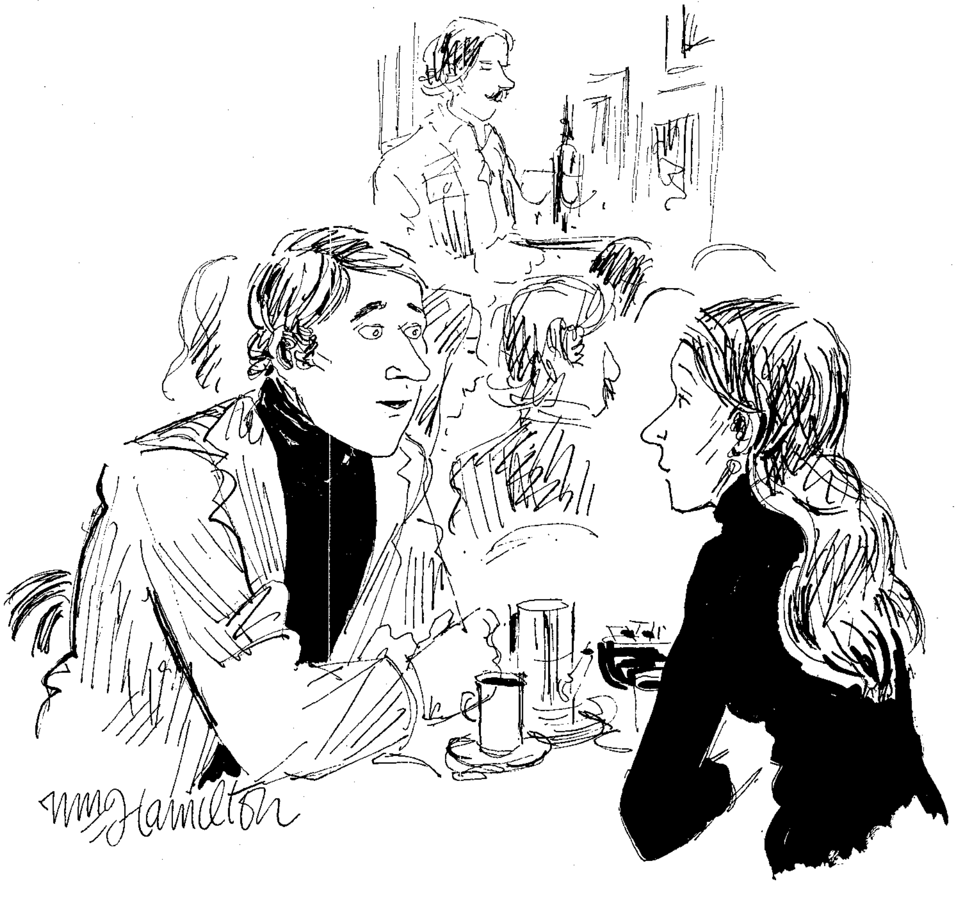
Claes Oldenburg. Self-portrait, on graph paper. His tongue hanging out. An ice bag on his head. "The news, alas, knocked it off the cover," Grunwald said. "The story on Oldenburg ran without the picture."

Time had once planned a cover story on the Establishment, and now here was all that was left of the idea—a painting by Edward Sorel of a turreted, moated medieval castle being defended by substantial, solid-looking University Club types against a horde of scruffy creatures who were carrying a battering ram. On the front end of the battering ram was the severed head of Spiro Agnew. The castle was full of Bundys, Galbraiths, Gardners, McCloys, Achesons, Schlesingers, Oakeses, and Rockefellers, with William F. Buckley, Jr., in the form of a flying dragon, hovering in the air above. "It was a better idea than story," Grunwald said, ruefully recalling the wreckage. "The story never worked. We could never quite figure out whether or not we were part of the Establishment, and, if so, how to deal with ourselves."

For a cover story on Hip Capitalism—all the people making fortunes out of hippie fashions—the magazine commissioned Peter Max, the hippie-fashion millionaire, to do a self-portrait. Max had poster-decorated the buses of New York. He had produced coasters, paper plates, shirts, billboards, two-tone flare-legged pants. So why not covers of *Time*? He did Prince Charles for *Time*, and it ran, but when he did himself—an overlay rendition with a drop-out white face and a dark fall of hair against a field of stars—it went into the NR closet. "The story was a good one," Grunwald said. "But it was postponed and postponed. The news kept pushing it aside. Finally, it just disappeared."

Grunwald then picked up a color transparency that showed a sheaf of wheat, a tragic mask, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil, with the apple partly eaten, so that it looked like a skull, all of which had been created by Salvatore Purpura, a baker, in his bakery, on 111th Street, in Corona, Queens. Purpura had been commissioned to do a *Time* cover on the subject of hunger, and bread was the medium. Purpura was asked at the time what sort of bread he would use, and he said, "Italian bread that you can a-eat." The story was dropped. NR, and a pity, too. Purpura might have become the only baker who had ever baked a cover of *Time*.

Russell Baker, of the *Times*, once came very close to being on *Time's* cover—close enough to wind up in the NR bin, too, and there he was, in a creation by Herblock, who had used a photograph of Baker's face affixed to a drawing of Baker's body astride a flying newspaper airplane. All through the sky around him were fat-cat sen-



"I don't know what I want to be, so I've decided just to be para-something for a while."

"Assuming you're a mirage, I'm going to just crawl on by."

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ators, congressmen, generals, diplomats. One man's shirtfront was literally exploding. Each of these figures had a toy-balloon valve in his back. Grunwald sighed. "Baker is still writing," he said. "Maybe one day . . . Who knows?"

Norman Laliberté, a designer who uses fabrics and textured materials, had done a handsome tapestry of the Good Samaritan for *Time's* cover, a grace to the Christmas season, but the tapestry was here in the NR collection, because it had lost out to a stained-glass window, the work of another artist. Grunwald explained that in recent years he had found it expedient to commission more than one artist per cover. Two was now the standard number—two artists competing. Sometimes three. As many as seven artists had been commissioned to do finished paintings for one subject and one issue. The magazine had once depended on a handful of proved regulars, Grunwald said—people like Chaliapin and Boris Artzybasheff. And when Fuerbringer came along, his predilection had been to commission artists of international celebrity. Grunwald thought some of that had been "a little square." He and his art directors wanted *Time* covers to be "more modern and postery," and they wanted to reach out more for artists who were "unknown." That was risky, so you commissioned several at once. Moreover, if something was not quite right in a picture and it was late getting to the printer, the cost of the delay could run into tens of thousands of dollars. Artists came cheaper. The magazine pays two thousand dollars for a cover painting (more under special circumstances). For a mere six thousand dollars, Grunwald could have three covers among which to choose, thus reducing the possibility of wasting sums much larger.

Artists don't think well of the system. As one has put it, "half my heart isn't in the work." But Grunwald sees no other way in which he can afford to be as experimental as he wants to be—afford, for example, to ask a Gerald Scarfe or a Frank Gallo, or, for that matter, almost anyone else, to try a *Time* cover of Richard Nixon. Nixon, as a face, was by far the most difficult subject that had ever come along. Notwithstanding what might be said in its interior pages, the magazine preferred not to be cruel on the cover. Yet it was difficult not to be. The face—well, the face was just an awkward problem technically. What else could one say? And, to make matters worse, Nixon had appeared on the cover of *Time* more than anyone else ever.

Here, then, was Frank Gallo's Nixon—cast in epoxy resin—looking like Carnauba Man done in used jaundice. Gallo had sculptured Raquel Welch for *Time* in the same materials. His Raquel figure had been more than life size, and he had bought an airplane seat for her on his way east to *Time* from his home in Illinois. For his Nixon, he might have bought space in the hold. "It is so ugly we felt we couldn't run it," Grunwald said. "He looks like an embalmed corpse."

And here was the Nixon of Gerald Scarfe, the British cartoonist and papier-mâché sculptor, who had once done the Beatles for *Time*, and had now done what appeared to be an oversize duckbill platypus in papier-mâché. NR.

Grunwald led us on into a room that was overwhelmingly filled with leftover Nixons. During the past year, he said, there was always at least one artist at work on a new try at Nixon. Here now were dozens of them, lining the walls, standing on tables—everywhere you looked, an unused Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixon. Nixonixonixonixonixonixonixon. NR. Not running.

LOVBORG'S WOMEN CONSIDERED

PERHAPS no writer has created more fascinating and complex females than the great Scandinavian playwright Jorgen Lovborg, known to his contemporaries as Jorgen Lovborg. Tortured and embittered by his agonizing relationships with the opposite sex, he gave the world such diverse and unforgettable characters as Jenny Angstrom in "Geese Aplenty" and Mrs. Spearing in "A Mother's Gums." Born in Stockholm in 1836, Lovborg (originally Lövborg, until, in later years, he removed the two dots from above the "o" and placed them over his eyebrows) began writing plays at the age of fourteen. His first produced work, brought to the stage when he was sixty-one, was "Those Who Squirm," which drew mixed notices from the critics, although the frankness of the subject matter (cheese fondling) caused conservative audiences to blush. Lovborg's work can be divided into three periods. First came the series of plays dealing with anguish, despair, dread, fear, and loneliness (the comedies); the second group focussed on social change (Lovborg was instrumental in bringing about safer methods of weighing herring); finally, there were the six great tragedies written just before his death, in Stockholm, in 1902, when his nose fell off, owing to tension.

Lovborg's first outstanding female character was Hedvig Moldau in "I Prefer to Yodel," the playwright's ironic indictment of penmanship among the upper classes. Hedvig is aware that Greger Norstad has used substandard mortar to roof the henhouse, and when it collapses on Klavar Akdal, causing him to go blind and bald on the same night, she is racked with remorse. The obligatory scene follows:

HEDVIG: So—it collapsed.

DR. RORLUND (*after a long pause*): Yes. It fell down on Akdal's face.

HEDVIG (*ironically*): What was he doing in the henhouse?

DR. RORLUND: He liked the hens. Oh, not all the hens, I'll grant you. But certain ones. (*Significantly*) He had his favorites.

HEDVIG: And Norstad? Where was he during the . . . accident?

DR. RORLUND: He smeared his body with chives and jumped into the reservoir.

HEDVIG (*to herself*): I'll never marry.

DR. RORLUND: What's that?

HEDVIG: Nothing. Come, Doctor. It's time to launder your shorts . . . to launder everybody's shorts. . . .

Hedvig, one of the first really "modern" women, can only sneer when Dr. Rorlund suggests she run up and down in place until Norstad consents to have his hat blocked. She bears close resemblance to Lovborg's own sister Hilda, a neurotic, domineering woman married to a quick-tempered Finnish seaman, who eventually harpooned her. Lovborg worshipped Hilda, and it was her influence that broke him of the habit of speaking to his cane.

THE second great "heroine" in Lovborg's work appears in his drama of lust and jealousy "While We Three Hemorrhage." Moltvick Dorf, the anchovy trainer, learns that his father's unmentionable disease has been inherited by his brother Eyeowulf. Dorf goes to court, claiming the disease is rightfully his, but Judge Manders upholds Eyeowulf's claim. Netta Holmquist, the beautiful and arrogant actress, tries to persuade Dorf to blackmail Eyeowulf by threatening to tell authorities that he once forged a penguin's signature on some insurance policies. Then, in Act II, Scene 4:

DORF: Oh, Netta. All is lost! Lost!

NETTA: For a weak man, perhaps, but not if one had—courage.

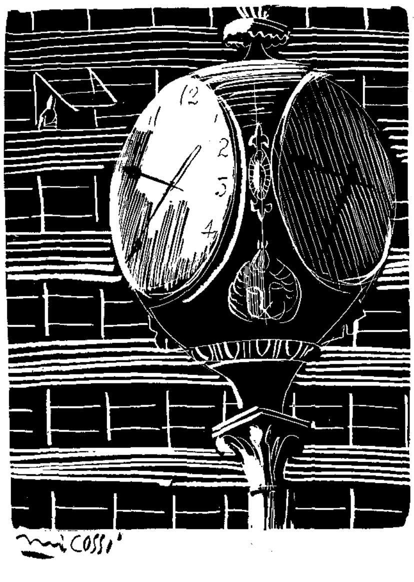
DORF: Courage?

NETTA: To tell Parson Smathers he can never hope to walk again and that for the rest of his life he must skip everywhere.

DORF: Netta! I couldn't!

NETTA: Ha! Of course not! I should have known.

DORF: Parson Smathers trusts Eyeowulf. They shared a piece of chewing gum once. Yes, before I was born. Oh, Netta . . .



NETTA: Stop whining. The bank will never extend the mortgage on Eyeowulf's pretzel. And he's already eaten half of it.

DORF: Netta, what are you suggesting?

NETTA: Nothing a thousand wives would not do for their husbands. I mean to soak Eyeowulf in brine.

DORF: Pickle my own brother?

NETTA: Why not? What do you owe him?

DORF: But such drastic measures! Netta, why not let him keep Father's unmentionable disease? Perhaps we could compromise. Perhaps he would let me have the symptoms.

NETTA: Compromise, ha! Your middle-class mentality makes me sick! Oh, Moltvick, I'm so bored by this marriage! Bored by your ideas, your ways, your conversations. And your habit of wearing feathers to dinner.

DORF: Oh! Not my feathers, too!

NETTA (*contemptuously*): I am going to tell you something now that only I and your mother know. You are a dwarf.

DORF: *What?*

NETTA: Everything in the house has been made to scale. You are only forty-eight inches tall.

DORF: Don't, don't! The pains are returning!

NETTA: Yes, Moltvick!

DORF: My kneecaps—they're throbbing!

NETTA: What a weakling.

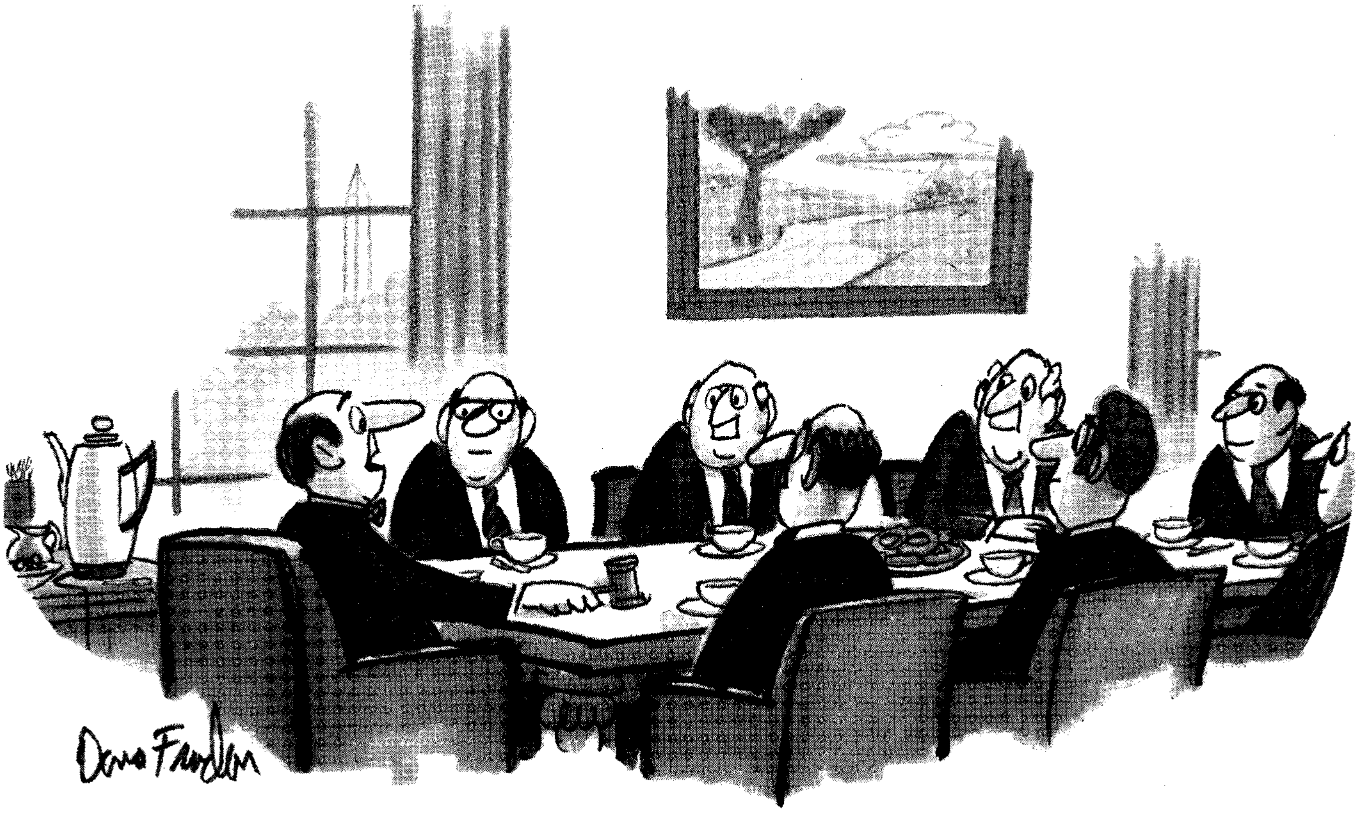
DORF: Netta, Netta, open the shutters . . .

NETTA: I'll close them.

DORF: Light! Moltvick needs light . . .

To Lovborg, Moltvick represented the old, decadent, dying Europe. Netta, on the other hand, was the new—the vibrant, cruel Darwinian force of nature, which was to blow through Europe for the next fifty years and find its deepest expression in the songs of Maurice Chevalier. The relationship between Netta and Moltvick mirrored Lovborg's marriage to Siri Brackman, an actress who served as a constant inspiration to him throughout the eight hours their marriage lasted. Lovborg remarried several times after that, but always to department-store mannequins.

CLEARLY, the most fully realized woman in all of Lovborg's plays was Mrs. Sanstad in "Mellow Pears," Lovborg's last naturalistic drama.



"The prayer breakfast will now come to order."

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(After "Pears," he experimented with an Expressionist play in which all the characters were named Lovborg, but it failed to win approval, and for the remaining three years of his life he could not be coaxed out of the hamper.) "Mellow Pears" ranks with his greatest works, and the final exchange between Mrs. Sanstad and her son's wife, Berte, is perhaps more pertinent today than ever:

BERTE: Do say you like the way we furnished the house! It was so hard, on a ventriloquist's salary.

MRS. SANSTAD: The house is—serviceable.

BERTE: What! Only serviceable?

MRS. SANSTAD: Whose idea was the red satin elk?

BERTE: Why, your son's. Henrick is a born decorator.

MRS. SANSTAD (*suddenly*): Henrick is a fool!

BERTE: No!

MRS. SANSTAD: Did you know that he did not know what snow was until last week?

BERTE: You're lying!

MRS. SANSTAD: My precious son. Yes, Henrick—the same man who went to prison for mispronouncing the word "diphthong."

BERTE: No!

MRS. SANSTAD: Yes. And with an Eskimo in the room at the time!

BERTE: I don't want to hear about it!

MRS. SANSTAD: But you will, my little nightingale! Isn't that what Henrick calls you?

BERTE (*crying*): He calls me nightingale! Yes, and sometimes thrush! And hippo!

(*Both women weep unashamedly.*)

MRS. SANSTAD: Berte, dear Berte! . . . Henrick's earmuffs are not his own! They are owned by a corporation.

BERTE: We must help him. He must be told he can never fly by flapping his arms.

MRS. SANSTAD (*suddenly laughing*): Henrick knows everything. I told him your feelings about his arch supports.

BERTE: So! You tricked me!

MRS. SANSTAD: Call it what you will. He's in Oslo now.

BERTE: Oslo!

MRS. SANSTAD: With his geranium . . .

BERTE: I see. I . . . see. (*She wanders through the French doors upstage.*)

MRS. SANSTAD: Yes, my little nightingale, he is out of your clutches at last. By this time next month, he will realize his lifelong dream—to fill his hat with cinders. And you thought you'd keep him cooped up here! No! Henrick is a wild creature, a thing of nature! Like some wonderful mouse—or a tick. (*A shot is heard. Mrs. Sanstad runs into the next room. We hear a scream. She returns, pale and shaken.*) Dead . . . She's lucky. I . . . must go on. Yes, night is falling . . . falling rapidly. So rapidly, and I still have all those chickpeas to rearrange.

Mrs. Sanstad was Lovborg's revenge on his mother. Also a critical woman, she began life as a trapeze artist with the circus; his father, Nils Lovborg, was the human cannonball. The two met in midair and were married before touching ground. Bitterness slowly crept into the marriage, and by the time Lovborg was six years old his parents exchanged gunfire daily. This atmosphere took its toll on a sensitive youngster like Jorgen, and soon he began to suffer the first of his famous "moods" and "anxieties," rendering him for some years unable to pass a roast chicken without tipping his hat. In later years, he told friends that he was tense all during the writing of "Mellow Pears" and on several occasions believed he heard his mother's voice asking him directions to Staten Island.

—WOODY ALLEN

("*Lovborg's Women Considered*" *is the first part of a two-part series. Next week,* "*Lovborg's Women Reconsidered.*")

LATE BLOOMERS

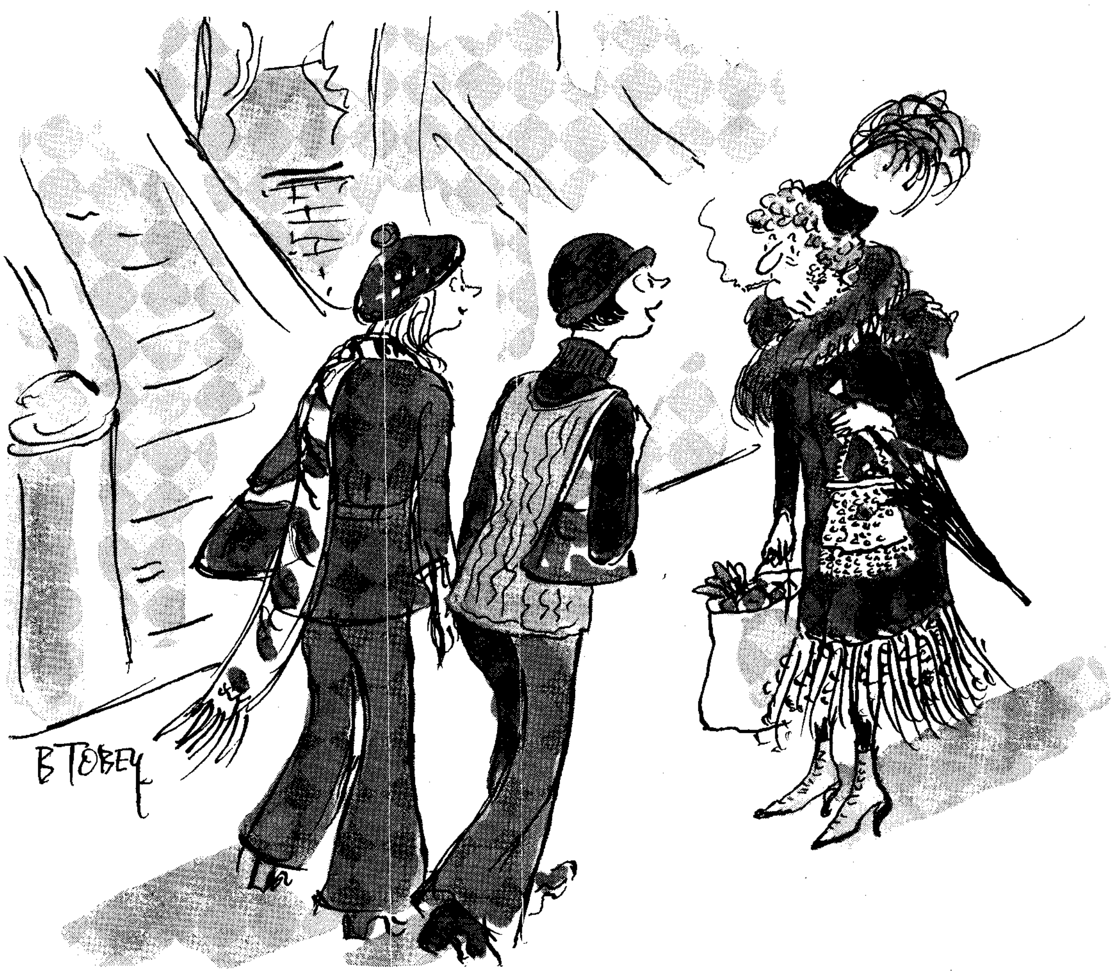
WHEN I went back to college this year, I rode the same Sunday-afternoon train from Grand Central that had carried me so many times before to New Haven—where the terminal, as usual, seemed to have just suffered another one of its successive condemnations. This time, my train seemed to be full of preppies and college freshmen, going up for their first fall term. I noticed, however, that they seemed to be able to make that first trip on their own, which was certainly not the case with me when I was starting out. But now I was a senior, salty and hard, and I chose a seat next to one of the few unbroken windows and placed my suitcase and my tennis racket on the seat next to me, so I could be alone. The train came out of the Park Avenue tunnel and went over the bridge, and I watched the string of memorized lumberyards and clotheslines and crumbling apartment houses that always make me think of Clifford Odets. I tried to read the *Times Magazine*, and then I tried the crossword puzzle. I raised the window shade next to me and found that somebody had written a dirty word on the filthy glass. I wiped it out and then wrote my own name with a fingertip. On my left, across the aisle, a boy of about sixteen had fallen asleep over his copy of "Steppenwolf," and he cried out "Please!" or "Louise!" as we passed through Rye. Then I took off my shoes and put up my feet and went to sleep, too.

I awoke, like a veteran commuter, just as the train was pulling into the station. I jumped down onto the empty platform and ran down the stairs and up the ramp, past signs urging me to see "Lorelei" and to read *Newsweek*, and knocked off the only waiting cab. We went through town, and the driver dropped me off at my college gate—the spot where, three years ago almost to the day, I stood and smiled as my father adjusted his camera lens and said, "Just one more, Stuie. Smile, now." Then he handed my mother the camera, and she took pictures of the two of us—Class of '41 and Class of '75—as I hammed it up, pointing at the commemorative plaque set in one of the columns. Then we found my new room, and since I was the first to arrive, I took over the lower bunk in the quarters I would share all year with two strangers. It was hot that day, and when I walked my parents back to their car in the evening, we saw that thousands of white moths had flown in from somewhere and were clinging to the street lights and the sidewalk and the windows of the car. "Stand back, Helene," my father said to my mother, as he covered his head and climbed quickly into the car. The headlights flashed, the windshield wipers went on, and a white cloud of moths took wing and then fluttered back to the street as my parents drove away.

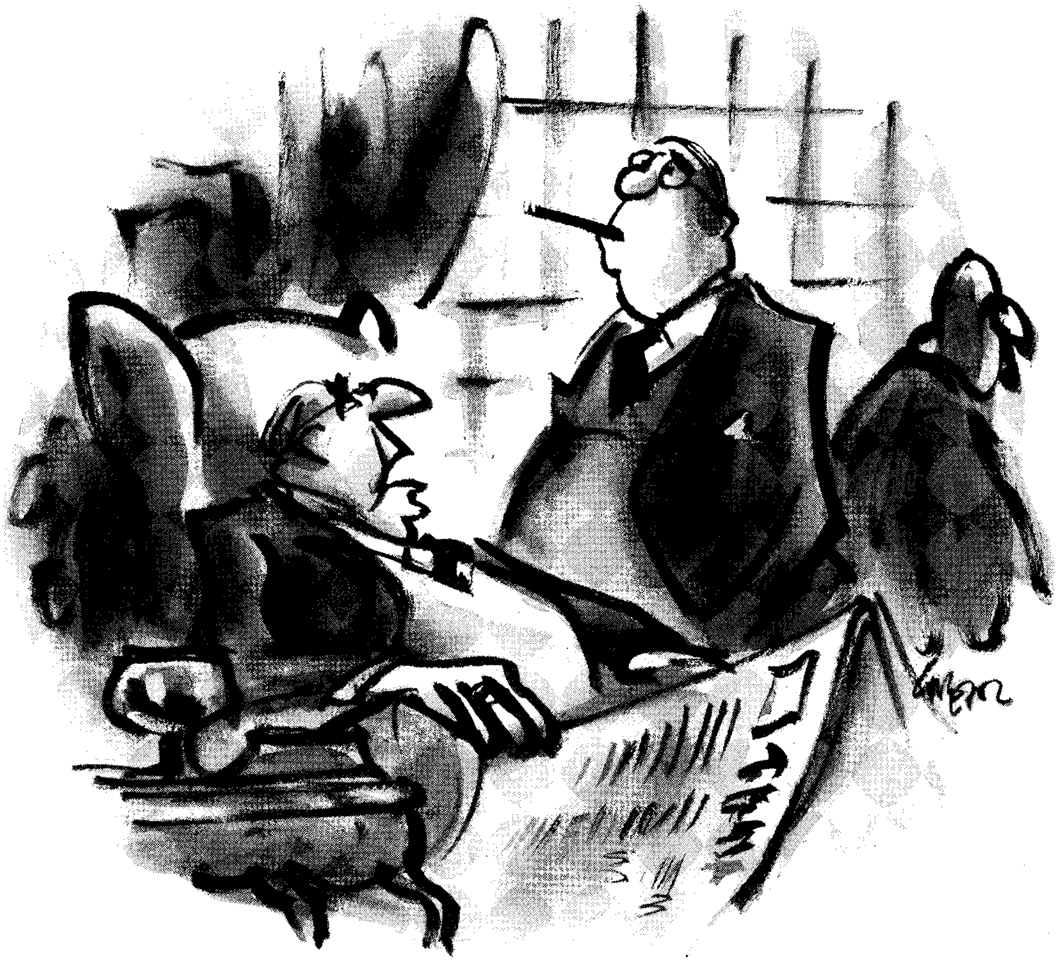
This year, there were no moths, and nothing so memorable about my return. Most of the lights in the courtyard of my college were still out when I got there; I was one of the first to arrive. I went up to my choice senior single and unpacked. In the bottom of my laundry bag I found an old metronome stashed with my sneakers and loafers. I took it down to the empty common room and set it up on the piano there, and ran through a few rusty scales.

MY mother didn't raise me to be a piano player, yet I was picking out "My Funny Valentine" at an age when I should have been out pushing flower seeds. My grandmother played, too, but one day she looked at her fingers and said, "They're no good to me anymore," and then she gave me her metronome and a lot of Berlin and Porter sheet music that my tone-deaf father couldn't play. I played so much that my hands stretched. My mother used to watch me and sigh as I pounded away at the keyboard. I think that when I was only eight years old she had visions of me banging out dissonant chords in some dive (with a goatee and a mulatto girlfriend and a couple of years already spent in the pen on a dope charge) while she and my father rocked in front of the Philco and wondered where they had gone wrong.

At the age of twelve, I marketed myself and hit the circuit—weddings, bar mitzvahs, an occasional upbeat funeral. I was something of a wonder: Stuie Greener, the Infant Paderewski, the Ivory-Tick-



"Excuse me, but would you mind telling us where you bought that terrific outfit?"



"I don't *like* six-per-cent unemployment, either. But I can live with it."

• •

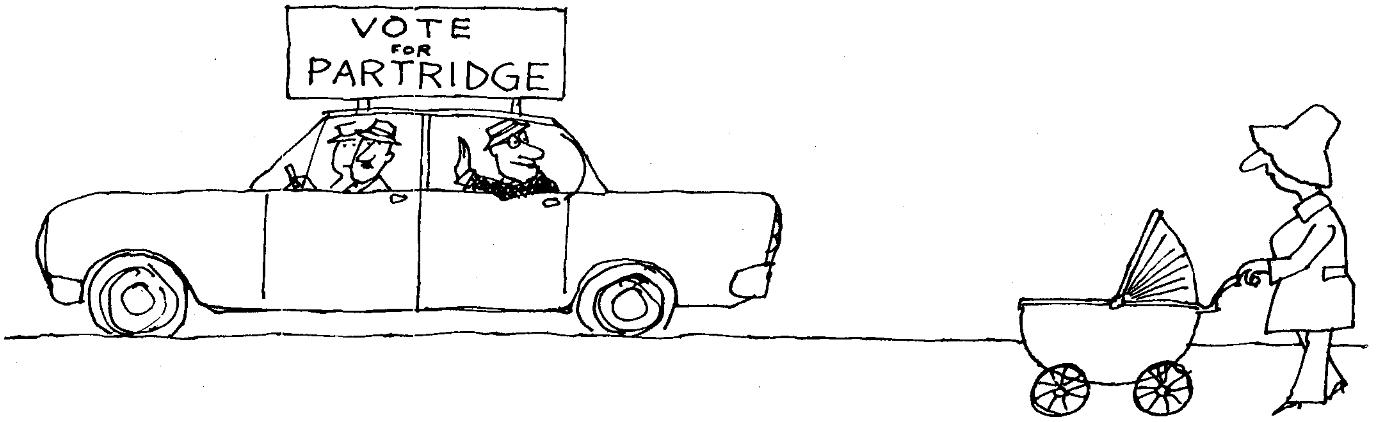
ling Tot. I sang, too—in a choirboy voice that used to melt them right down. I thought of throwing in a tap routine, but even then I could sense the fine line between artist and showman. Between sets, I'd duck out to the kitchen of the catering place and help myself to the leftover clams casino. I *would* leave the crowd begging for more, and then I'd go home and plead with my piano teacher for long pieces. I'd had it with putzy C-Major Classics for Juniors. I wanted meat—tone poems, breathtaking glissandos, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Rhapsody in Blue," "Laura" (the concert version, without the words). Then, suddenly, in the middle of a run-through of the "Warsaw Concerto," I shut the piano lid and never really opened it again. I could never say why, and it just about killed my father—or so he said at the time. Today, all I have left are my big hands and long fingers. The rest of me has never quite caught up.

When I was eight, I pressed my right hand onto a slab of clay and scratched "To Daddy—1960" on it with a toothpick. I made the slab into an ashtray and glazed it in the school kiln, and gave it to my father. He took it to his office, where he writes poetry about soapsuds and breakfast foods, and I think it is on his desk to this day, although he is not a smoker. It was certainly there three years ago, when I went to have lunch with my father in the city a day or two before I was to begin college. I remember that Leo came in to wish me luck. He is my father's partner—a regular wild man who does not wear a tie to the office. He shook my hand and then took me to the window and pointed with his cigar to the street, forty floors below. "New York," he said, "is the biggest whorehouse in the world." He turned to my father and said, "Am I right or am I right? We gotta set Stuie straight."

My father smiled but did not reply. When Leo left, he dumped the cigar ashes out of the ashtray into a wastebasket, and got ready to take me to lunch. First he came around his desk and punched himself in the stomach, and then asked me to check out the space between his belly and his trousers. "You see?" he said. "More room there every day." I agreed—I always agreed. On weekends, I used to watch him dine on Bloody Marys and lobster Newburg, but on weekday mornings he would jog around the block before breakfast in a puffy sweatshirt and his weekday lunch in town was always the same—chopped meat, ice water, and perhaps some cottage cheese. On this day, he presented me with a new tie from Brooks Brothers with tennis rackets on it. "Let me help you with the knot," he said. "Sometimes they're tricky." Then his secretary, Miss Munson, came in and kissed me. "Why, thank you, Miss Munson," I said, embarrassed. "If anyone calls, I'll be back at two," my father said, and we were on our way. I knew that this lunch was to be an event, and I was right. I was allowed a second gin-and-tonic and told that I was about to begin the best years of my life. Then he gave me the plans for the next two days. "We'll all get together tomorrow night," he said. "Everybody. Saturday, we'll load up the wagon and leave about ten. That's plenty of time. I checked it out." In honor of the occasion, he had two lamb chops instead of the chopped meat, and when it was over he gave me ten bucks. "Go see a movie, or something," he said. "And be sure your mother cleans out the car."

I HAD had a slow and lazy summer. In June, I had fallen down the stairs at home and broken my ankle, and I spent most of the next eight weeks in a floating chair in our pool, reading and swearing. Finally the cast came off, but my ankle stayed fat and purple. I had to hobble around with a crutch, and my brother Markie called me Amahl and once announced that the Three Wise Men had come to trim the hedges.

By that Friday, the day before I was to leave, my ankle had thinned down, and I let the dog chase my Ace bandage around the yard. I hopped up and down to show my mother I was fine. She ate tuna fish for lunch, while the Kreutzer Sonata played from a radio upstairs. Then she couldn't find her car keys, and she cried about it. "Oh,



Christ," she said. "Oh, *merde*." She has always loved the French, even though she has only been in Paris once, on a three-day package deal. I looked in her bag and found her keys, and told her I would drive over to Long Beach and pick up my grandmother, Mona, who was coming to spend the night. "Wait," my mother said then, as she wiped her eyes. She poked around and came up with a tiny, withered change purse, which she emptied onto the table. In it were three buttons, a charge card, a bent hairpin, and some coins. My mother handed me a dime with all its vital information worn off. "I hope this is O.K.," she said, drying a tear. "I want you to feel free to use this for the meter."

Mona, my mother's mother, was living in an old-age hotel across from the boardwalk in Long Beach. She always lived close to the sea, because she loved to swim. When I was a kid, she used to take me into the ocean for long athletic swims. "Watch this, now," she'd say, demonstrating a stroke. "Get a load of this recovery—just like Gertrude Ederle." After we dried off, we would split a Hershey bar—the kind without almonds—which she regarded as good swimming food. In the winter, she stayed indoors and read stacks of paperbacks—six-hundred-page romances about octoroons with smoldering eyes. She enjoyed forbidden pleasures, and kept these books in the drawer of a night table by her bed in her hotel room, pretending to hide them from my mother. It was our secret. An old condensed version of "The Robe" was the only book on display. When my mother and my brother and sister and I came to see her on Saturday mornings, we all went in and kissed her and then we kids were given quarters and sent out on the boardwalk to buy knishes, so that she and my mother could argue. "How are you today, Grandma Mona?" I would ask. "All right," she would say, pointing to her bedside table and almost winking. "I've been *reading*."

She had begun to slip a little in the past few years, though. She gave up swimming and cut down on her reading. When I came for her that Friday afternoon, I found her outside on a narrow porch, where she and a dozen other old cardsharks were sitting on deck chairs, waiting for the day to end. Mona was wearing a scarf with a scene of Atlantic City on it wrapped around her white hair, and, seeing her, I felt sad about all the things that were about to happen to me. Everything in my life was changing.

WHEN my father left for work that day, he had kissed us and said, "See you tonight. I'll be on time." He wasn't. That evening, we all sat in the dining room waiting for the sound of his Swedish compact pulling into the garage—my mother and I, my sister Lisa, my brother Markie, and Mona, who wanted to play canasta. Being a commuter, my father was often late, but my mother knew how to fill the waiting time. "That car!" she said to us all. "It's that car—it's turned over someplace. It's lying in a ditch. I just feel it." (My father employed Stirling Moss driving techniques even on a trip for a bottle of milk. "Have you ever seen anything hug curves like this baby?" he would ask me.)

My mother wound her watch again, and Mona took a belt of her ginger ale and smacked her lips. "Forty-seven minutes late," my mother announced. "I'm a widow." She told me to refill Mona's glass, and smiled bravely and prepared to meet the future alone. I have always thought that my mother has a frontier spirit that has never been called on. "What you want, Helene," my father once said, "is for our life to be like 'The Waltons.' You want to live near a mountain and have cows in the garage and chickens on the Ping-Pong table and an old pickup truck in the driveway. That's all swell, but just remember one thing. If Stuie were John-Boy and I wore overalls to the office, Grandma would have to live with us all the time."

"It's an hour now," my mother said. "I'll call the station." I put the butter dish back in the refrigerator. My father was often late coming home, but I never heard my mother say that he might be running around. "Who would have him?" she said once. Yet I can remember being surprised, perhaps even excited, whenever I noticed that another woman could find my father interesting. When I was a sophomore in high school, my parents threw a big New Year's party, and I was called in to keep the ice buckets filled and the canapés moving around. "I would be proud to be the mother of Mark Rudd," my mother's friend Mrs. Greenspan told me as she plunged a Frito into the onion dip. Then Mrs. Verringer, who had earlier proposed a toast to peace, dropped her drink on the rug and catted across the room to the bar, where my father was measuring out jiggers of gin. She ripped open the front of her blouse, tearing away some buttons. Her hair fell over her bare shoulders. She threw her arms around my father and kissed him on

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the neck. It ended very quickly. Mr. Verringer came over, gathered up her buttons from the floor, and slapped her. It was the first time in my life I saw a man hit a woman hard. Mrs. Verringer fell down on her knees.

"Stuie," my father said quietly, as if we were somehow in this together. There were some whispered conferences, and several of the men at the party handed me the keys to their cars, which were blocking the Verringers' Pontiac in the driveway. They stood out in front of the house and watched as I backed and reparked cars, clearing a path. When the Verringers came out, his arm was around her waist and he held her shoes and buttons in his other hand. "I thought it was the real thing," she said to me. "I thought for one moment it was *real.*" The sound of her voice was cut off as Mr. Verringer put up the car windows, sealing them in. The car knocked over a garbage can and drove off into the night.

The following June, the Verringers celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and we were all invited. They restaged their marriage ceremony and repeated their vows to the rabbi who had married them the first time. "Just look at my baby," Mr. Verringer said when it was all over. "Just look at my girl. Still as pretty as a May morning, and God, how I love her." "It's not every day you see a marriage like this," the rabbi whispered to me. He folded up the three hundred dollars in new twenties that Mr. Verringer had just slipped him and wandered off across the lawn as if looking for someone to bless.

At last there was a sound of spraying gravel in the driveway. "He's home," my sister said. "Here comes Papa," said my mother, and we picked up our salad forks and began to eat. My father announced his return as he always did, by whistling a few bars of "I Can't Get Started" in the hallway, and then he came in and kissed my mother.

"The train ran over a man tonight and killed him," he said.

"Gross," said my sister. "Did you feel it?"

"Lisa, Princess," my mother said. "Please."

"Where did it happen?" asked my grandmother, suddenly interested.

"In Flushing."

"Ah," she said, "Flushing!"

"Rib roast, Markie?" my mother asked.

"I never liked Flushing much," my grandmother said.

"Stop staring at me," Lisa said to my brother.

"Don't stare at your sister," my mother said.

"I was over at the Brattenbergs' today," Lisa said then.

"Oh, how's Julie?" my mother asked.

"Julie's fine," my sister said. "We ate lunch in the kitchen. Carmelita made us grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup. Then we had Scooter Pies."

"Who's Carmelita?" Mona asked.

"Carmelita is Julie's maid."

My mother put down her knife and fork. "Darling," she said to Lisa. "Carmelita is not Julie's maid. Carmelita *works for* the Brattenbergs."

My grandmother pointed her fork at my father and said, "Tell me, is this the first time anything bad happened on the train in Flushing?"

After the dessert, my mother went into the kitchen and came out with a bottle of champagne. My father popped the cork and poured a small amount into everyone's glass.

"This is grand," Mona said.

"I would like to propose a toast," my father said. My mother laced her fingers through mine and squeezed my hand. "To Prince Hal," he said. "To my son Stuie."

"To Stuie!" everyone said, raising his glass.

"Thank you," I said, raising mine.

"Well," my father said as we sat in front of the television after dinner. He was working on a jigsaw puzzle, and I was reading a gossip column. "I hope you make more out of college than you have of your life so far."

We sat at opposite ends of the same couch. My father unbuttoned his shirt and scratched his chest.

"Thank you very much," I said.

"Well, I mean it, Stuie. Your mother and I have done all for you that we're going to do."

We had had this conversation many times before, and I knew what was expected of me. "Has it ever occurred to you," I asked him, "that I have always done all these things that drive you crazy—playing with my food at the table, not sitting up, grabbing the paper—because I just love to bug you?"

"Like hell you do."

"Well, it's true."

"The best day you ever had, you only thought about yourself," he said.

"O.K., O.K., then. Just wait. Ask Markie. Do you want me to call him in here?" I even went to the door.

"Maybe your mother is right," my father said then, fitting a piece into the puzzle. "Maybe I do come down too hard on you."

"You don't come down too hard on me," I said.

"Then what is it, Stuie?"

This was the point where I always stopped saying "I don't know" and just shrugged my shoulders.

"You start things," he said, "and then you give them up. If you spent as much time practicing the piano as you do sneaking Camels in the john . . ."

"I hate the piano."

"You could have kept playing, and by now, who knows, you'd have enough money to buy a car, a motorcycle, a houseboat."

"I could still play if I wanted to."

"Yeah. Golden Boy."

I started to fool with a bowl of Brazil nuts. My father took one. "Why does she get these?" he asked. "You never can crack them right."

My mother, who knows her cues, appeared from the kitchen. "I don't want to interrupt you . . ." she said.

"It's all right," he said. "Stuie and I were just talking."

"Don't you think we should leave at nine?" she said. "I don't want Stuie to miss anything."

"Trust me," my father said. "Please just trust me. I know the roads."

I had a date to meet my friend Lucille, and I went upstairs to get a sweater. In my room, I turned off the lights and sneaked a cigarette in the dark. When it was finished, I opened my window to air out the room and went out, closing the door behind me.

TATTOO

The fountain-pen bird has punctured the vein
Of the sea and nests in a pool of muscle,
Is borne into the dark pulse of a nipple,
Scratching its way across phonograph records,
Wanting its fix of a photograph taken
Once long ago. The darkroom is waiting

For a green-scaled dragon brought from the South Seas
To lick away all the animal islands;
It's sometimes smaller or larger but always
Green, its red tongue flicking in effort,
Winding its way up to the armpit. . . .

Think of these: rinses, makeup, ampules,
A dressing room blooded by Band-Aids of healing,
Eye-pencilled alphabets, inkblots of jungle,
A gypsy tearoom run by a surgeon,
A beaded curtain, a paintbox, a sudden
Movement of pain, the animal willfully
Formed at the end of a point, a child's stencil.

Alcohol taxies the sailor at midnight
To the empty street at the docks, the tugs lowing;
Under a blue bulb's eye in the doorway,
The leopard of self, clawing at neon,
Begins to yearn for the ritual scarring
Of the Cupid of wounds, its arrowed citation.

Look how the snake is emerging from hiding,
The taut bow bending its string to the arrow,
A gallery plunged under skin to remember
Rose of Torquay, *Malaya*, *Belinda*. . . .
Fleets of Chicago, membranes of Newport,
All night the dye-needle branding its stories
Into the flesh to be told there forever.

—Howard Moss

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In my mother's room, down the hall, my mother and my sister and Mona were grouped in front of my mother's vanity. Lisa was brushing Mona's white hair, which, unpinned, fell almost to her waist, while my mother braided Lisa's black hair and piled it on the top of her head.

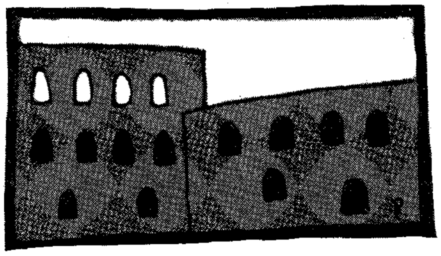
"Isn't Mona's hair lovely?" my mother said. "Eighty years old . . ."

I told her I was going out for a while.

"Are you all set for tomorrow?" she asked. "Is there anything I can fold?"

"I'm all right," I said.

To reach the stairs, I had to pass my brother's room. He was a collector of things that had once meant something to someone else—old subway tokens, postcards from Niagara Falls, Adlai Stevenson campaign buttons. Tonight, he was polishing specimens from his coin collection.



"Oh boy, oh boy, it's Stuie," he said.

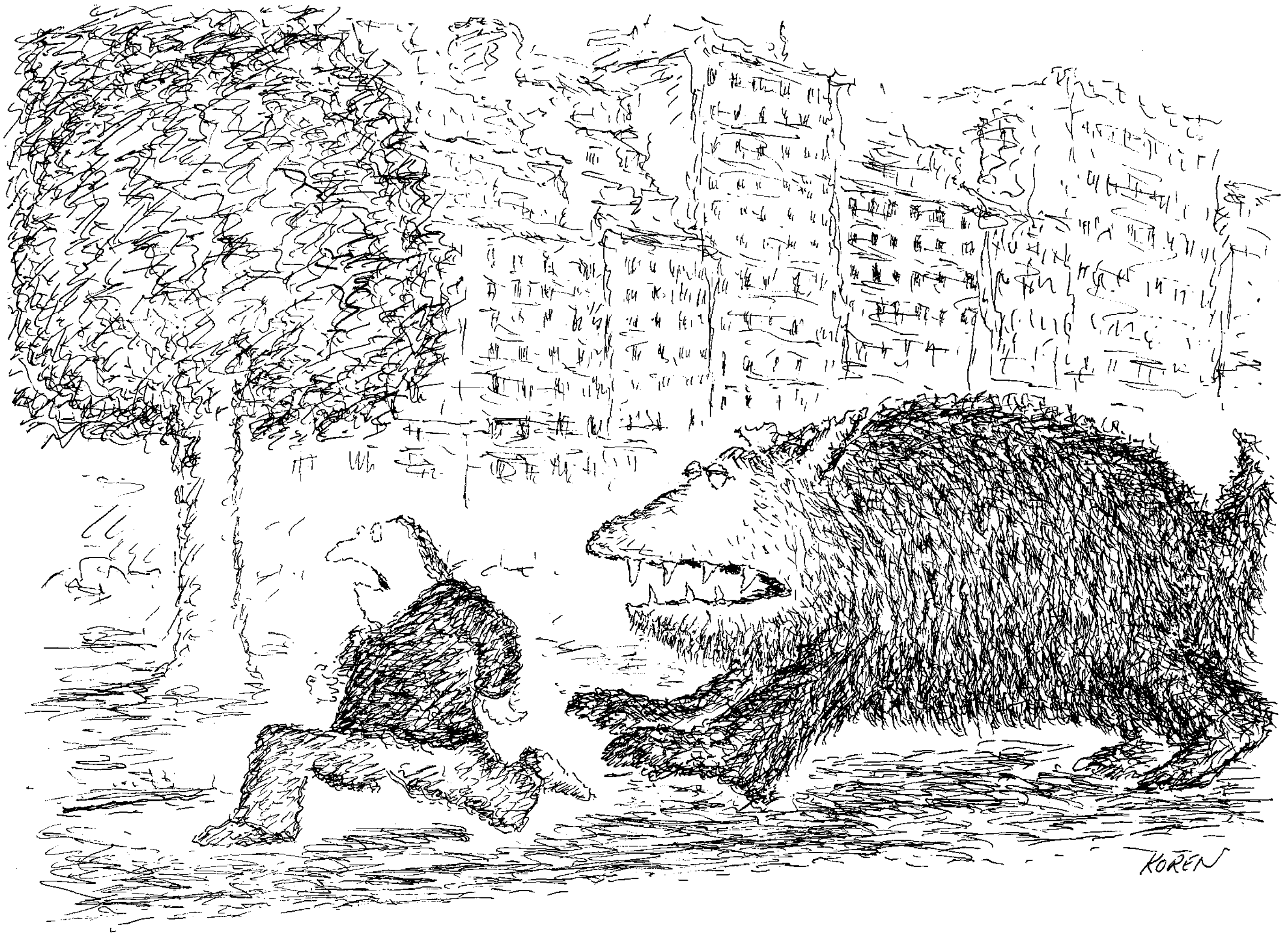
I went into his room. He lay down on the floor and put a penny on each eye. "Here lies the corpse," he said in a mournful tone. "Killed by kindness. I wish I was going away to college tomorrow. Do you think they ever let corpses into college?"

"I hate Daddy," I said.

Markie sat up and took the pennies off his eyes. "Please don't hate him," he told me.

"Stuie Greener is doing the dog with Lucille Levine," my friends had been saying all summer, which wasn't exactly true. For one thing, my ankle was wrapped and I wasn't too agile, and anyway what she really liked to do was drive. Mostly, we just drove around town in her car.

"What do you feel like doin' tonight,



"911! 911!"

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Marty?" Lucille said that night, and I put on my Ernest Borgnine face and said, "I dunno. What do *you* feel like doin'?" We drove slowly past the ice-cream store and the town dock and a beer joint where they had a singer who sang early Dylan. There was a moon that night, and the streets were calm. We passed a dog asleep on the grass by the side of the road, and dark birds stood on the telephone wires outside the movie house. In the school parking lot, we saw two people kissing in a microbus.

Lucille and I lay in the sandbox in the school playground and looked up at the sky, and I told her about my father. "You don't know what it's like, Lucille," I said at last. "He won't tell me anything. Ever. It's a miracle I know his middle name. He doesn't care about me. He doesn't even know if—"

"Wait," she said. "Just please wait." She got up and brushed the sand from the back of her legs. "I don't know, Stuie," she said, "but what if the old man is trying to talk to you? What if he's waiting for *you* to say something?"

"Fine, fine," I said. "But what?" I pointed up at the moonlit clouds. "What do you see up there?"

"What do I see?" she said, tipping her head back. "Mount Shasta. Jerry Garcia, over there. A big bowl of brown rice."

"It's late. Let's go home," I said.

She dropped me off and I kissed her goodbye. "*À bientôt*," I said, just like my mother, and she screwed her face up in the way she did whenever I got smart. "Sure," she said.

It was almost midnight. The house was so quiet I could hear the electric ice-cube maker at the bar dropping down its treasures. I opened the refrigerator and found a steak bone in a doggy-bag and gnawed on it. I took a can of diet soda, unpopped the top, and walked through the house, flicking off light switches on my way. At the end of the hall, I heard the hum of the TV and saw the familiar sight of my father stretched out asleep on the couch. He was wearing boxer shorts and a T-shirt. "Back to our film after these messages," an announcer on the set told the late-night audience. I could see the striations on my father's legs left by his garters and the strange spots on the calves where no hair grew. This, I knew, was in contrast to his back, which had a patch of hair on either side shaped like South America. I had always believed that this discriminate hairiness was something that came with age, and it made me worry. I thought, One day, this is how I will look. I will wear a striped shirt with checked pants and put my toenail parings in the ashtray and leave my wife in tears at the table because there was no mint jelly with the lamb.

On the set, Garbo was starting to smile as Melvyn Douglas filled her glass with champagne.

"Who?" my father said quickly, flashing his eyes and then going back to sleep. He sighed and his big toe twitched.

I had noticed before that if I stared at my father long enough while he slept he would wake up and pick up a conversation where we left off. But tonight it was no use. I went over and knelt by his side, and touched him on the arm. He groaned in his sleep and snapped his limbs in close, like a turtle being tortured with a blade of grass. Then, in that instant, I wanted to beat him—to challenge him to a fight and to knock all the crap out of him. I went upstairs instead. I sat on my bed and fixed my eyes on a patch of light on my ceiling—the light from the living room downstairs where my father lay. Down the hall, I heard my sister murmur in her sleep; in the morning, she and my brother would tell us their dreams. For a long time, I sat on the edge of my bed in the dark and watched the patch of light. Then I lay down and tried to sleep, but it was no use. At last, I heard a creak and the sound of footsteps, and my father came to my open door.

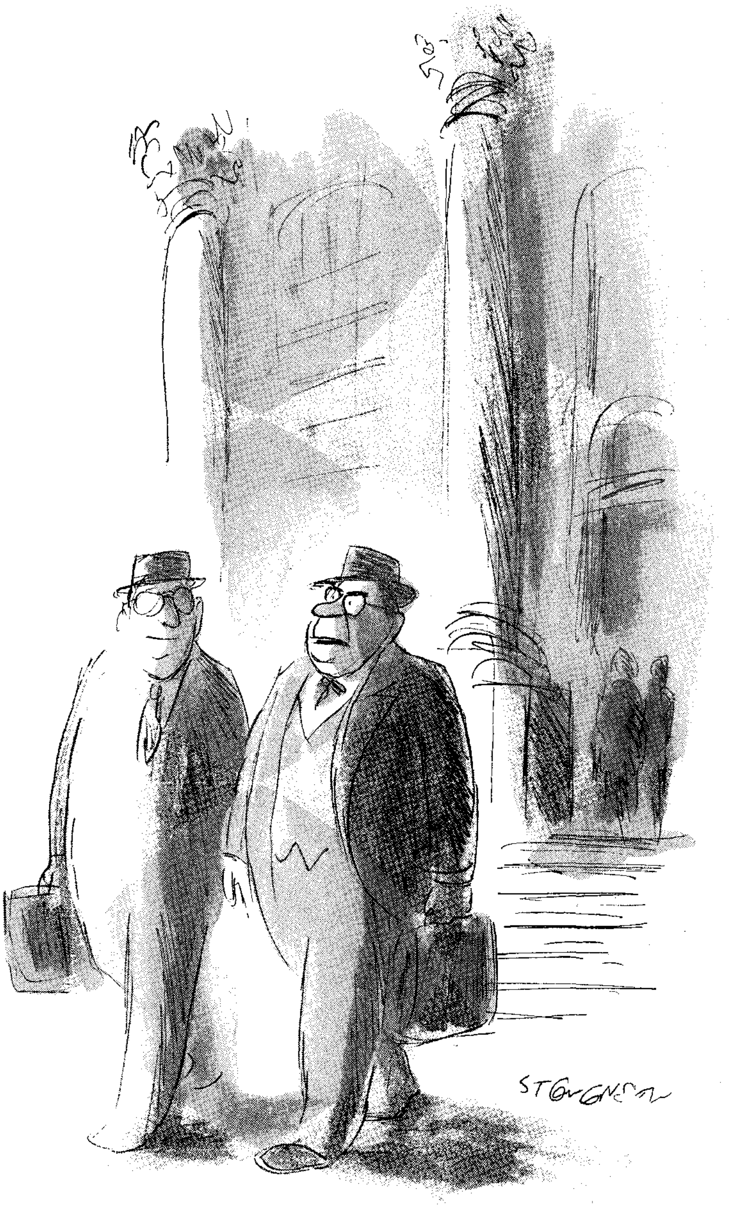
"Stuie?" he whispered. "Is that you?" He knew it was, of course. We were burglarproof and locked up tight, and no one but me would have come up to him in the night and watched him while he slept. In her room, my sister made her humming noise again, and I could just see my father smiling in the dark. "Another sweet dream," he whispered.

I HAD known then for a long time that although I couldn't exactly have been called unhappy, things still could have been a lot better with me. I thought my father had something to do with this. Once, I read a book about the Natchez Indians, and there was something they did that I never forgot. They were nomads, and whenever they moved to a new place they carried the bones of their fathers and grandfathers with them, on their backs. This seemed like a good idea, but I did not see how I could manage it. One of my grandfathers had died before I was born, but the other, a handsome old charlatan who stuffed his pockets with hard candy, died when I was twelve. He had been cremated. I wished I had been asked about that decision at the time. He was my swimming grandmother's husband. A few years after he died, I asked Mona if she didn't want to visit his grave. "Nope," she said, puckering her lips, perhaps in memory of some long-gone sourball.

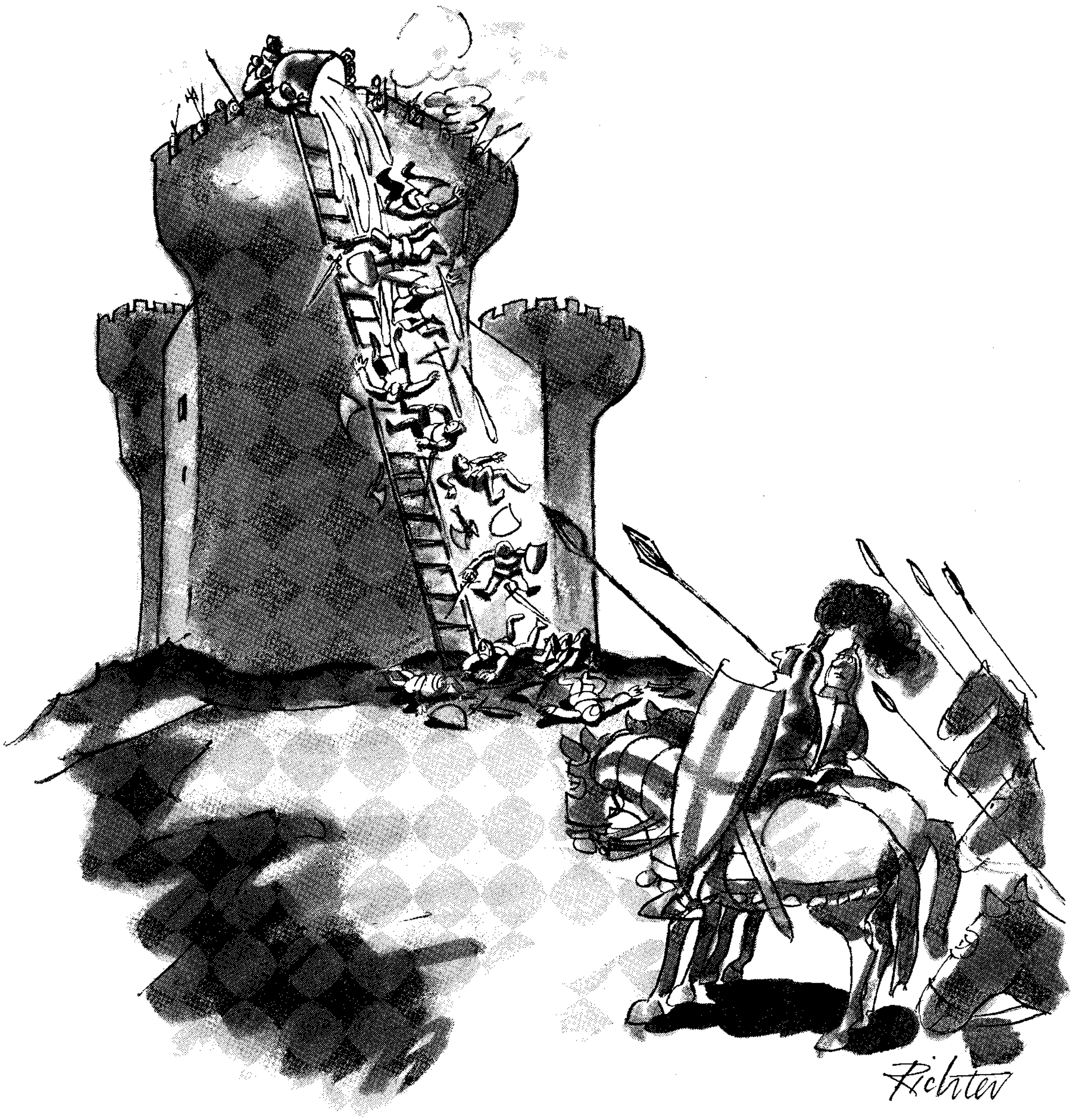
I wasn't nuts about the idea of travelling through life with my father's bones in a shopping bag, either. In truth, the whole thing was nice to think about rather than something to do. When I did think about the perfect life, though, I always found a place for my father in it. It went sort of like this: Five white rooms in the city, with windows through which you could see the Park and the boats on the lake on Sundays. Me with a tall, willowy wife, who would wear bulky tie-up sweaters that matched mine. Kids carried on our backs when we strolled in the Park. Shrimp salad and white wine for Sunday brunch, and perhaps, as soon as we could afford it, a projector and a screen. On Sunday afternoons, our friends would come up, and we would put on movies we all liked—"The Philadelphia Story," "His Girl Friday," "A Streetcar Named Desire." Garbo laughing. We would have children, perhaps with some twins thrown in, with names from Stendhal: Clelia and Fabrizio and a little girl named Duchessa Sanseverina Greener. Into this perfect life my father would come whenever he wanted, and the two of us would go off someplace and shoot rapids, arm-wrestle, and expertly crack a whole bowl of Brazil nuts.

The indoor part of the perfect life has always been clear to me, because I have a radar for the ordinary. The phrase is not mine. When I was seventeen, we all went to Barbados for Christmas. On the beach, I met a woman who read palms in society. "It's a gift, honey," she told me, "a gift from above," and she promised to read my palm if I would run and bring her a chicken-salad sandwich and a rum punch. There were never less than ten people lined up around her deck chair, waiting for their turn. "Fantastic," they would say when she was through with them. "This woman sees right through you." When I brought her her lunch, she took my hand in hers and held it up to the sun to study it. "Honey," she said, "you're a lucky guy. You have a radar for the ordinary."

She was right, but she had left one part out—the fact that with me this homing sense is always off by a degree or two, that in my plotting of an ideal rhythm I have somehow missed a beat. I tried very hard, but I never could fit my father into the dream. Something always stopped me—some kind of anger. There was a moment in "The Third Man" that often came back to me. In the film, Joseph Cotten is a nice American who is looking for someone named Harry Lime. Harry Lime is a son of a bitch. He has been making a fortune selling bum penicillin, and a lot of innocent children are turning purple and dying. Joseph Cotten looks all over Vienna, and finally, after days and days, he finds him. Harry



"Oh, I like reforms O.K., but not sweeping reforms."



"So much for Plan A."

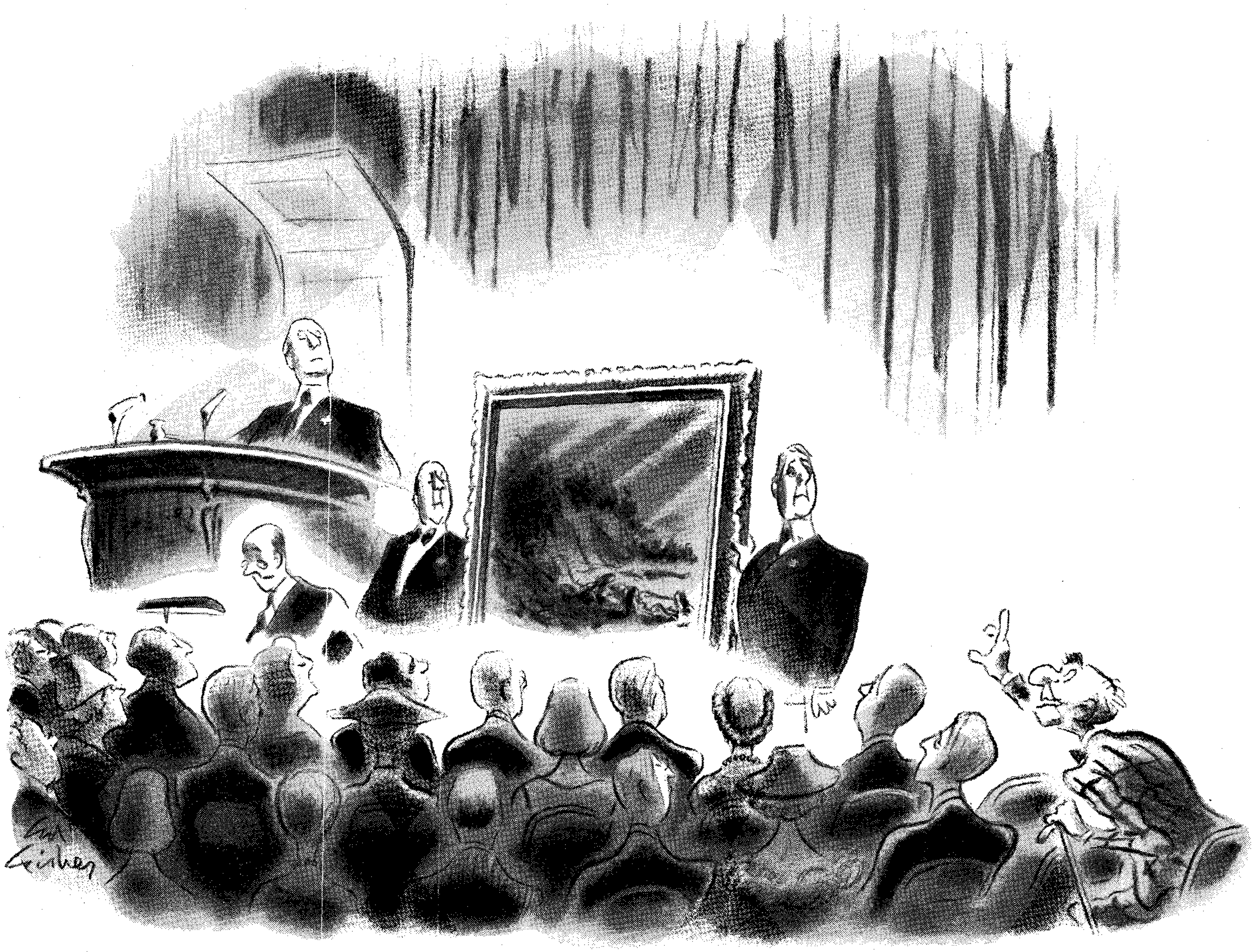
Lime is standing in a doorway when Cotten comes on him, and he gives Cotten a look that has always struck me as a good way to deal with people—bemused contempt. That was it. He has been running and he is breathing hard, but he smiles anyway. It is a smile that says, "Well, you bastard, now that you've got me, what are you going to do with me?" There it was. Those were the words I wanted to say to my father.

I am easily cheered by other people. I love to watch kids sitting for Kodak portraits, babies clutching at their fathers' fingers, happy families at the beach. I have often wished that I could stake out some of this general corn for myself—that my father and I could erase years of mistrust and just strap on our skates and glide hand in hand over a frozen lake, breaking in the middle to execute two halves of a perfect figure eight. But I knew my father could not ice-skate, just as he had never been able to ride a bicycle, and when this came back to me I would get angry again and wonder what it would be like if he were dead. My best school friend for years was an overweight Greek boy named George. He never talked about his Greek origins, and to look at him you would never guess that at home he and his family dined on goat cheese and vine leaves. When we were juniors in high school and both thinking about college, George's father died at work one day. I put on a tie and went to sit out the worst with my friend. I had always guessed that grief made you crackly and sharp, filling you with borrowed elegance, like actors in the road company of a Noël Coward play. When Mona's husband passed away, the summer I was twelve, my mother had her hair done, put on her pearls, and toasted her father's memory with a Martini. "A man is dead," she said. "*Un homme est mort.*" Then we all went in to dinner.

On my way to see George at the funeral home, I thought I would find some of this class, this extra snap. But when I walked down the hall and into an imitation living room where George's family was gathered around a plastic fire, I could see that George had big dark rings under his eyes, and I also noticed that he shook badly whenever his mother screamed, which was often. This seemed to go on for days. At the funeral, they kept the coffin open, and we mourners were expected to file past it and scream a lot. I got out a quick one as I passed by, but it was plain I hadn't fooled anyone. The woman behind me in the line pushed me aside and then took off her hat, shook down her hair, and really showed me how to do it. After it was all over, I could not help thinking that if my own father had been lying there I still would not have been able to manage much more than that same little scream I'd come up with for George, and that, when the time came, the place would fill up with hired wailers who would shove me aside, shake down their hair, and rub my face in the proper forms of grief.

How could my father ever hope for conversation with someone who had these things inside him? When Saturday came, we loaded up the Country Squire and drove to New Haven—my parents in front, me in the back. When we pulled off the turnpike and found the street that would take me to my dormitory, my father said, "What's on your mind, Stuie?" and all I could answer was "Nothing."

My roommates arrived that afternoon—one subject to earaches, the other with nine fountain pens. My parents and I were going to have din-



"One hundred smackeroos!"

• •

ner together, but they knew enough to go away for a drive first, and some of us went outside to throw a tennis ball around in the sun. We were all as nervous as Jack Lemmon, and I was surprised when people said hello as if they knew me. Then something else surprised me: the sudden idea that the unspoken conversations between my father and me, the half-finished sketches, the botched sonatas, the clumsy backhands, and the imperfect figure eights were not so much failures as wrong starts—thorns on the stems of what might yet become a whole bouquet of late bloomers.

ALL that, as I have said, was a long time ago, and, sitting at the keyboard of the common-room piano, I felt lighter and quicker than I once did. The awful luggage of strange new friends and an unknown town were gone, replaced by safer things. My old injustice lists were in a drawer someplace, along with my report cards and my Most Improved Camper awards. What was left were two people—one a wearer of striped shirts with checked pants who still couldn't get through Penn Station without picking up some pistachio nuts for his son, and the other a failed Paderewski who at least could sense that the front had moved on.

My scales went well, my fingers felt fine, and I dazzled a freshman with my rendition of the "Spellbound" concerto. But I couldn't stick around. I was going to prove myself this term and emerge in springtime a hero, so I had no time to lose. I had some business to clear up. I began with my father, and, taking a chance, I decided that his next day's routine would hardly differ at all from any of his old Mondays. It went like this. Jog three times around the block before his shower and three-minute egg. Kiss my mother and hug my sister, then drive to the train in the Swedish car he can count on to hug the curves. He waves to his friends and sits in the front of the car and reads his *Times*. A dictator has fallen; a hurricane has blown itself out; a dentist in Staten Island has murdered his wife with a drug he thought no one would notice. The train is on time. He buys a coffee and doughnut in his lobby. By the end of the day, it looks like rain, and he takes one of his six umbrellas with him when he leaves the office, and whistles "I Can't Get Started" as he walks across town.

This was all just a guess, but what else could I go on? On the trip home, it rains, but my father can't tell this, because he naps through the ride. It was time to let him go. The train went on its way and I sent him home—happy and dieting, dieting and happy.

—RICHARD KRAMER

•

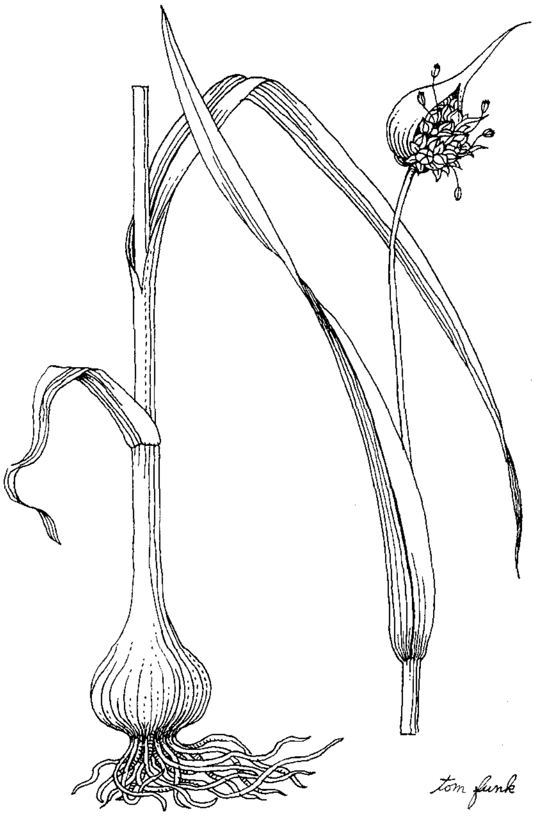
Then came a hard ground ball to Sandy Alomar, a lucky bounce to Gene Michael and one of the sweetest double plays of the season.

The ball bounced off Alomar's glove as the crowd of 21,641 sagged and landed at Michael's feet.—*The Post*.

The sort of play that makes baseball such a challenging game.

PROFILES

A FRIEND IN DISGUISE



THE first real joke I ever heard was about garlic. It went like this:

First Man: How's that mean dog of yours?

Second Man: Oh, he's much better. I've been feeding him garlic.

First Man: Garlic?

Second Man: Yes—and now his bark is worse than his bite.

I remember that joke because I was flattered by getting the point. I was eleven years old, and it was my first demanding joke, my first encounter with allusive wit. I had no trouble with the bark-and-bite allusion. I had often heard that at home. Garlic was even more satisfying. This was in Kansas City in the early nineteen-twenties, and in those days in puritan Middle America garlic was not much more than a rumor, but I had heard the rumor. Garlic was repellently foreign; it was French (like snails) or Italian (like eels and squid); it was something like onions ("Don't come near me, I've been eating onions"), only worse—a hundred times worse.

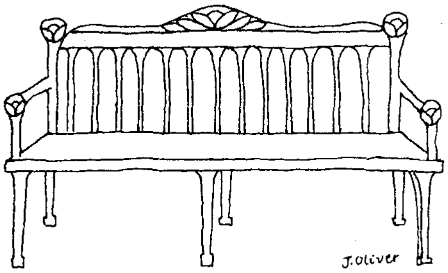
THAT, of course, was in another world and another time, before the universal triumph of the gourmet cook; and the puritan cuisine has long since yielded and opened to garlic. There is garlic now in every Holiday Inn kitchen, and possibly in every Howard Johnson's. Caesar salad ("Take three cloves garlic") is on every steak-house menu. A garlic press can be found in almost any hardware store, and garlic bread stands next to whole wheat and rye on the supermarket shelf. It has, indeed, been liberated. The Connecticut horticulturist Adelina Grenier Simmons, in "The Illustrated Herbal Handbook" (1972), concludes her discussion of garlic, "This is such a common seasoning that its uses do not need to be outlined." And yet—nothing really has changed. Garlic has not been much revealed by its emancipation from the back-street spaghetti joint. Like such other commonplaces as sex (in spite of Dr. Reuben) and the common cold (in spite of Vitamin C), it continues to flourish on hearsay.

Almost everything about garlic (including its pungent thrust) is still strangely veiled in rumor. Even its place of origin is a matter of contention. Linnaeus, the great eighteenth-century taxonomist, to whom garlic owes both its classification as a member of the lily family (along with the onion, the leek, and the shallot) and its scientific name of *Allium sativum*, considered it a native of Sicily. The late-nineteenth-century Swiss botanist Alphonse de Candolle, in his "Origine des Plantes Cultivées," seems inclined to favor central Asia as its birthplace. However, he notes the existence of many Keltic, Slav, Greek, and Latin names in garlic lore, and concludes, "To explain this diversity, we must suppose that its original abode extended farther to the west than that known at the present day." More recent authorities are more specifically committed. The editors of the Encyclopædia Britannica refer to garlic as "a native of middle Asia, west of the Himalayas." Collier's Encyclopedia, the Merit Students Encyclopedia, and the Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture all describe it as "a native of southern Europe." It is known to the McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of Science and Technology as an herb "of Asiatic origin." The Encyclopedia Americana pronounces it "probably a native of southern Asia," while the U.S. Department of Agriculture, in one of its *Yearbooks*, judges it a native of "middle Asia." "Fruit and Vegetable Facts and Pointers," a publication of the United Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Association, in Washington, D.C., has an understanding all its own. Garlic, in the Association's pluralistic view, is "a native of western Asia and the Mediterranean area."

Whatever the true nativity of garlic, there can be no doubt that it came early to the attention of man. Its usefulness is noted in the most ancient records of the most ancient civilizations. So, prophetically, is its capacity for exciting the imagination. The nature of garlic seems always to have been enlivened by myth. All the oldest cultures—China, Mesopotamia, Egypt—invested garlic with a multiplicity of powers. It was relished as food, it was prized as a drug, and it was feared and respected as magic. The Egyptian records are among the oldest and the most detailed. The Israelites, wandering in the wilderness, spoke nostalgically of Egyptian garlic. "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely," the Book of Numbers records. "The cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." But garlic in Egypt is older than that. When Herodotus made his celebrated tour of Egypt in the fifth pre-Christian century, he paid the usual visit to the Great Pyramid of Cheops, which most authorities estimate was built around 2600 B.C. "There is an inscription in Egyptian characters on the pyramid," he reports in his "Histories," "which records the quantity of radishes, onions, and garlic consumed by the laborers who constructed it." The importance of garlic to the earliest Egyptians is most variously depicted by the Swiss scholar Henry E. Sigerist (1891-1957). Sigerist notes in "Primitive and Archaic Medicine," the first volume of his classic "A History of Medicine," that "vegetables and fruit were plentiful, particularly onions, leeks, and garlic." Turning to medicine, he notes that the ingredients of the recipes contained in Papyrus Chester Beatty, Papyrus Ebers, and others, "in other words the Egyptian materia medica, consisted of [numerous] substances. . . . Among the vegetables and spices mentioned very often we find cucumber, onions, leek, garlic." He then produces a contemporary document that suggests garlic's supernatural role. The relevant passage begins, "Addressing the demons that threatened a child, the magician said, 'I have made for him a protective charm against thee, consisting of evil-smelling herbs, of garlic which is harmful to thee.' "

The early Greeks, like the earliest Israelites, learned about garlic from Egypt. It came to them first in its most imaginative, or magical, aspect. Homer, their earliest spokesman, clearly saw it as such. It makes its appearance in the Odyssey, when Odysseus encounters Hermes on Circe's hazardous island and the god generously offers to help him. "Here," says Hermes, plucking a plant from the ground, "is a drug of real virtue that you must take with you into Circe's palace to save yourself from disaster. . . . The gods call it moly." And so, as it happens, do botanists. Moly is *Allium moly*, a variety of garlic. The later Greeks and their subsequent Roman disciples saw garlic with somewhat less credulous eyes. If Aristophanes is an accurate mirror of his time, by the fifth century before Christ garlic had ceased to be exclusively an instrument of sorcery. He speaks in his drama "The Peace" of the "excellent commodities which flow to our markets, fine heads of garlic, early cucumbers, apples." (Alexandre Dumas, in the "Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine," takes a different view of the matter. "The Greeks," he notes in his entry on garlic, "detested it.") Garlic was, however, still thought to possess certain preternatural properties. Aristophanes, in "The Knights," appears to regard it as a source of physical courage: "Now bolt down these cloves of garlic. . . . Well primed with garlic, you will have greater mettle for the fight." Vergil, four hundred years later, thought of garlic as a source of physical strength, and recommended it to farmers at harvest time. Garlic was also admired by Greek and Roman medicine. Hippocrates admitted it to his pharmacopoeia as a sudorific (or inducer of sweat), a laxative, and a diuretic. To these not unrelated qualities, Celsus, in the first century, added a capacity for reducing fever, and his contemporary Dioscorides proposed that garlic was also capable of expelling intestinal worms. Pliny, a generation later, struck out on his own and pronounced garlic a cure for tuberculosis. He also, in his omnibus "Historia Naturalis," had a word of advice for garlic eaters: "If a man would not have his breath stink with eating of garlic, let him do no more but take a beetroot roasted in the embers, and eat it after, it shall extinguish that hot and strong flavour." Aëtius, the last renowned physician of the Greco-Roman era, made a final contribution to the materia medica of garlic. Garlic, he declared, had the power to forestall an attack of gout, particularly in October.

Garlic declined in medical favor as the twilight of the Middle Ages deepened. It was too well known in the European kitchen to compete with the imported pharmaceuticals then increasingly in fashion—the toad sperm, the eunuch fat, the tinctures of sow bugs, the one-a-day tablets of crocodile dung. There was even a warning against its use in the influential thirteenth-century "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum" as "hurtfull for sight." From time to time, at ever-increasing intervals, it enjoyed brief revivals. Toward the end of the twelfth century, the Spanish rabbi and physician Maimonides included garlic in one of his many homely remedies for poisonous scorpion bites. The Black Death and subsequent pandemics convinced many physicians of garlic's salvational fumigational powers; one of the secrets in "The Secretes of the Reverend Maister Aleris of Piemount," published in 1568, was a garlicky plague preventive: "Take the top of a rue, a garlic head, or half a quarter of a walnut, and a corn of salt; eat this every morning, continuing for a month together, and be merry and jocund." In the early eighteenth century, when it was widely believed that plague was caused by swarming insects, a company of Irish soldiers survived a visitation (according to a contemporary professor of botany at Cambridge, as reported by the historian C. F. Mullett) "by rubbing their bread with garlic," which "so tainted their breath and the



ESSENTIAL PRAISES OF SILENCE

1

A faithless bodybuilder, wanting
the moon but not the leaping, sick
of the sweat for salt, the
furnace wheels, the
creak of impossible
loads, how
may a man raise up his head much less
his voice these days? Only the suicides
("Days? What days?"), only the suicides
answer.

2

I brought my hurt to Love, but Love
was busy, phone
off the hook . . . so I whispered
my purpose to the Brave, but the Brave
were enjoying themselves in the mirrors, so
I paused at the house of Thought—nobody
home—and at last I carried myself
to Sleep, who offers, with hammer and nails,
to fix me up
with his beautiful Sister.

3

Again, then again, I catch myself
in these stitches of my breath to sing
essential praises of silence until
the song becomes, through a grace beyond
my calling, a song
of clanging day
that cures the peace
of night, a song
of rising that leans against the stone
that blocks the cave of my life.

—Barry Spacks

• •

air in their vicinity that the poisonous insects remained aloof." It was not, however, until modern times, until well within living memory, that garlic—with little, if any, encouragement from scientific medicine—recovered almost in full its earlier therapeutic vivacity.

SHE came home from her first day at the Cordon Bleu Cooking School and prepared a big pot of garlic soup as a first course for dinner. "Now," she said to her husband as she cleared the soup plates away, "what do I get if the second course is as good as that?"

"My life insurance," he replied.

"But we never leave the country when we say we're leaving the country."

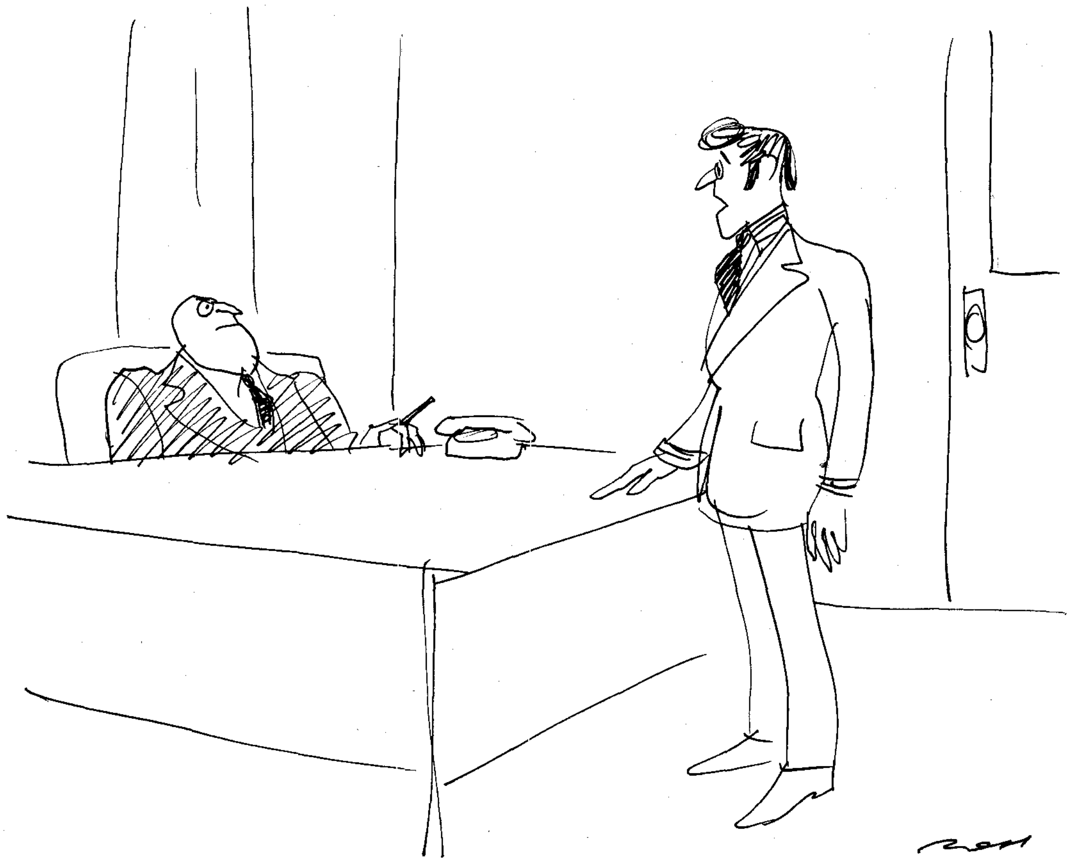
• •

THE decline of garlic in medical favor was followed, though at a very considerable distance, by a comparable decline in gastronomical favor. It was a curious kind of change. Garlic had been something of a staple food in the ancient world and through the long medieval millennium. The pyramid builders, the wandering Jews, the Athenian market gardeners, the Roman reapers, Chaucer's fourteenth-century Summoner ("Wel loved he garleek . . .") all seem to have eaten garlic as they might eat a turnip or a cucumber—as a vegetable. They probably ate it much in the manner of a Spanish peasant described in "Spain and Morocco" by the nineteenth-century travel writer Henry T. Finck: "At noon he took his lunch, composed of ten raw tomatoes, half a loaf of bread, a piece of raw ham, and a large bulb of garlic consisting of a score of bulblets, which he took one at a time to flavor his portions." Its immemorial acceptance began to weaken around the middle of the sixteenth century. The reason was the birth and burgeoning of the exquisite social fastidiousness that finally reached in Victorianism its withering maturity. Garlic was demoted from a food to a flavor to a mere condiment or spice, and then, at the stricter tables, it was banished altogether. Its banishment was most nearly complete in northern Europe, in Protestant Europe, in England. Shakespeare, in "Henry IV, Part I," lets Hotspur put garlic in its newly obnoxious place:

Oh, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather
live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom.

In "Measure for Measure," several years later, his feelings were, if anything, stronger: "The Duke . . . would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic." The gentlemanly diarist John Evelyn found garlic more odious still. "We absolutely forbid it entrance into our sallets," he wrote in 1699. " 'Tis not for ladies' palats, nor those who court them." Evelyn's strictures were widely heard and almost as widely obeyed. They even, in time, reached France. The eighteenth-century novelist and naturalist Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, in his "Études de la Nature," alludes to "garlic, the smell of which is so formidable to our fine ladies."

Nevertheless, for all the dread that garlic inspired in the fashionable French, it managed to survive in France, to make its triumphant reappearance in the early nineteenth century in the universally esteemed *haute cuisine*. The sanctuary in which it had passed its years of social obloquy was the now perhaps equally esteemed *cuisine bourgeoise*. Garlic lies very close to the heart of French provincial cooking. In the regions south and east of the Loire, it is practically a kitchen essential. Garlic is, in fact, more generally important in the food of France than it is in the food of Italy, and its stature in France is at least as high as it is in most of Spain. "In times gone by," Louis Diat, for many years the head chef at the Ritz-Carlton in New York City, once wrote, "the sages divided this world into four elements: earth, air, fire, and water. If these philosophers had been cooks as well, they would have included a fifth element—garlic. For all good cooks, and surely all chefs, would be lost without this pungent vegetable. . . . There is nothing that makes quite the same contribution to an attractive and varied cuisine." Pierre Franey, who as head chef at Le Pavillon succeeded Diat as premier chef in New York, is of the same opinion. "Garlic is as essential to French cooking as wine and cream," he has said. "It is used in making the



"But—but you can't fire me! I'm on my way up!"

• •

subtlest sauces—white or brown—of classic French cooking. On the other hand, in many regional dishes the flavor of garlic itself becomes an end in itself." The place of garlic in the food of France (and Italy and Spain and wherever else it is held in high esteem) is thus a solid one. Garlic is not a superficiality of flavor. It is not the French (or Italian or Spanish) equivalent of tomato ketchup or Worcestershire sauce. It is a basic ingredient.

Garlic is a necessary presence in many of the most celebrated dishes in every course (except dessert) on the lengthy menus of both *haute cuisine* and *cuisine bourgeoise.* There are the famous appetizers: *moules à la marinière* (two cloves garlic), *escargots à la bourguignonne* (four cloves garlic), *brandade de morue* (three large cloves garlic). And the soups: *bouillabaisse* (three cloves garlic), *soupe de bramafam* (twelve large cloves garlic), Alsatian chicken bouillon (four cloves garlic). Indeed, as Elizabeth David, in her "French Country Cooking," has noted, "In the southwest of France, particularly in the Périgord district, the soups are nearly always enriched with a mixture of fried vegetables, onion and garlic, called *La Fricassée* or *le hâchis.*" At times, she adds, everything is dispensed with except the garlic. The result is then *soupe à l'ail.* There are the fish dishes: *turbot à l'espagnole* (one clove garlic), *homard à l'américaine* (three cloves garlic), *bourride de sole avec sauce aïoli.* (Aïoli is a virile garlic mayonnaise.) There are the monuments of the poultry course: *caneton à l'orange* (two cloves garlic, sliced), *perdrix à la catalane* (twenty-four cloves garlic), *poulet béarnais* (forty cloves garlic). And the meat dishes: *bœuf à la bourguignonne* (two cloves garlic), *gigot d'agneau à la boulangère* (three cloves garlic), oxtail *chez soi* (four cloves garlic). A popular mashed-potato dish in France, *purée de pommes de terre à l'ail,* calls for "2 heads garlic, about 30 cloves," and garlic is one of the traditional components of *sauce vinaigrette,* the classic French salad dressing. Moreover, garlic has an indispensable role in the technology of the French kitchen. The ubiquitous brown earthenware casserole is never used as it comes from the store. It is first rubbed, inside and out, with garlic to toughen it and to remove any taste or smell of clay.

The French appreciation of garlic includes a natural understanding (seemingly denied to many other peoples) of the nature of its so often abominated odor. Garlic expels its most odious breath when—in the manner of Henry T. Finck's Spanish peasant—it is eaten whole and raw. Ford Madox Ford, in a memoir called "Provence," recalls an English mannequin whose un-English craving for garlic jeopardized her job. But garlic, she decided, came first. "So," Ford relates, "she had determined to resign her post, and had gone home and cooked for herself a *poulet béarnais,* the main garniture of which is a kilo—2 lb—of garlic per chicken." This she devoured for lunch. "Then she set out gloomily towards the place that . . . she must leave forever. Whilst she had been buttoning her gloves she had kissed an old aunt whose protests had usually been as clamant as those of her studio-mates. The old lady had merely complimented her on her looks. At the studio there had been no outcry. . . . She had solved the great problem; she had schooled her organs to assimilate, not to protest against, the sacred herb." Ford was mistaken. His mannequin had solved her problem not by a physiological contortion but by eating her garlic well cooked. The essence of garlic is a volatile oil that is largely released and dissipated by mincing or crushing (as in *sauce vinaigrette*) and (as in *poulet béarnais*) by cooking.

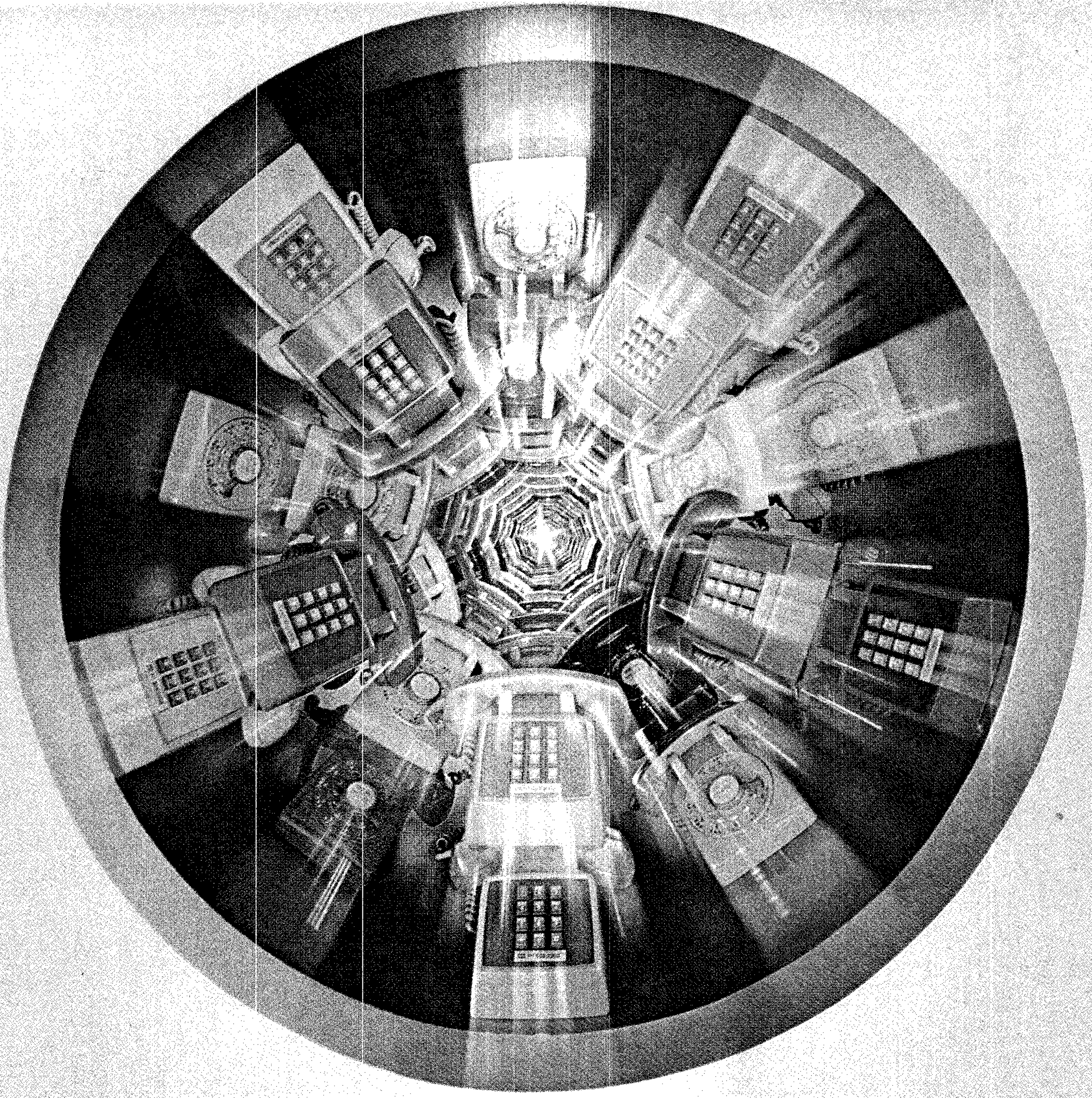
TWO young secretaries for an insurance company were having lunch. One of them had spent the morning checking some mortality statistics. "Did you know that every time I breathe a man dies?" she said.

"That's what I've been telling you," the other said. "You shouldn't eat so much garlic."

THE specific principle of garlic is a molecular complexity that also occurs, though in much less ardent form, in onions, leeks, chives, shallots, and other members of the genus *Allium.* This principle is a precursor, or a true mother compound, that is known in the upper reaches of chemistry as *S*-allyl-L-cysteine sulfoxide or, more conversationally, alliin. Alliin evolves, by enzyme action, a compound known as allylthiosulfinate, or allicin. Allicin, in turn, evolves two substances that together form the volatile oil of garlic. One of these is called allyl disulfide. The other is called allyl thiosulfonate. Allyl disulfide is largely responsible for the taste, the smell, and—when it has been ingested, absorbed into the blood-

"I was wondering if I could possibly borrow a cup of Johnnie Walker Black Label."

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.



The idea is to send ¼ million conversations at one time.

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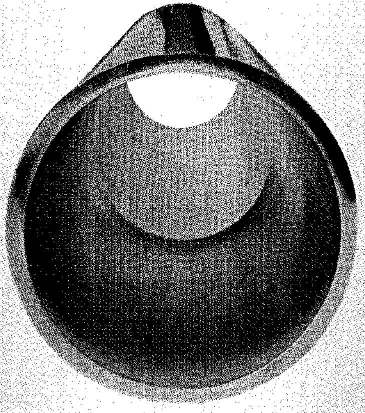

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stream, and expelled from the lungs in respiration—the violent breath of garlic. Allyl thiosulfonate is the active essence whose range of activity—mostly imagined or misunderstood, but real enough in its antibacterial, anthelmintic, and fungicidal powers—brought garlic to more than gastronomical attention.

The scientific explication of garlic began with the establishment of an authoritative organic chemistry around the middle of the nineteenth century. Pasteur found time, in 1858, in the course of his fermentation studies, to examine garlic for possible antiseptic powers. His generally favorable findings, together with the prospect of uncovering other therapeutic qualities, quickened a considerable experimental interest in garlic, and by the turn of the century it was under widespread scientific scrutiny. Its inclusion in the United States Pharmacopoeia seemed imminent. This interest continued through the nineteen-thirties and forties and into the fifties, when (through the efforts of a company of Swiss and American investigators) the pharmacological nature of garlic was finally fully revealed. It was a distinguished scientific achievement, but, in the context of contemporary therapeutics, its results were disappointing. Garlic was returned to the kitchen. A total of only seventy-one scientific papers on biomedical aspects of garlic were published throughout the world in the ten-year period between 1963 and 1973. A lively scientific subject usually produces a hundred or more papers a year.

The hopes that garlic once encouraged in medical science have not entirely vanished. They have merely been abandoned by medicine. Garlic is elsewhere held in high regard. Naturopathy, phytotherapy, and hypochondria all include it in their standard pharmacologies. So does Gayelord Hauser. In "Look Younger, Live Longer," his jubilation of brewer's yeast and blackstrap molasses, first published in 1950, he fixes a favorable eye on garlic. "A friend in disguise," he writes. "Whether you love or hate garlic, the fact remains: it is a very wonderful plant. . . . Digestive disturbances, as gas and colitis, are unknown among the Slavic people, who eat quantities of fresh and dried garlic. . . . The next time your 'inner man' is out of order, make this cream of garlic soup: Cut up 4 cloves of fresh garlic and cook for 5 minutes in a cup of fortified milk. . . . Some garlic enthusiasts claim that this is the best sleep inducer." More recently recruited enthusiasts go considerably further than that in their testimonials for garlic. They tend to credit it with a therapeutic reach that extends from acne to tuberculosis. An English naturopath named Kathleen Hunter is among the more restrained of these garlicophiles. In "Health Foods and Herbs" (1962), she introduces garlic as "Miracle Herb. Diaphoretic, diuretic, and expectorant. One of the most valuable plants in nature. Garlic juice is made into a syrup with honey and given with advantage in coughs, colds, and asthma." Victor H. Lindlahr, a self-styled nutritionist, and author of "You Are What You Eat" (1941), writes of garlic, "Particularly excellent for bacterial diseases of the nose and respiratory tract. Often recommended for patients with high blood pressure. . . . Well-known as a worm remedy. A good source of Vitamin C." And, he adds, "Vitamin C relieves arthritis." In "Nature's Medicines" (1966), Richard Lucas declares that "miraculous healing power appears to exist in common garlic." He then turns the rostrum over to Kristine Nolfi, a Danish physician and naturopath, and author of "My Experiences with Living Food." Dr. Nolfi enumerates: "Garlic has a strengthening and laxative effect, lowers too high blood pressure and raises one which is too low; it also cures indigestion, disinfects the contents of the stomachs of those who lack hydrochloric acid in their gastric juice for this purpose. . . . If one puts a piece of garlic in his mouth, at the onset of a cold, on both sides between cheek and teeth, the cold will disappear within a few hours or, at most, within a day. . . . Garlic makes loose teeth take root again, removes tartar, and has a curative effect on eye catarrh." G. J. Binding, an English admirer, and author of "Everything You Want to Know About Garlic" (1970), takes up where Dr. Nolfi leaves off. "Garlic," he notes, "is ideal for use in all respiratory infections, bronchitis, and asthma . . . a wonderful preventative against tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, and typhus. Being a great aid to the digestion, it can kill all manner of worms and is a food for the nerves. . . . It has been established that oil of garlic is about one-tenth the strength of penicillin." In addition, he proclaims, garlic is a nourishing food: "It contains a certain amount of protein and calcium, is rich in potassium and phosphorus and has a supply of Vitamins B and C. Taking all this goodness into consideration, we are certainly getting good value for money in the purchase of a bulb of garlic for a few cents." Even France, the heartland of culinary garlic, has its advocates of garlic druggery. The phytotherapist Maurice Mességué, whose patients have included Cocteau, Mistinguett, Pope John XXIII, Utrillo, and King Farouk, is the most celebrated of these. In his autobiographical "Of Men and Plants" (1973), Mességué reports that he has had much success in treating allergies with a decoction of garlic, single-seed hawthorn blossom, greater celandine, couch-grass root, common broom, sage, and linden blossom. In other combinations, he has found garlic effective in the treatment of arteriosclerosis, arthritis, asthma, acne of gastric origin, incontinence of urine, bronchial diseases, emphysema, hypertension, liver diseases, and dyspepsia. These decoctions, however, are not to be taken internally. Mességué restricts his clinical use of garlic and all other herbs to baths—hip, foot, and hand.

For those true believers unable or unwilling to take their garlic in its natural state, either orally or by absorption through the skin, American technology provides an alternative. Pharmaceutical preparations of garlic may be bought at any robust health-food store. The standard preparations include Garlic-Parsley Tablets ("a food supplement"), New Garlee Tablets ("chlorophyllated dehydrated garlic, two tablets after each meal"), and Garlic Oil Perles ("six minims oil of garlic in a base of natural vegetable oils"). All of them carry this statement: "The need for garlic in human nutrition has not been established." The late Eleanor Roosevelt was perhaps the most distinguished member of the company for whom the nutritional need for garlic did not have to be established. She was also a highly fastidious one. It was her custom (she once wrote) to take three perles of garlic oil, each protectively coated with milk chocolate, every morning after breakfast. She did this in the belief that it improved her memory.

FIRST WOMAN: *Why do you feed your children garlic at bedtime?*
SECOND WOMAN: *So we can find them in the dark.*

SCIENCE has no such panoramic view of garlic. Garlic, to its narrowed eye, has more to do with the pleasures of the table than with the resources of the medicine cabinet. This

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is not to deny the antibacterial, anthelmintic, and fungicidal powers of garlic. Moreover, as folk understanding has long insisted, garlic is biologically active against a variety of insect pests. "It would now appear proven beyond all doubt," the Henry Doubleday Research Association, a British horticultural foundation, reported in 1972, at the end of an eight-year study, "that, given certain conditions, essential oil of garlic could be as effective as DDT or similar pesticides, with the advantages of being non-toxic at high concentrations to men and animals, while being lethal to certain pests, especially caterpillars and larvae." Folk experience was, in fact, the immediate inspiration of the Doubleday investigation. "We were induced," the report notes, "to experiment with garlic as a possible insecticide owing to the observation that, when garlic is planted between onion rows, the attacks of the onion fly, *Hylemya antiqua*, are much reduced." Similar studies (in India, in Iran, at the University of California at Davis) have further extended its pesticidal reach. This now embraces thrips, maggots, fungi, mosquitoes, rabbits, and the plum curculio. It should be added, however, that this has not been my own experience. Last summer, I planted a row of carrots between two rows of garlic, and rabbits ate the tops off all my carrots.

The agents of human disease are less susceptible to garlic than are the pests of farm and home. Its antimicrobial powers, though real, are far from masterful. Mr. Binding's modest claim that "oil of garlic is about one-tenth the strength of penicillin" somewhat overstates the case. Chester J. Cavallito and John Hays Bailey, in their paper "Allicin, the Antibacterial Principle of *Allium sativum*," which appeared in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* in 1944, and which is the classic study in the field, put the matter differently: "By the cylinder-plate method against *Staphylococcus aureus*, allicin shows an activity equivalent to about 15 Oxford penicillin units per milligram, which is about 1% of the activity of penicillin." Other investigators have found its mastery of intestinal worms and fungal infestations to be comparably unexceptional. The nutritional claims that Mr. Binding (among others) advances for garlic are also rather bigger than life. The Agricultural Research Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, in its handbook "Composition of Foods," offers a truer likeness. By its reckoning, a hundred grams of garlic (a hundred grams being the standard quantity value employed) contain a hundred and thirty-seven calories. Most of this (30.8 grams) is carbohydrate. The protein content is 6.2 milligrams. The most abundant mineral constituents are phosphorus (202 milligrams) and potassium (529 milligrams); ascorbic acid (15 milligrams) is the most abundant vitamin. These are good nutritional values, but they are not impressive bargains. The relative wealth that garlic possesses in potassium and phosphorus and Vitamin C cannot be acquired without effort. One hundred grams is three and a half ounces of garlic, or three large bulbs, or forty or fifty cloves.

It is at this point, with these amiable concessions, that science tends to stiffen. There is no evidence that any larger claims for garlic, either in sickness or in health, have any foundation in demonstrable fact. The remedial vigor that its admirers so variously discern is merely apparent. It is certain that garlic druggery has often been followed by salubrious results. The probability is, however, that these results have had their origin not in garlic but in faith or coincidence, or both. There are few chronic diseases (including tuberculosis, arthritis, gout, asthma, peptic ulcer, malaria, colitis, even leukemia) that are not graced with occasional spontaneous remissions, and it is equally true (as the long survival of the human race attests) that even the most ferociously acute diseases can be on occasion self-limiting, and essentially cure themselves. And faith, of course, is the unfathomable phenomenon known to medicine as the placebo effect.

BUT a doctor I know said he would hesitate to say that garlic was medically useless. "Take the common cold," he said. "I'm not suggesting that garlic can cure a cold. But it might very well prevent one. Suppose a man ate a clove of garlic after every meal. That would certainly keep the cold-carrying coughers and sneezers a good safe distance away."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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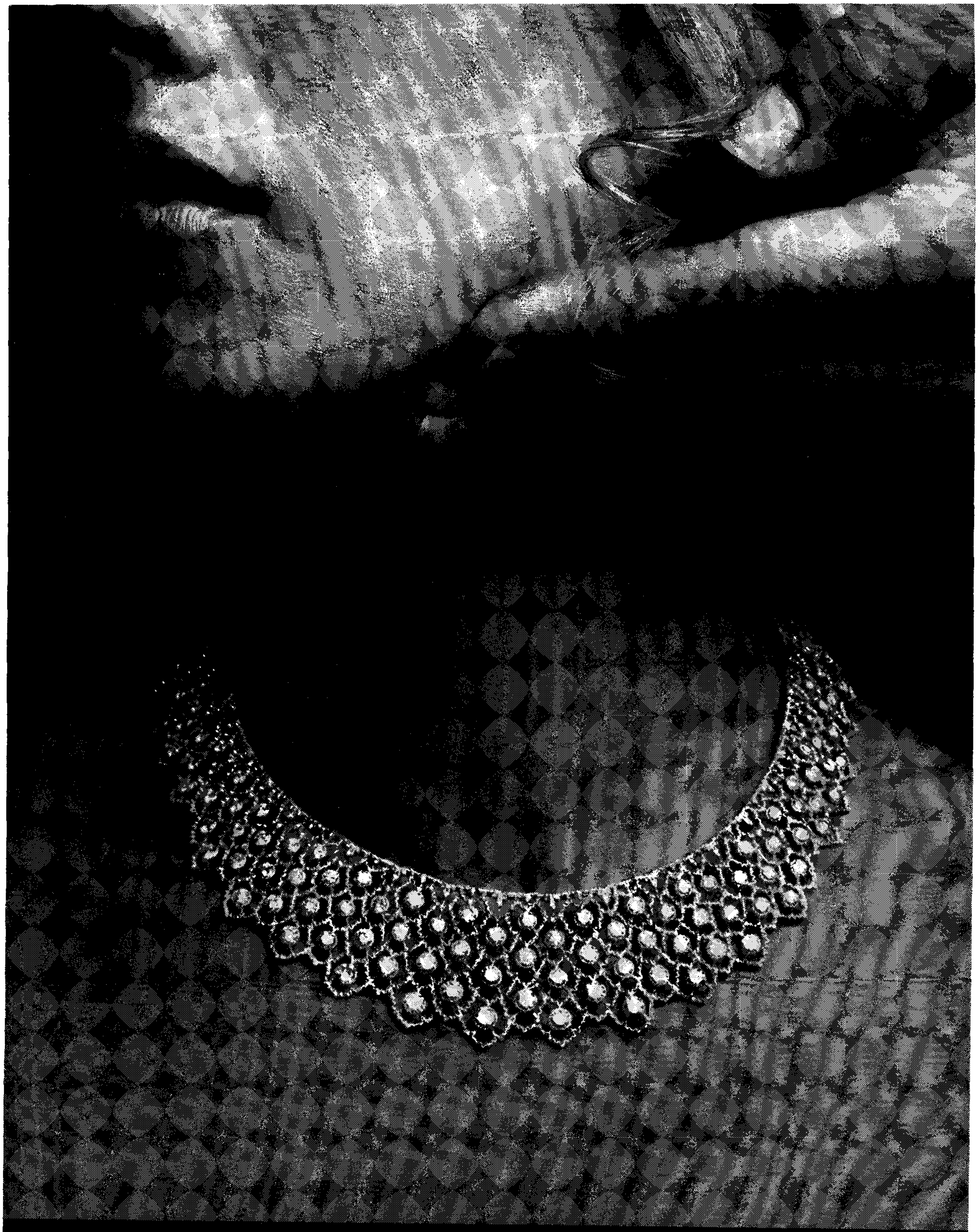

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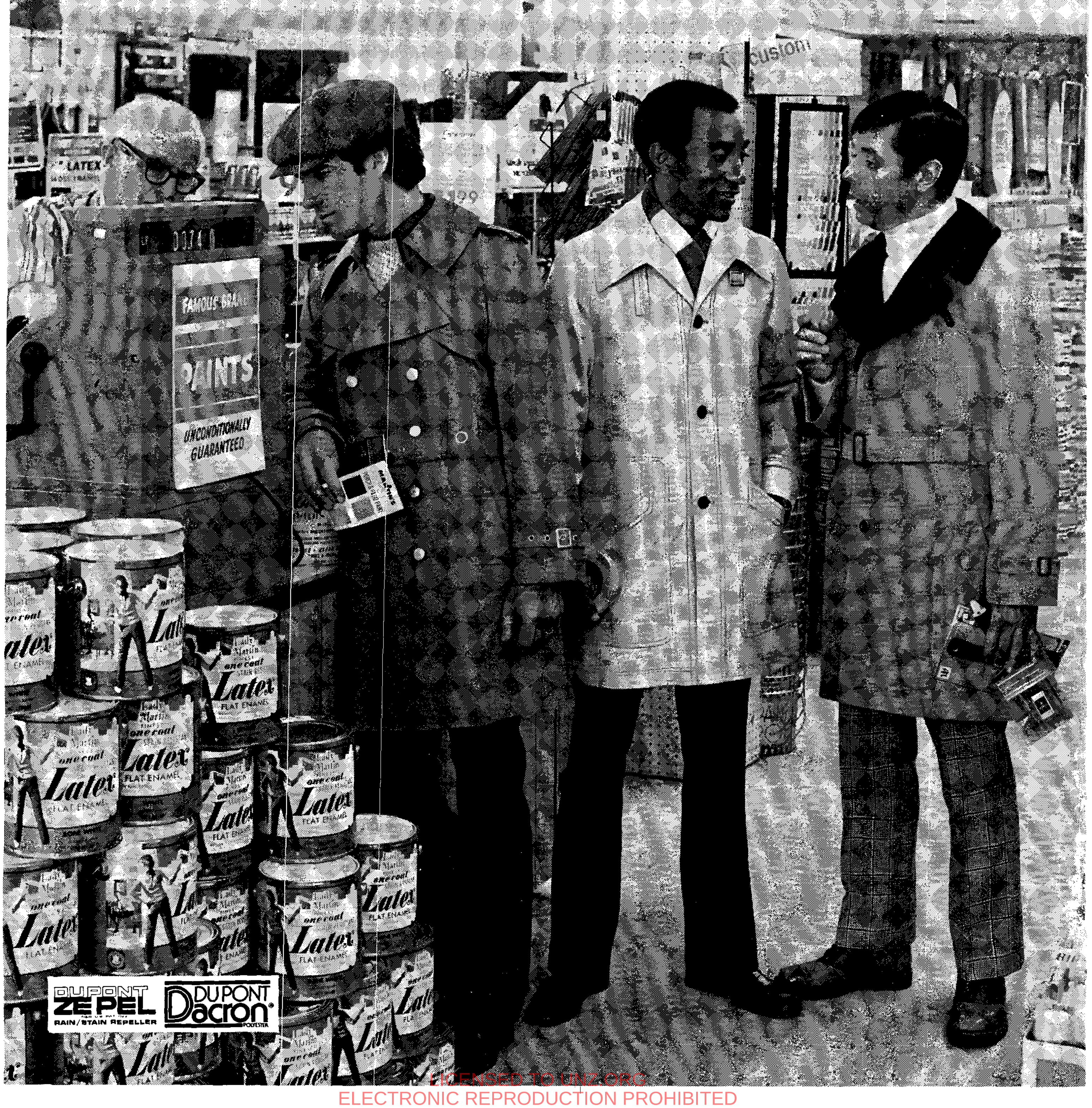

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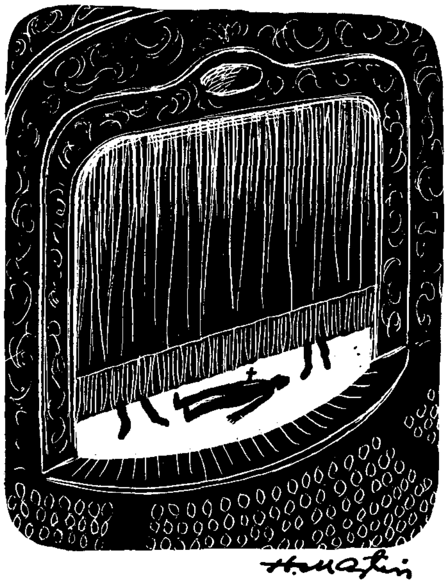
THE THEATRE

LOST AND FOUND

THREE more foreign imports on Broadway last week—the first from Montreal, the second from Paris, and the third from London. In the case of the first two plays, which were originally composed in French, it is charitable to suppose that what made them interesting at home and therefore presumptively worth bringing to our attention here is a quality that has been lost in translation. Something is certainly missing from them, and one is always tempted to place the blame according to the principle wittily summed up in the Italian saying “*Traduttore traditore*” (“The translator is a betrayer”). Though the plays fail in English, here and there in them one catches glimpses of plays that might well have succeeded under more fortunate circumstances. The third play is not merely in English but in a racy, colloquial English that is in part authentically of the seventeenth century and in part a most skillful pastiche of the tongue of that century; it succeeds as if without effort, overcoming such by no means minor handicaps as, for example, the fact that it really isn’t a play at all.

Let us begin with “Hosanna,” at the Bijou. It is the handiwork of a young Canadian, Michel Tremblay, who writes in a Québecois dialect known as *joual*, and who is so dedicated a separatist that he refuses to allow any of his plays to be performed in English in his native province. (The present production, in a translation by John Van Burek and Bill Glassco, had its première in Toronto in May, a year after its first performance in Montreal.) The play concerns itself with the troubled relationship between a handsome, fading drag queen named Hosanna and his lover, Cuirette, a young man who is also handsome but is going lazily, petulantly to fat. They are the only characters in the play, and one’s sense of claustrophobia is heightened by the fact that there is but a single setting—a grubby little bed-sitter that one’s eyes can find nothing attractive to rest upon. As we have it, the play is misshapen and difficult to perform, the second act being almost entirely a monologue by Hosanna, with the revelations contained in the monologue having been ill prepared for in the first act. Hosanna dotes on making himself up to resemble Elizabeth Taylor as she looked playing Cleopatra. On the occasion of a party from which Hosanna has just returned as the play opens, the impersonation has evidently proved much less seductive than he had hoped. The only substantial action of the play consists of Hosanna’s gradual shedding of his elaborate costume as Taylor-Cleopatra. By the end of the play, the miserable lovers achieve a sort of numb détente; their pale, stark-naked bodies slowly come together as they prepare to tumble into bed, and one thinks forebodingly as the lights go down, Another day, another dolor.

Richard Monette plays Hosanna very capably, though I think he is mistaken to speak his lines with a heavy French accent (unless we are to understand that he speaks imperfect *joual*, and I observed no clues to that effect). Richard Donat is also capable, in the unappealing role of Cuirette. Mr. Tremblay, by the way, has a certain amount of mild fun with the names of his characters: Cuirette affects to be a tough, motorcycle type, dressing in leather, and we note that his name not only has a feminine ending but also contains plays on words in two languages—“cuir” for “leather,” and “queer” for a hint that he is actually the more feminine of the two—while the drag queen’s name, though it, too, has a feminine ending, is, as a French ecclesiastical interjection, in the masculine gender. The set of “Hosanna” is by John Ferguson, the costumes are by Molly Harris Campbell, and the direction is by Mr. Glassco.



“DREYFUS IN REHEARSAL,” at the Ethel Barrymore, is a thoroughly unsatisfactory adaptation of a play, said to be very successful in Paris, by the French playwright and actor Jean-Claude Grumberg. The adapter of the play is Garson Kanin, who also directed it. The place is supposed to be a bleak, lofty room in the ghetto of Vilna, in Poland, and the time is supposed to be 1931, but I was unable to accept either supposition. In adapting the play, Mr. Kanin has Americanized it, perhaps unconsciously; he has then heightened its implausibility by giving two of the major roles to Ruth Gordon and Sam Levene. Miss Gordon is a native of Wollaston, Massachusetts, and there is far more of Wollaston in her performance than there is of Vilna. Mr. Levene has a different problem. His Jewishness is not only incontestable—it is inescapable. By now, he has played so many rueful, irascible, sour-tongued Jewish characters that we have his every intonation and gesture by heart. We are neither in Poland nor on the real Broadway; we are on the imaginary Broadway that Mr. Levene has helped to invent for us in “Three Men on a Horse,” “Guys and Dolls,” and “The Sunshine Boys.” Such poignancy as the play may have had in Paris has failed to survive the long journey here. It is haunted not by the ghost of Dreyfus, as the playwright intended, but by that of Damon Runyon—ghosts that even in the loving mansuetude of Heaven are likely to have little in common.

The scenery of “Dreyfus” is by Boris Aronson, the costumes are by Florence Klotz, and the lighting is by Jennifer Tipton. The “translator consultant,” Daphne Swabey, appears to have been kept insufficiently busy.

ROY DOTRICE brought his incomparable one-man show, “Brief Lives,” to this country a few years ago, and I hope he will continue to bring it here until he is at least as old as the historical character he so brilliantly embodies—that delightful gossip and antiquary John Aubrey, whom we observe living in lodgings in Dirty Lane, Bloomsbury, in 1697, at the age of seventy-one. As designed by Julia Trevelyan Oman, the lodgings are quite simply a masterpiece of stage design. One enters the Booth Theatre to discover that the curtain is up and that every inch of the floor of the stage and most of the three stage walls are cov-

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ered with hundreds and perhaps thousands of objects—books, papers, drawings, old armor, dusty window hangings, a stuffed bear, a canopied and curtained bed, a throne, a wooden chest full of old bones. A fire burns merrily on the hearth, and clustered about the hearth are bowls of walnuts, seeds, apples, and other comestibles, some of them—hare and other game and fowl hanging helter-skelter—plainly too far gone in age to be any longer truly comestible. We hear through a window the sound of drunken revelry in the lane below; the bed curtains part and out pops Aubrey, cackling and cursing and praising old days and ways—"When I was a small boy, before the Civil Wars . . ."

Aubrey is an enchanting apparition of soiled and happy senescence; as Mr. Dotrice portrays him, he is also a masterly raconteur. The text has been drawn from Aubrey's "memoirs, miscellanies, letters, and jottings," which are as voluminous and indiscriminate as the richly squalid room we encounter at the Booth and which have been patted into the simulacrum of a play by Patrick Garland. Great names drop from Aubrey's superlatively garrulous tongue: Shakespeare, Harvey, the two Charleses, and even a certain Dr. Gill, whom I am glad to find a perch for in the family tree. Under Mr. Garland's direction, Mr. Dotrice enlivens the play with a score of artful dodges; he cooks himself a repellent meal, relieves himself, mulls wine with a redhot poker, and then douses in the mulled wine the flaming spill with which he has just lighted his pipe. As the evening begins, we seem to be merely overhearing Aubrey, but little by little he takes us into his confidence, encourages us to correct him when he begins to repeat himself, and admires the quickness with which we comprehend his only half-uttered scandalous meanings; by the end of the evening we are, or feel that we are, deep in the heart of Dirty Lane, not so much as the length of Sir Thomas More's jawbone (for that, too, is among Aubrey's many prized antiquarian trophies) from the side of our newfound, soon-to-be-dying friend. What a performance it is! —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Freshman Orals

BERTOLT BRECHT's "The Measures Taken," which was first performed in Berlin in 1930, and which opened last week at a little theatre in the beehive of theatres at the Public, is

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about four Communist agitators who return to Moscow from an evangelizing mission to Mukden, China, to report to three commissars. The play is their report. The agitators reënact various episodes from their trip and confess to a murder on which they demand judgment. Their assignment was to disguise themselves as Chinese and pass out pamphlets, and their victim was a guide they had picked up. This fellow, feeling that the overworked and hungry coolies needed food more than Marxist pamphlets, threatened to expose the four agitators. So they shot him and buried his body in quicklime, and the question is: Were they justified? Does the revolution, as an end, justify their means?

It is quite a question, but whatever strength the play may have is frittered away in a drab audience-participation production, under the direction of Leonardo Shapiro. One of the commissars announces at the beginning that we are to think of ourselves as students, and from time to time the action is stopped while the commissar asks us whether something or other is "clear," or how we feel about something else. Nothing could be more misguided or off-putting (or out of date) than the shenanigans on hand. The only way to get in touch with an audience is through artistry, and although these earnest young actors, most of whom recently graduated from N.Y.U., are often very engaging, artistry is still far, far off. Nevertheless, there are some good moments and some ingenuity. Jerry Mayer (of the indelible tantrum when he played Don John in the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of "Much Ado") makes an extremely agitated agitator. He must be a not so recent graduate, and his presence is a big help. The music of Hanns Eisler, who collaborated with Brecht on "The Measures Taken," goes for almost nothing. Translation by Eric Bentley.

—Edith Oliver

•

Dining in Madeira is as pleasant and inexpensive as in mainland Portugal and three restaurants in and around Funchal come highly recommended.

In Monte, a town just above Funchal, is the restaurant, A Seta, a rustic spot specializing in skewered beef cooked over a wood fire. Succulent chunks of beef, spiced with garlic, onions, and bay leaves are cooked on an iron spit called an *espetada*. Brought steaming to the table and hung from a rack, diners mop up the fresh drippings with hot chunks of country bread called *bolo do taco.—Dave Salyers in the Chicago Tribune.*

That's Portuguese for upside-down cake.

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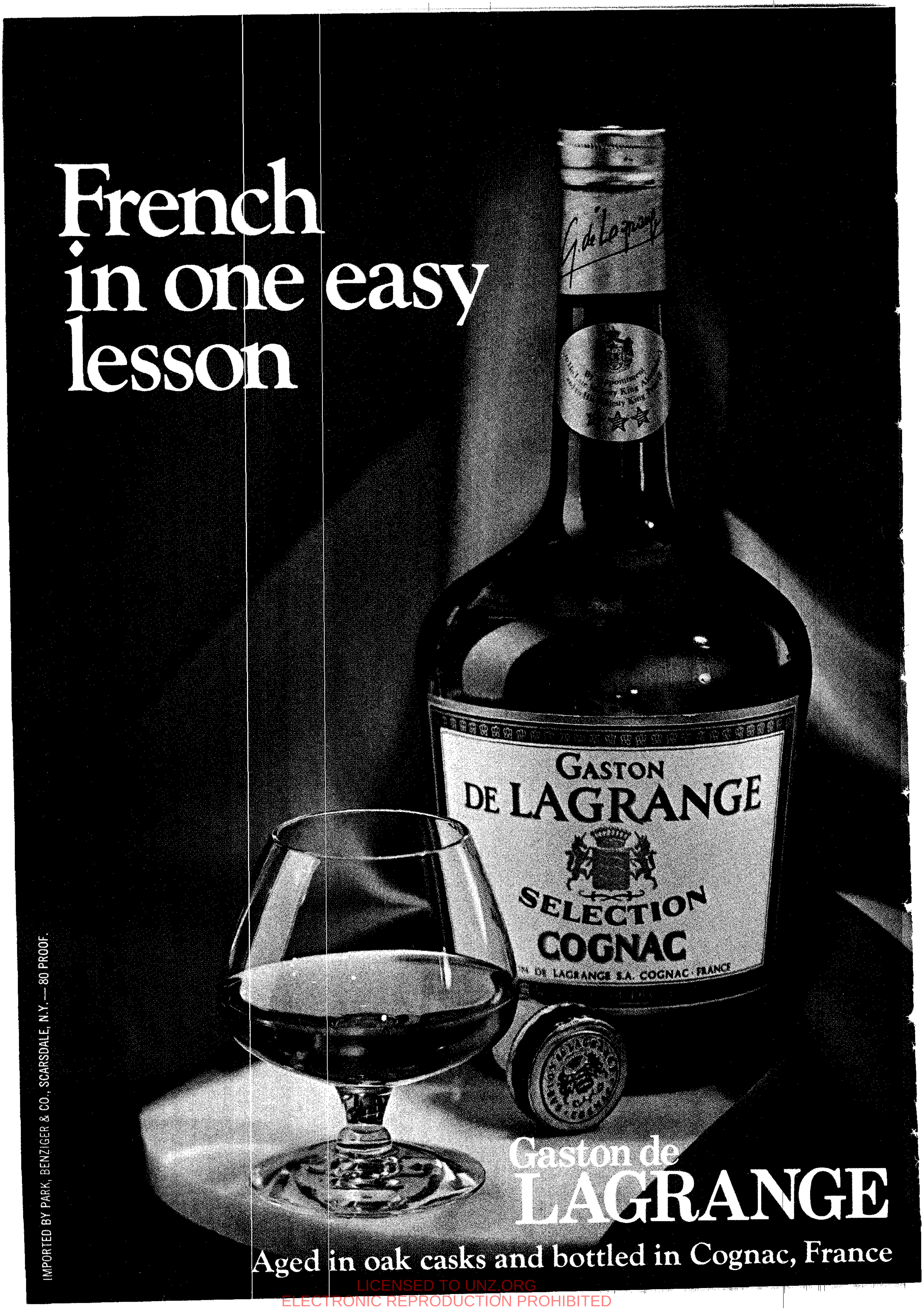
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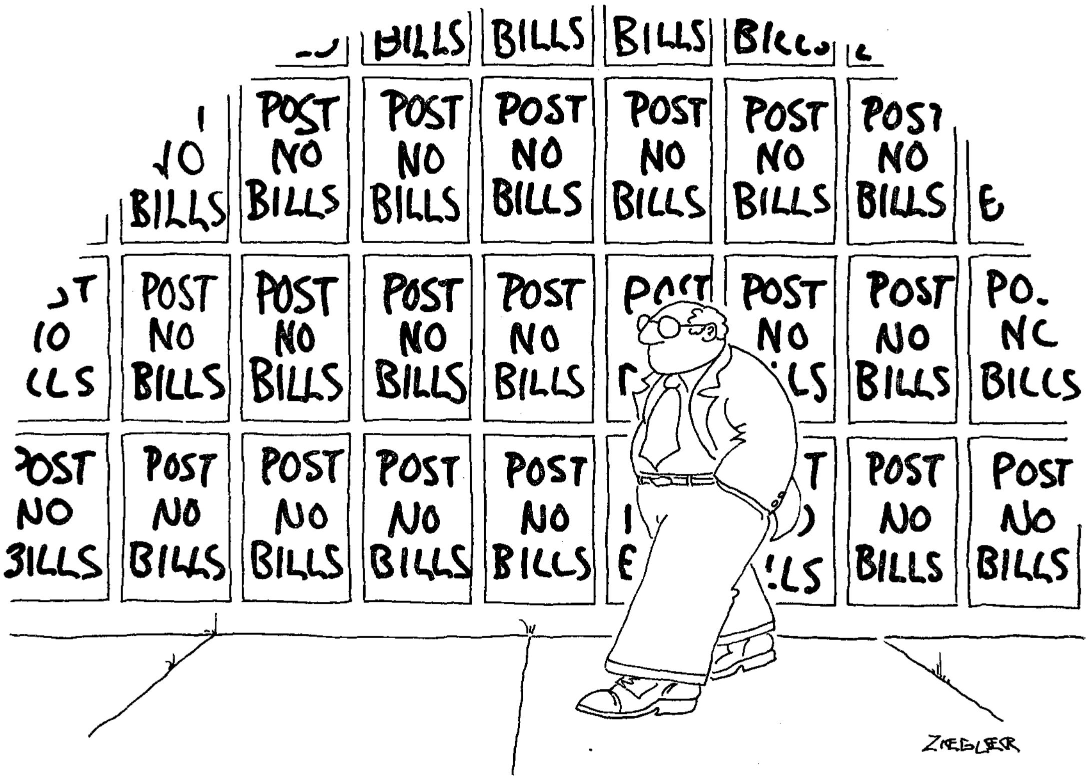
THE CURRENT CINEMA

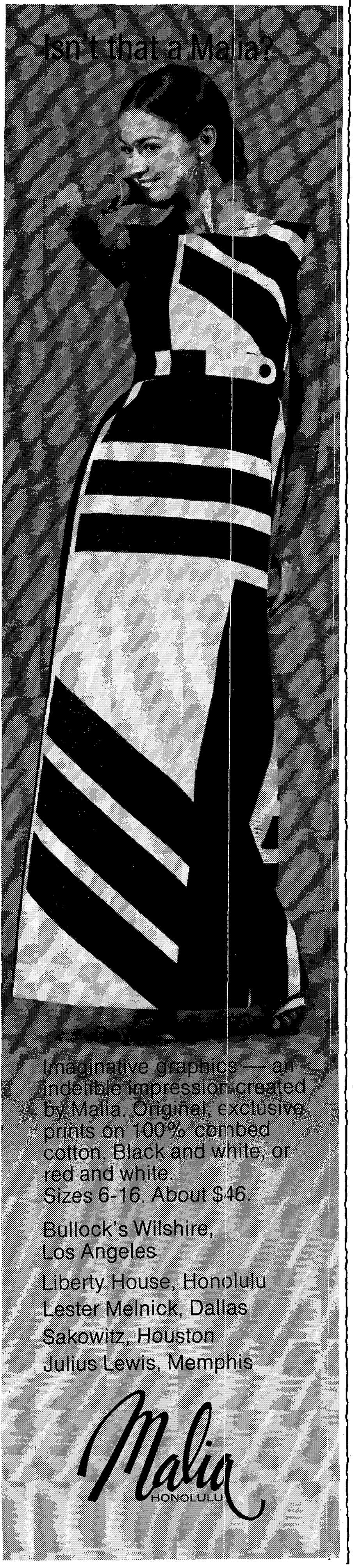
Taking a Chance

THE title of the new Luis Buñuel film, "Le Fantôme de la Liberté," is a variation on Marx's "A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism," and that is auspicious: it suggests that the picture will be about freedom, and perhaps about people trying to escape from freedom. That sounds like a great, baited Buñuel theme, and as we wait to see what he's up to this time, the early part seems high-spirited; the spare, matter-of-fact style is so perfectly easy and unforced that one laughs in recognition of his mastery. No one before Buñuel ever made matter-of-factness so funny. The assurance of his images (with their latent pledge of irrationality) is disconcerting; they seem explosively risible, and the surface lucidity of his style is like the greatest joke in the universe—the joke of the universe. But the theme of "Le Fantôme" turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance," and the Old Master Tease means it quite literally. The picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect; it's a piffle, really. The domesticated surrealism of this picture has no sting, no bite, and no aftereffect. At most, it's amusing; at worst, it's tedious. I don't think Buñuel can possibly mean the movie to be more than a whimsical shaggy-dog story. Probably no one could be offended by anything in "Le Fantôme"—it's defanged—so it would be pretty funny if the film were universally acclaimed as a savage masterpiece. The idea of Buñuel's getting this kind of knee-jerk response has more reverberations than anything in the picture.

The gags—even the ones that tickle, such as the dinner party illustrating the relativity of customs (elimination is performed socially; eating is concealed in guilty privacy)—are without resonance of any kind. At first, this unresonant style seems a come-on and a delight, but paradoxes without resonance are dry. The lucidity here doesn't stir the imagination, it inhibits it. I'm not sure I understand why the film has this effect (or if it was meant to); it may be that it's because Buñuel no longer cares to assault us, or even to beckon to us. "Le Fantôme" lacks that dream logic of which he is a master. He just lays out what pleases him, and if it's a dumb little drollery, there it sits. In "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," he kept tweaking us; he would catch us up in an anecdote and then drop it. This time, he doesn't drop it soon enough. I think the tipoff that this movie's mischief is just twinkle-toes stuff comes early—in the picture-postcard episode. A little girl playing in a park is given postcards surreptitiously by a leering man. The girl goes home with her nanny and hands them to her parents (Jean-Claude Brialy and Monica Vitti); the parents fire the nanny because of the incident and get hot when they look at the pictures—and then Buñuel shows us the postcards, which are of the Arc de Triomphe, Sacré Cœur, and other monuments. Whether in a Buñuel movie or a TV skit, that is a silly joke on the audience, and not even a new one. Early on, the Brialy character gets a laugh when he announces that he's bored with symmetry, but the film's pat reversals of expectations get to be symmetrical, too. In an anecdote about a sniper (Pierre Lary, Buñuel's assistant), his random killings are set up with immaculate craft, but when he is convicted for his crimes and then, freed, walks out of the courtroom, the kicker has no kick. And a longish episode about a little girl who is said to have disappeared though she's there all the time goes very, very flat. Sequences begin with a flourish and then peter out: could it be that Buñuel loses interest? Maybe it's too roguish an idea to put together a series of episodes linked only by happenstance. "Le Fantôme" has a great tonic style but the sense of humor of a cool sophomore.

CAN Universal get by with selling TV shows as movies? Is Jennings Lang, one of Universal's "pioneers" in the field of movies made for television, now trying to palm off the same sort of assembly-line productions on theatre audiences? He's executive producer of "Airport 1975," which could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. It has a formula plot (a 747 is hit in the nose by a small plane), it has perfunctory dialogue by a TV writer (Don Ingalls), and, like the usual movie made for TV, it offers in place of characters a collection of players—known to old moviegoers and TV-watchers—who can be passed off as stars. When actors work in a TV-movie format that makes it impossible for them to build a characterization, it doesn't much matter whether they're talented or not. They're not cast for their abilities; they're exploited for the public appeal they used to have and the aura that lingers around their names, and they get a stale, used-up look. This depression is endemic





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to TV movies. Their appeal is part morbid: some people want to see how their old favorites have aged. But no matter what shape the actors are in, they look terrible, because an actor without a role—an unawakened actor—looks half dead.

Gloria Swanson plays herself in "Airport 1975," while Nancy Olson, who was in "Sunset Boulevard" along with Swanson, turns up as the blond mother of invalid Linda Blair, who's being flown to the West Coast for a kidney transplant. Since William Frye, the producer of "The Trouble with Angels," is in charge, and nuns did it for him before, Martha Scott and Helen Reddy clamber aboard and play God's little helpers circa 1935. Reddy, all eager, girlish nunniness, sings to little sick Linda while the passengers express amazement that a nun should be able to sing. (Actually, the arrangement is too solemn for her, and she sings sluggishly.) Since Reddy is photographed so unflatteringly that she looks like Beulah Witch from the original "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie" show, and since she makes the mistake of trying to act in a stay-on-the-treadmill-and-collect-your-paycheck TV movie, her film début is a simpering embarrassment. Myrna Loy, playing a tippler, stays aloof and doesn't disgrace herself unduly, but Dana Andrews (who was with Loy in "The Best Years of Our Lives") is required to have a heart attack, while the camera gloats on his lined face. The film is practically a recognition derby, since there isn't much to do except put names to the faces; some (such as Sid Caesar and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.) are easy, while others (such as Beverly Garland) are maddeningly tough. Jennings Lang may have decided it would be economical to turn out disaster pictures seriatim: both Charlton Heston and George Kennedy, who do some chores here, appear also in his forthcoming "Earthquake."

"Airport 1975" is processed schlock, and it's really beneath the level at which movie criticism might serve a function; one might almost think it had been conceived as a campy joke—a box of rotten candy for movie junkies and TV dipsos. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. (I didn't really enjoy seeing Helen Reddy make a fool of herself.) It's more than possible that the executives at Universal who hatched this thing and the director, Jack Smight, are so cynical and so untalented that this idiot creation is their idea of popular entertainment. There's considerable evidence that the mammoth new disaster pictures are planned with the thought in mind that if "The Poseidon Adventure" and the original "Airport" hadn't been so clunky they might not have made so much money. In Hollywood, cynicism and incompetence are natural bedfellows—one covering up for the other—but this time they've pulled the covers right over their heads, and they're both laid bare. When the chief stewardess, Karen Black, must take over the controls of the plane, she's so archaically helpless that Heston, on the radio telling her what to do, keeps congratulating her if she manages to keep her hand on a lever without hysterics. She's treated like a puppy who needs to be patted (while women in the theatre hiss). But when Charlton Heston comes to the rescue, dropping down from a helicopter into the hole in the cockpit of the 747, Karen Black holds out her arms to pull him in and, openmouthed, in closeup, she jiggles her tongue. If she had winked, too, it might have told us that the director knew what he was doing. But nobody knew what was going on in this one. Even technically, the picture is a shambles. The post-synching is off at the beginning, and the sound is so bad that Karen Black's voice is gratingly metallic. The audience kept breaking up over the hackneyed editing and such howlers as Karen Black's wandering about in the shattered cockpit of the plane going full speed, her hair blowing ever so slightly in the breeze. The tin thinking over at Universal really shines: there's a fagged-out joke about Nixon, and later an angry blast at the media to balance it. Probably everybody will have some reason to hiss this picture—the best one being that it's not about anything except exploitable possibilities. Hissing is more expressive than anything that happens on the screen.

JACK SMIGHT is a fumbler; Joseph Sargent is a pounder. Smight doesn't quite get what he's after; Sargent gets it, all right—his work in "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" is atrociously on target. Sargent doesn't just make points, he drops weights. John Godey's thriller about how four men of disparate backgrounds hijack a New York subway train and hold the passengers for ransom was no doubt written with a movie in mind, and it provides the one element that carries this picture along—a workmanlike suspense plot. But the movie must

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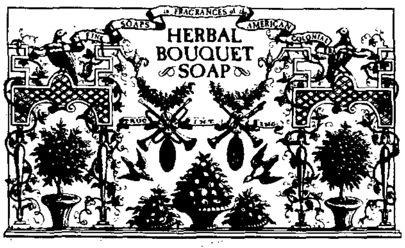
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have been an editor's nightmare: the scenes are thudders, and the continuity suggests that the whole thing was punched together—with no glue but the basic idea. In the role of the Transit Authority Police detective who negotiates with the hijack chief (Robert Shaw), Walter Matthau plays at half-mast, and that works out much better than his more vigorous performances in "Charley Varrick" and "The Laughing Policeman." Maybe he instinctively reacted against the noise and squalling. (The film is studded with shots of the terrorized subway passengers yowling in panic, and there's a shameless shot of a shrieking mother clutching her bawling kids—someone loved this so much it's repeated.) Matthau luxuriates in his drooping face; he lets everything hang down. It's an old theatrical trick to play against the prevailing mood of a piece—to become more quiet as everyone else gets more assertive—and it usually works, as it does here. Matthau coasts through the movie without extending himself beyond things he's done a million times, yet he seems an oasis of sanity. Since the Peter Stone script has only a few witty strokes, and features cheap flippancy, a corrupt, infantile New York City mayor to chortle over, and a multitude of "dirty" words for giggly shock effects, Matthau's coasting looks like dignity.

Matthau may be so popular partly because he sets up a secret, direct line of communication with the audience. The quizzical cock of his head and his customary slight abstraction from the other people in a scene put him in collusion with us. Calmly confident, Matthau seems more aware than the others of what's going on, and smarter. He doesn't deliver lines as if he thought they were humorous, he just slips them in. Matthau has the shrewd, sleepy affability of an urban Will Rogers; his raised eyebrows and sagging shoulders—the shoulders of a man used to nothing going right—provide a steady commentary on big-city chaos. He doesn't excite himself unnecessarily. But Matthau's pooped-out appearance is a way of disarming people—and when he uncoils, he moves fast and effectively. So he's both the squinting, spreading-nosed comic and the strapping man of action. When he's good, Matthau gets inside his roles physically, with a sexy clown's grace. The Matthau hero can maneuver in the city the way the Westerner could on the plains; he belongs. He's the New York hero, sour yet self-satisfied.

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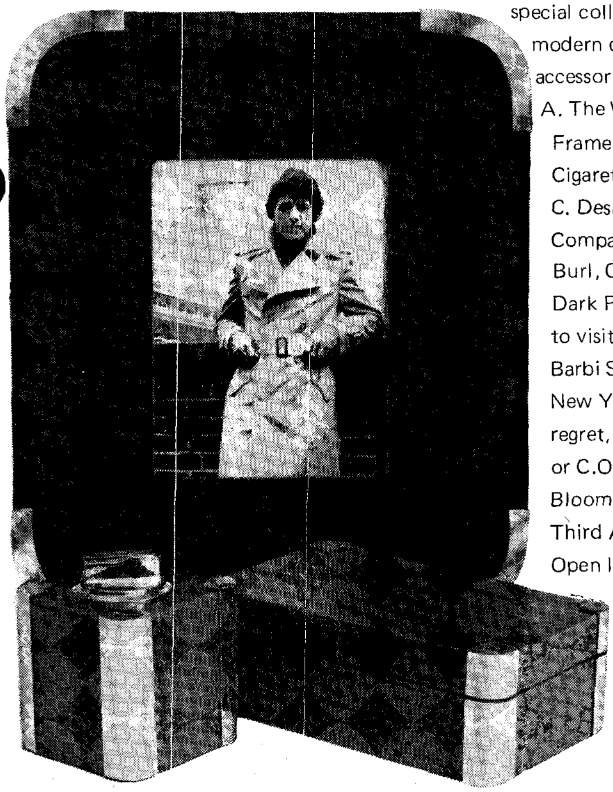

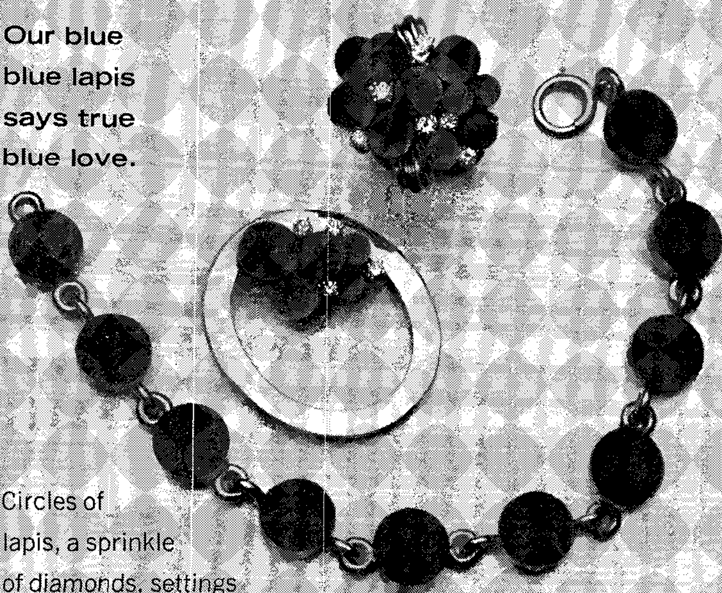

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III—SUMMER NOTES

JULY 22

MONDAY morning. A bright, clear day—not too warm. This is the week that will have been. By the end of the week, according to the House Judiciary Committee's predictions, it will have voted on articles of impeachment. Over the weekend, members of the committee have been considering the articles offered by the staff last Friday, and studying the three-hundred-and-six-page summary of the case presented that same day by John Doar, the special counsel to the committee. Doar recommended that President Nixon be impeached. Albert Jenner, the minority counsel, joined Doar in this recommendation. Since Jenner, on the ground of his own belief, had refused to present the case against impeachment, the committee Republicans asked Jenner's deputy, Sam Garrison, a thirty-two-year-old Virginia attorney and former member of Vice-President Agnew's staff, to prepare an anti-impeachment argument. He will present it to the committee this morning. The President has now been in San Clemente for ten days, on a "working vacation." According to his aides, he has been taking long walks on the beach, swimming, and working on the economy. His aides, meanwhile, have been continuing their attacks on the committee. Following up the accusation by Ron Ziegler, his press secretary, that Doar had conducted a "kangaroo court," Dean Burch, a Presidential counsellor, called the committee's proceedings "a black spot on jurisprudence." Burch added that the President himself thought the committee had acted unfairly. Within the next few days, the Supreme Court is expected to rule on the question of whether the President must surrender the tapes subpoenaed by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. During the noon recess today, the committee Democrats will caucus to plan the debate on the articles. Nobody seems to have a clear idea of just what form the debate will take. The process is still being invented as it goes along.

This morning, on the steps of the Capitol, Neil Salonen, president of the National Prayer and Fast Committee, is holding a press conference. He is wearing a red button that says "NATIONAL PRAYER AND FAST," and an American-flag pin is in his lapel. A few dozen people are with him, and he says that six hundred are expected. The committee was founded in late 1973 by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the evangelist from Korea whose followers have been turning up for the President at crucial moments since then. At twelve-fifteen, Mr. Salonen says, Rabbi Baruch Korff will arrive and express solidarity with this group. The White House has worked closely with Rabbi Korff, helping him organize his National Citizens Committee for Fairness to the Presidency. Most of the people standing on the Capitol steps with Mr. Salonen are young, wearing heavy suits with flags in their lapels. Most of them stand very quietly, looking intent. This group has an ascetic look—a look of religiosity and apartness. They look neither like the anti-war demonstrators nor like the clean-cut young Nixonians who turned up at the 1972 Republican Convention shouting "Four more years!" Members of the Prayer and Fast Committee will maintain a three-day prayer vigil this week for individual members of Congress, hoping, Mr. Salonen says, that "God's will will be revealed" to them. Under questioning, one of several public-relations representatives of the Prayer and Fast Committee says, "Many people feel that it is God's will that the President should not be impeached."

"*Shake hands.*"

The striking thing is how little *demonstrating* over this issue—this issue that was to inflame public passions—there has been. Aside from the people on the Capitol steps, hardly anyone is here, and Rabbi Korff and Reverend Moon do not, to put it politely, seem to represent great masses of Americans. And no one is marching on the Capitol *for* impeachment. There seems to be some unspoken understanding that marching is not in order. And many Americans seem not to care, or figure that the politicians will or will not handle it. Many are on vacation, or are home worrying about inflation. And so the country is not being, as so many predicted, "torn apart" by the question of impeachment.

•

SHORTLY after noon, the members of the House Judiciary Committee come out of the meeting room—

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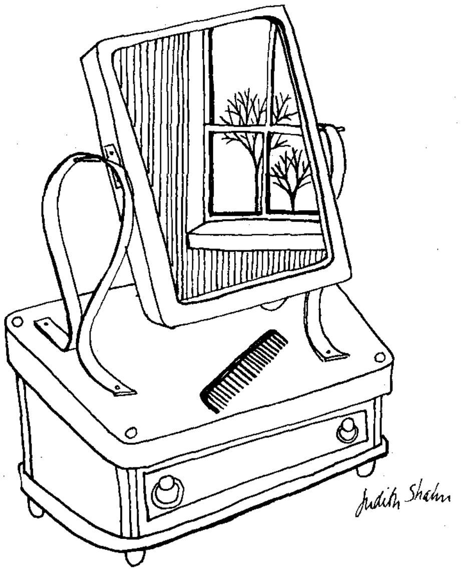
Room 2141 of the Rayburn Building—and, as usual, the reporters pursue them. The members are tired, and the reporters are tired; the reporters have had to do all that reading of the committee's material. Some members of Rabbi Korff's organization have been assigned to individual committee members. A black woman pursues Barbara Jordan, the black Democratic representative from Texas, down the hall. The woman says to Barbara Jordan, "I'm for the President." Miss Jordan, her face grim, fatigued, continues her determined stride, shoulders forward, down the corridor, and turns her head to snap at the pursuing woman, "A lot of people are."

In a crowded elevator in the Rayburn Building, a woman wearing a button that says "GET OFF THE PRESIDENT'S BACK" and carrying a small American flag says to Tom Railsback, of Illinois, a member of the committee and one of the Republicans classified by onlookers as "undecided," "Do you think it's fair to convict the President on circumstantial evidence?" Reporters are questioning Railsback as the elevator descends to the subway level of the building. The elevator is filled with elbows and notebooks and purses and the flag. The lady with the button and the flag says to Railsback, "Please be fair and have a clear conscience when you vote." She is pleasant, and smiles when she says these things.

Over lunch, Railsback tells me, "I've discovered that some of the key undecided people seem to be focussing on the same areas. Walter Flowers [Democratic committee member from Alabama] is concerned about the use of agencies and about the coverup, and those are what I've been interested in." Railsback says that he began talking with Flowers a couple of weeks ago. "I visited with Caldwell Butler [Republican committee member from Virginia], and I visited with Ham Fish [Hamilton Fish, Jr., Republican committee member from upstate New York]. I had a briefing from Dick Cates [Richard Cates, the inquiry-staff expert on the coverup]. I've been going through the staff summary, which I think has been very well done. Some of us had a little discussion meeting; it wasn't very planned." Last week, Butler and Railsback had lunch, and Railsback and William Cohen, a Republican committee member from Maine, had lunch, and Fish and Butler and Cohen had lunch and Railsback joined them later. (Railsback had been getting a briefing from an inquiry-staff member on the President's involvement with Henry Petersen, the Assistant Attorney General who was then in charge of the Watergate investigation, during the last half of April, 1973.) It is now considered possible that these Republicans will vote for impeachment; these meals may turn out to have been of great importance. One evening last week, Railsback, Butler, and committee members George Danielson (Democrat of California) and Charles Sandman (Republican of New Jersey) went out for dinner. Sometimes the members talked about their impressions of the witnesses. Railsback says that they felt sorry for Herbert Kalmbach, the President's former attorney—felt that he had been badly used by the Nixon Administration. When Butler, Cohen, Railsback, and Fish got together, they talked about what the evidence seemed to point to. This past weekend, Railsback took Raoul Berger's book "Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems" home with him. But in general, Railsback says, broad Constitutional questions were not discussed among the members. "I had one discussion with McClory," he says. Robert McClory is another Republican committee member from Illinois. Railsback continues, "He is very incensed over the noncompliance with the committee's subpoenas, and I am, too. It seems to me that if the Congress doesn't get the material we think we need and then votes to exonerate, we'll be regarded as a paper tiger. Let's face it. This whole thing deals with Presidential power and the excess of power. I think that the most serious charges against the President are the coverup and the attempted misuse of the agencies. The misuse of the I.R.S. on a massive scale for political purposes poses a threat to individual rights and freedom. Over this weekend, as I thought very carefully about the staff presentation, I realized that there's a much better case on the Watergate coverup than I'd thought there was. This was the first chance I'd had to put things in context. Whether the coverup is of a magnitude to impeach him for is what I've got to decide. I want to read St. Clair's brief again and go through the staff brief again and see what I have." (James St. Clair, the President's lawyer, presented his final argument to the committee last Thursday.)



Today, Railsback is wearing a navy-blue suit with two rows of white stitching around the lapels. Since Railsback is a gregarious and political man, and seems to be leaning toward impeachment now, I ask him what he has been doing about staying in touch with House Republicans who do not serve on the Judiciary Committee.

"Some of the Republican members have been talking about getting together pretty quick," he says. Railsback has talked with a number of them, including several conservatives—John Rhodes, Republican of Arizona and the House Minority Leader, among them. "They are conservatives and friends," he says. "I advised them to wait until they hear all the evidence. I told them to keep their options open."

I ask him whether the committee's sentiment has undergone changes.

"I guess there were changes," Railsback replies. "After the staff presentation left Watergate, we went into these other things, where I didn't think they had a very good case—milk, I.T.T. And then we got back to Watergate and agency abuses. And then we got the staff summary of the case. It's one thing to have four great big volumes of evidence that tell you the facts about Watergate. It's another thing to have an advocate's brief that boils down the relevant facts and gives you legal theories. You get a much better picture of the case."

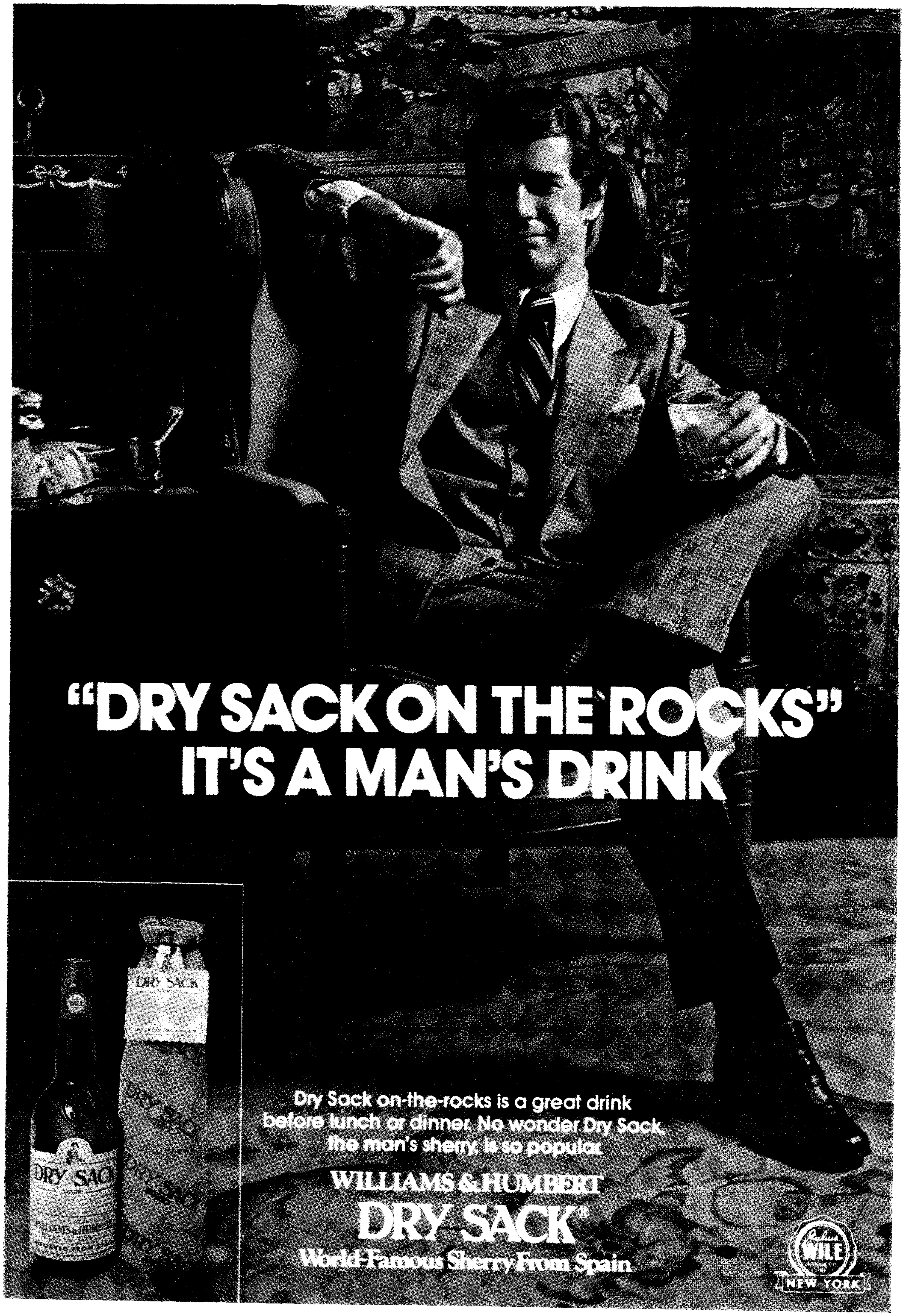
"And so it came together?" I ask.

"It's coming together," he replies. "Impeachment to a certain extent is going to depend on the articles that are drafted. They can't be too broad or too general." He says that the staff articles must be amended.

Railsback says that he hasn't told anyone his position yet.

I ask him if he has decided on it.

He replies, "I have suspicions. I do worry about the system. Is it working? Do the people think it's working? I'll tell you something else I worry about. I worry about what happens to Pat Nixon and Julie Eisenhower. I worry about that. What effect does this have on them? I don't seem to have that same feeling about the President him-



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self, for one reason: he has not been contrite. He has not been remorseful; he has not been repentant. He has never admitted that he has made a mistake."

I ask Railsback if he worries about the consequences for the future as he considers whether the President should be impeached.

"Yes," he replies. "I put myself in the position of being on the receiving end. Suppose we have a Democratic President who wants to harass Republican congressmen and senators and their supporters. Suppose we have a Democratic President who wants to have my tax returns audited. I wouldn't like it. I find it very offensive. I don't care if it's been done before. I don't think it's been done on this massive a scale."

Of the several conversations I've had with Railsback, this is the first one in which he has alluded to the Internal Revenue Service; clearly he has come to think of this—and rather recently—as an important issue. And Railsback also refers to the conversation among the President, H. R. Haldeman, and John Dean on September 15, 1972, when the President told Dean that after the election they would use the agencies, including the F.B.I. and the Justice Department, against their opponents. And Dean replied, "What an exciting prospect." "The Watergate coverup is an understandable, human thing—trying to protect your own," Railsback continues. "Compare that to using agencies to harass political opponents and private citizens."

Walking back to his office with him, I ask Railsback what his thinking is on the activities of the plumbers—specifically, the break-in at the office of Dr. Lewis Fielding, Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

"The President told Petersen to stay out of it," he replies. "That's his direct connection with that. He set up the unit that did it. He found out about it afterward. He didn't tell anyone about it. The government didn't offer to pay Fielding. The only way we found out about it was through [Attorney General Richard] Kleindienst's insistence that the Justice Department had to inform the trial judge of the break-in."

And then Railsback goes back to talking about the use of agencies. "I don't like the big federal government playing around with people's lives—newsmen, political contributors. That's not the purpose of government." A conservative thought. It is clear how this is coming together in Railsback's mind, and where he is going.

During the walk to his office, I ask him to describe the pressures he has been receiving from his district.

He replies, "People say, 'I'm not going to vote for you.'" He smiles. "Some say, 'What's happened to Tom? He's said he'll impeach the President.' My defenders say, 'No, he hasn't.' What'll they say if I vote to impeach him?" And he smiles again.

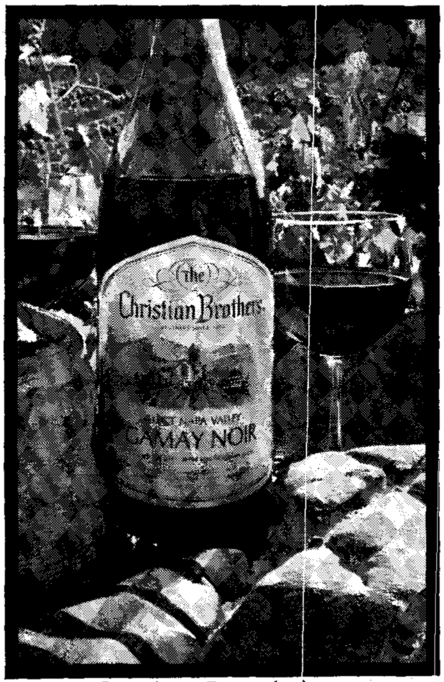
JULY 23

LAST night, in San Clemente, St. Clair held a televised press conference, at which he said that the Judiciary Committee staff had "assumed the role of prosecutor." Under insistent questioning, he refused to say whether the President would comply with a Supreme Court ruling on the tapes.

•

HOW, I have been wondering, will the Democrats be able to persuade contemporary Americans, and history, that this was not a partisan proceeding, which reached a partisan conclusion? I put the question this morning to Paul Sarbanes, a Democratic member of the committee from Baltimore, who is in his second term in the Congress. In the 1970 Democratic primary in Maryland, Sarbanes successfully challenged a longtime incumbent, who was then also chairman of the House Public Works Committee. A graduate of Princeton (where he was a friend of Ralph Nader) and of the Harvard Law School, and also a former Rhodes Scholar, Sarbanes has one of the best minds on the committee. He has said little during the proceedings thus far—in itself a mark of wisdom—and when he has spoken up it has usually been to clarify a point.

Sarbanes answers my question about partisanship as we walk from the Rayburn Building to the Capitol, where the House Democrats are caucusing on the issue of reorganizing the jurisdictions of House committees. "It can be partisan from either direction," he says. "You'll have to look at all the evidence and conclude what was the right decision. Maybe it's the person who looks at the evidence and votes the other way who is partisan. Why isn't it looked at in that light? That point hasn't been made. You have to engage in the ultimate evaluation. You have to look at the process and procedures the committee followed. The fact that Doar and Jenner, after they had been through the whole thing, said they felt there was sufficient evidence to impeach does not mean it was partisan. Probably, at some point, members said to themselves, 'What's going on here?'" And then Sarbanes—choosing



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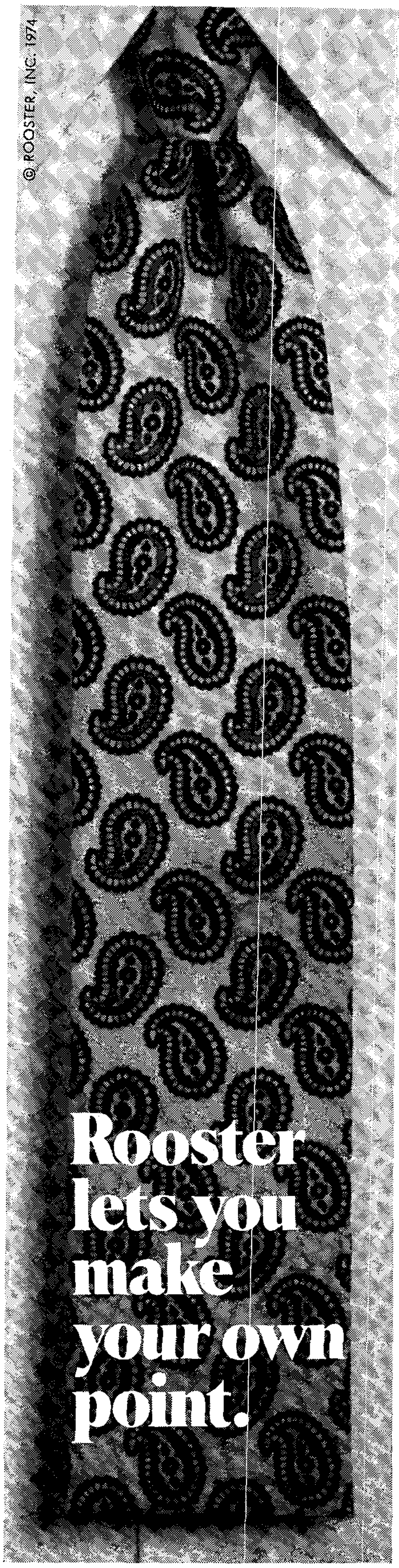

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a forceful and homey image—says, "It's like you go to your vegetable store and go over to the tomatoes and the first one is rotten and the next one is rotten and you go over to the other side of the bin and it's rotten, and then you try some other vegetables and they're the same way. After you've been through that for a while and it keeps happening, you say, 'What kind of a store is this?' You have the same thing here. At some point, after you look at this stuff, you say, 'What's going on here?' You have an abuse here, and there, and there, and then you have the question of how power is being exercised, by whom, on whose behalf, and by what standards. How were these Constitutional powers that were granted to the President being exercised? There is a difference between reading stories about all this and going through the presentation that Doar and Jenner put together. If there was a conflict in the information, they told us there was a conflict. You have a record before you that is firm as you press against it. You have a kind of substratum you're resting on."

•

A GROUP of committee Democrats—including Chairman Peter Rodino, of New Jersey; Don Edwards, of California; John Conyers, of Michigan; and Sarbanes—is reported to be redrafting the articles prepared by the staff. The committee's debate on the articles is to begin tomorrow, but as of now no one knows when. It was originally to have begun in the morning, but there have been later reports that it will not begin until tomorrow evening. One reason, it is thought, is that the articles the committee will debate are not ready. Another may be that the committee leaders are attracted to the idea of beginning the debate in prime time.

•

AT eight o'clock this morning, four committee Republicans (Railsback, Butler, Cohen, and Fish) met with the committee's three Southern Democrats (James Mann, of South Carolina; Ray Thornton, of Arkansas; and Flowers) in Railsback's office. At the moment, the meeting is still something of a secret. The group explored tentatively whether there was any solution to what they had seen which would be less severe than the impeachment of the President—such as censure—and decided that there was not. That point, the participants seemed to realize, had been passed. They also toyed briefly with the idea of delay, and realized that it was too late for that, too. They then agreed with little difficulty that they would support articles of impeachment on the coverup and on abuse of power, if the articles were properly drafted. They would, they agreed, proceed within the framework of the staff articles, but they wanted the articles to encompass only charges that could be traced to Presidential action—a distinction that may be unreal, and a criterion that may be difficult to meet. The issue of the President's noncompliance with the committee's subpoenas would be, the group agreed, folded into the article on abuse of power. Mann had already prepared a new draft of the article on the abuse of power. The group will meet again this afternoon or tomorrow.

This group knows that it holds the critical votes on the committee. The votes of the Southern Democrats and of as many Republicans as possible have come to be considered crucial, in order to make a convincing case to the House—and the nation—that the articles of impeachment bridged partisan and philosophical differences. Working together, the members of this group could both provide each other with protective coloration ("Misery loves company," said one of the participants) and wield considerable power over Rodino and the other Democrats on the committee. Some members of the group say—and perhaps even believe—that what they finally do will depend on how the articles are drafted. But it is clear that they have passed the point of no return.

•

ON the floor above the Judiciary Committee's meeting room—in Room 2237, where Rodino used to conduct his briefings for the press after the closed committee sessions—cameras are being set up for a press conference by Lawrence Hogan, Maryland Republican member of the Judiciary Committee. There are eight television cameras and innumerable microphones. Reporters are fairly cynical about this event. They assume that Hogan has decided to vote for impeachment and is dramatizing the decision—announcing it before the debate opens tomorrow—because he is running for governor of Maryland. Hogan is not particularly well liked, so his move is seen as one of opportunism rather than as one of courage. Still, it is a major event, and the room is crowded. Hogan, a conservative, is a sandy-haired man of medium build who was once an F.B.I. agent and then a public-relations man; he scowls a lot and has a reputation as a "law-and-order"

To double or not to double? That is the question. Byford and Tim Holland give you the answer.

The doubling cube is the object around which the greatest divergence of opinion exists among the experts. On many occasions when several good players are involved in a chouette (one person playing several opponents), the single player ("the man in the box", in Backgammon terminology) will double his several opponents; half of them will accept the double while the other half will decline. It stands to reason that one group or the other must be wrong.

Depending upon the final results of the game, those players who dropped the double will laugh at the others and say, "How could you possibly have accepted that double?"—or those who accepted will say, "How could you not have accepted that double?" It is only natural that this dichotomy of opinion exists, for Backgammon is not an exact science and one must rely on personal judgement and experience in this area of the game.

There is one category in the use of the doubling block, however, in which individual opinions have no bearing on the acceptance or rejection of doubles, and where it can be proven that one's decisions are correct or incorrect. This occurs where only straight mathematical probabilities are concerned. An illustrative problem is at the right.

Should Black double?

Should White accept?

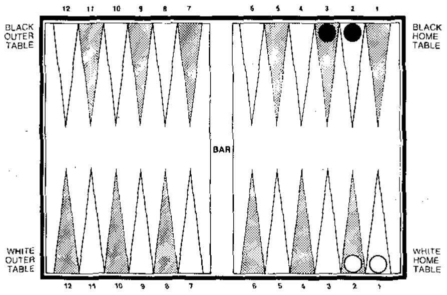
The answer to both questions is yes. This may seem paradoxical, for how can it be correct for one side to double and the other side to accept?

I will show you!

Assume this exact position is played 36 times, with the doubling cube in the middle at 1 (neither side has doubled). According to the laws of probability, Black will win 25 times and he will lose 11 times (11 rolls out of 36 will contain an ace, in which case he will fail to bear off both his men, thus, automatically losing the game). So, the results:

When Black fails to double:
Black wins +25, loses —11, for a net total of +14.
When Black doubles and White accepts:
Black wins +50 (25x2), loses —22 (11x2), for a net total of +28.
Proof that Black must double.

And now for White (once again assuming the game is played 36 times):
When Black doubles and White declines, White is —36.
When Black doubles and White accepts, White is —50 (the 25 times that Black wins at 2) and +22 (the 11 times that Black loses at 2) for a —28, a net gain of 8 points (the difference between —36 when White fails to accept).



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man. As he enters the room with his wife, aides are passing out a mimeographed statement headed, like a report for school, "Why I Will Vote for Impeachment, by Congressman Lawrence J. Hogan." Hogan reads the statement, the television lights causing him to squint slightly. He slows up his reading when he reaches the point, on page 5, that says, "After having read and reread, sifted and tested the mass of information which came before us, I have come to the conclusion that Richard M. Nixon has, beyond a reasonable doubt, committed impeachable offenses which, in my judgment, are of sufficient magnitude that he should be removed from office." He continues, "The evidence convinces me that my President has lied repeatedly, deceiving public officials and the American people." Interesting that he begins his reasons with that one. He reads it with some feeling. "He has withheld information necessary for our system of justice to work," Hogan goes on. "Instead of coöperating with prosecutors and investigators, as he said publicly, he concealed and covered up evidence, and coached witnesses so that their testimony would show things that really were not true. He tried to use the C.I.A. to impede the investigation of Watergate by the F.B.I. He approved the payment of what he knew to be blackmail to buy the silence of an important Watergate witness. . . . I know that some of my financial contributors (who have staunchly supported Richard Nixon and me) will no longer support me. I know that some of my longtime campaign workers will no longer campaign for me." And then he quotes John F. Kennedy, saying that "sometimes party loyalty demands too much." To base the vote on politics, says Hogan, not only would violate his conscience "but would also be a breach of my own oath of office to uphold the Constitution of the United States."

When he is finished, he invites questions, and a reporter asks if he would be making the announcement "at this time" if he were not running for governor.

Hogan replies slowly, "I don't really know the answer to that. Perhaps not. But this is a no-win situation for any candidate this year."

•

AFTER Hogan's press conference, Charles Wiggins, Republican committee member from California, who had predicted that all the Republicans on the committee would oppose impeachment, and who had made some bets to that effect, said to reporters, "I'm going to take a cold shower."

•

REPRESENTATIVE BARBER CONABLE, Republican of New York and an important member of the House, notices a knot of reporters in an elevator in the Capitol and says, "Join my bandwagon—of the undecideds." Conable is on to something. This is taking on the atmosphere of a political convention: rumors and announcements and back-room negotiations and talk of "erosion" in the President's position; media covering the media that are covering the event. Hogan's announcement, whatever its motivation, is the subject of a lot of conversation on the House floor this afternoon. A conservative has looked at the evidence and decided that this is how he will vote; the possibility that Hogan also considers this the politic position does not diminish its importance in the eyes of the politicians in the House.

•

IN the subway between the Capitol and the Rayburn Building, Walter Flowers puts his hand on his stomach and says, "I'll tell you, for the first time since I was trying lawsuits ten years ago, I've got an ulcer."

•

IT is a cool evening, and there is a light rain. On the Capitol steps, ten people are maintaining the prayer vigil for members of Congress.

JULY 24

TODAY, I have a seat in the Supreme Court chamber. At eleven o'clock, the Court is to issue a ruling, and the assumption is that it will be on the tapes. At ten-forty-seven, Leon Jaworski comes in. With him are James Neal, who will try the case of the coverup, and Philip Lacovara and Jill Wine Volner—all members of the Special Prosecutor's staff. By ten minutes to eleven, the large chamber is full. At two minutes after eleven, there are sudden sounds—the buzz of a buzzer and the bang of a gavel and a voice commanding "All rise." As the Justices file in, the voice, binding us to a distant past, says "Oyez, oyez, oyez," and ends with "God save the United States and this Honorable Court." Another bang. The Justices take their seats, and we take ours, and there is a dead stillness. Then Chief Justice Warren Burger gives a simple, brief history of the case. As he talks, quietly and unemotionally, some of the other Justices watch him, and others stare out into

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the chamber. They know what they have done. And then, as Burger continues to speak, one begins to see what they have done. He affirms the Special Prosecutor's authority "to represent the United States as a sovereign." The Chief Justice says that "the District Court acted within its powers" in authorizing the Special Prosecutor's subpoena of the evidence. Then, quoting from Marbury v. Madison, 1803, he says, "It is emphatically the province and duty of the Judicial Department to say what the law is." He cites grounds for a President's claiming executive privilege, including "the need to protect the confidentiality of the communications of a President with his aides and advisers," and says that protection of the confidentiality of Presidential communications "is Constitutionally based." He cites cases upholding that claim, and then says, of those cases compared with the present one, "However, there are important differences." They "were not criminal cases." And here, he says, there is a "generalized, undifferentiated claim of executive privilege." As we sit here in this cool chamber, we hear Chief Justice Burger—Nixon's appointee as Chief Justice—peel away the President's arguments one by one. A presumption of Presidential privilege, he says, "does not mean that all material in the possession of a President is immune in all circumstances from judicial process." He says, "No case of this Court has extended this high degree of deference to a President's generalized claim of the need of confidentiality." The claim, he says, must be weighed against the claims of "criminal justice." "We cannot conclude," he says, "that advisers will be moved to temper the candor of their remarks." At eleven-twenty, Chief Justice Burger says, "Accordingly, the judgment under review is affirmed." Bang. We stand. They are gone. The President has been ordered by a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court to give up the tapes.

•

IT is after six and the compromise articles—based on negotiations between the "swing group" and the Democratic drafters—are still not ready, so some articles will be placed before the committee for the purpose of having articles there when the debate begins tonight, and the work on the compromise will continue. The "swing group" met today in Railsback's office. Article I, on the coverup, is said to be more nearly completed than Article II, on abuse of power. Says one tense Democrat, "This last-minute drafting is a very unpleasant way to do business."

•

FROM San Clemente, throughout the day, have come announcements that there would be a statement on the Supreme Court decision, and then announcements that the statement has been postponed. Finally, at seven o'clock, James St. Clair is on television, reading a statement by the President: "While I am, of course, disappointed in the result, I respect and accept the Court's decision, and I have instructed Mr. St. Clair to take whatever measures are necessary to comply with that decision in all respects. For the future, it will be essential that the special circumstances of this case not be permitted to cloud the rights of Presidents to maintain the basic confidentiality without which this Office cannot function. I was gratified, therefore, to note that the Court reaffirmed both the validity and the importance of the principle of executive privilege, the principle I have sought to maintain." Says St. Clair, "As we all know, the President has always been a firm believer in the rule of law," and he adds that "the time-consuming process" of preparing the material to be submitted to the Court "will begin forthwith."

•

THERE aren't many people in the corridors of the Rayburn Building this evening as the formal impeachment proceedings are about to begin. Police are stopping people at the doors, and the security is tight. Members of the press have been given special green passes. There isn't a very long line of spectators outside, either. Inside the building, Charles Wiggins walks toward the committee room, holding his wife's hand. Walter Flowers is being interviewed for television. An American flag is in the lapel of his blue-gray jacket, and he is wearing red-white-and-blue saddle shoes. As the members take their place on the two-tiered dais in Room 2141, there is an exceptionally heavy crush of reporters and photographers surrounding them. It is seven-thirty—time for the meeting to begin. But, as is customary, it will begin late. This scene can't look very stately on television. A number of members are wearing blue shirts tonight, for the television cameras. John Doar is wearing a light-gray suit. Doar, tall and lanky, moves slowly. Doar always manages to look calm. But the fatigue shows. His ordinarily expressionless face seems to grow more ashen, and to age, with each passing week. Albert Jenner

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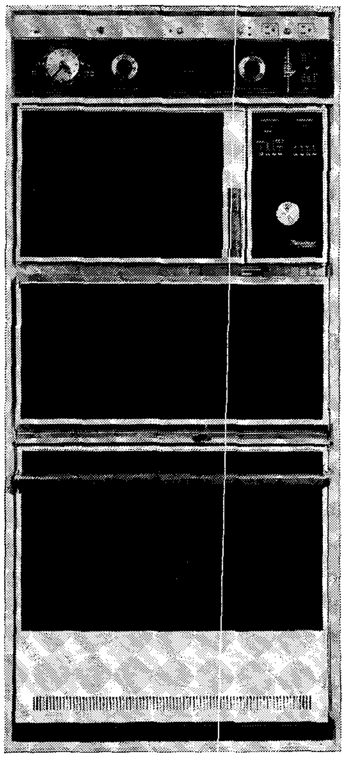

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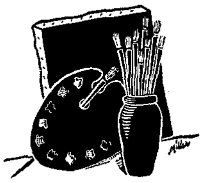
is in a navy-blue suit. Jenner, as usual, is ruddy and smiling. Peter Rodino is in a gray suit with a blue shirt; the rosette of the Knights of Malta is in his lapel. Father Robert Drinan, the tall and generally stern-looking Democrat of Massachusetts, who sponsored an impeachment resolution as early as the summer of 1973, looks healthier and more relaxed than he has in weeks. James Mann looks tired.



Finally, the debate on President Nixon's impeachment begins. At seven-forty-five, Rodino bangs the gavel—for the benefit of the photographers, he bangs it three times—and calls the committee to order. In his introductory remarks, Rodino says, "Make no mistake about it. This is a turning point, whatever we decide." He seems to mean it. For months, when Rodino has talked to his colleagues and the press about the impeachment process, he has used language that placed it in its historical context and accorded it its full Constitutional seriousness, and tonight, as it enters its climactic stage, he talks of it this way to the nation. In the opening moments, he says, "Each generation of citizens and their officials have been faithful custodians of the Constitution and of the rule of law. For almost two hundred years, every generation of Americans has taken care to preserve our system. This committee must now decide a question of the highest Constitutional importance. For more than two years, there have been serious allegations, by people of good faith and sound intelligence, that the President, Richard M. Nixon, has committed grave and systematic violations of the Constitution." The framers of the Constitution, "in their determination that government be accountable and lawful, wrote into the Constitution a special oath that the President, and only the President, must take at his inauguration," he says. "In that oath, the President swears that he will 'take care that the laws be faithfully executed.' " And he quotes Edmund Burke during the impeachment trial of Warren Hastings, in 1788: " 'It is by this tribunal that statesmen who abuse their power are accused by statesmen and tried by statesmen, not upon the niceties of a narrow jurisprudence, but upon the enlarged and solid principles of state morality.' " Our Constitution is being put to the test, he says, and he adds, "Such tests, historically, have come to the awareness of most peoples too late." Then he says, "Let us go forward. Let us leave the Constitution as unimpaired for our children as our predecessors left it to us."

Rodino calls on Edward Hutchinson, of Michigan, the senior Republican on the committee. In the course of his introductory remarks, Hutchinson says, "Perhaps ours is more of a political than a judicial function after all."

At eight minutes after eight, Harold Donohue, Massachusetts Democrat, who is ordinarily silent unless he is carrying out chores for Rodino, speaks in his deep voice, with a Massachusetts accent. At seventy-three, he is retiring after this Congress, and will introduce the articles of impeachment. This will have been the most important thing he has ever done here. Harold Donohue—the white-faced congressman from Worcester, Massachusetts, who worked as a streetcar conductor while putting himself through law school—says, "I move that the committee report to the House a resolution together with articles of impeachment, impeaching Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States." Donohue, his head bobbing up and down, says, "No individual is above the law." He says that "Richard M. Nixon engaged in certain activities designed to obstruct justice, to unlawfully invade the Constitutional rights of private citizens." Donohue goes down the list of charges against the President of the United States: defiance of "the duly authorized and properly served subpoenas of a committee of the Congress," "misuse [of] executive agencies for personal and political benefit," failure "to fulfill his Constitutional obligations to insure the faithful execution of our laws." And then, having completed his recital of the charges against the President, Donohue says that the committee must decide whether "the President has seriously, gravely, purposefully, and persistently abused and misused the power entrusted in him by the people of these United States."

Each member has been allotted fifteen minutes to make an opening statement. There has been some concern as to how interesting this can be. Some members don't want to give their positions away until they cast their votes. So the question is: What can they say? And how likely are people to stay glued to their television sets while thirty-eight House members make fifteen-minute speeches? This could be a disaster. As some members speak, others listen, and some revise their own remarks. The members have had little time to prepare their statements. Those with less seniority will have to continue revising as

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some of their points, and better lines, are used.

While Henry Smith, New York Republican, is speaking—saying he is not convinced that the President is personally responsible for any of the activities he is being charged with—copies of the Donohue resolution, including two articles of impeachment, are distributed. (Some reporters tear out of the room to file stories on them.) These articles represent the latest version of the compromise between the "swing group" and the Democratic drafters. The first article proposes to impeach the President for his role in the cover-up. The tone of the staff-prepared article has been tempered. Unlike the staff article, this one does not attempt to tie the break-in at the Democratic National Committee to the President, through his staff. The new version seems cleaner and stronger. The strategy of surfacing the articles before the debate began has worked, and so, surprisingly, has the process of redrafting, carried out by several groups. Such honing and shaping and redrafting—and last-minute compromising—took place at Philadelphia in 1787, too. Article II, which will undergo even more revision, lists various ways in which the President "has abused the powers vested in him as President by one or more of the following, either directly or through his subordinates or agents." Included in the list are wiretapping and the Fielding break-in.

As Robert Kastenmeier, Democrat of Wisconsin, finishes his speech, in which he says, "President Nixon must be impeached and removed from office," Rodino suddenly bangs the gavel and calls a recess. Apparently, there is a bomb threat.

While committee members, press, and public mill around in the soft air outside the Rayburn Building and relax in an impromptu picniclike atmosphere, security officers sweep Room 2141 with bomb-detectors and a team of German shepherds. No bomb is found, and the proceedings resume.

Charles Sandman comes on strong—stronger than I have ever before seen him. "To say that this is the most unusual proceeding that I have ever been a part of would be a tremendous understatement," he says. He says that there have been leaks "every hour on the half hour." The audience is amused by his sarcasm. The dignity that preceded the bomb threat has not been retrieved. Sandman seems a figure out of the movies. He is a heavy-set man, with a broad face and slicked-back black hair; his eyes peer over black-framed half-glasses, and he speaks in a powerful voice with an exaggerated New Jersey accent. Sandman says, referring to Nixon, "Is there direct evidence that said he had anything to do with it? Of course there is not." He attacks the media, and also gets into some of the substance of the issues before the committee. When he first heard the tape of the first of two March 21st meetings, he says, it "worried me to death." He continues, "When I went to bed that night, I made up my mind, The President's goose is cooked." But then the next day, Sandman says, he heard the tape of the second meeting on the twenty-first, "and that completely did away with what was happening in the first tape."

Don Edwards, dark-blond and somewhat elegant, talks of the value of "this relearning process," of relearning "the value and the beauty of our Constitution," which he describes as "the compact we have with each other that enables us to live together in peace" and as "the cement that holds us together as a decent and humane society." Edwards has been of major help to Rodino in formulating strategy. A former F.B.I. agent who became a successful businessman and who a few years ago was chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, he says that he supported Nixon in 1950. That's a surprise. But now he says, "I do believe that the President has consciously and intentionally engaged in serious misdeeds, that he has corrupted and subverted our political and governmental processes to the extent that he should be impeached."

When Railsback begins his statement, shortly after 10 P.M., he appears a bit pale, tense. He has no prepared speech; he just talks—the way he always talks. "Let me begin by saying that you, Mr. Chairman, I think . . . I think that you have handled yourself very well." His voice is high and boyish. He makes a little joke about being on the Judiciary Committee and another little joke about playing golf with Wiggins, and these jokes don't fit the tone of the proceedings. But Railsback, characteristically, is touching his bases, because he knows what he is going to do. The President, he says, "has been in my district twice campaigning for me," "has only treated me kindly," and "has done many wonderful things." And then he says he has "two serious areas of concern" that "I want to share with my colleagues and I want to share with my constituents." He

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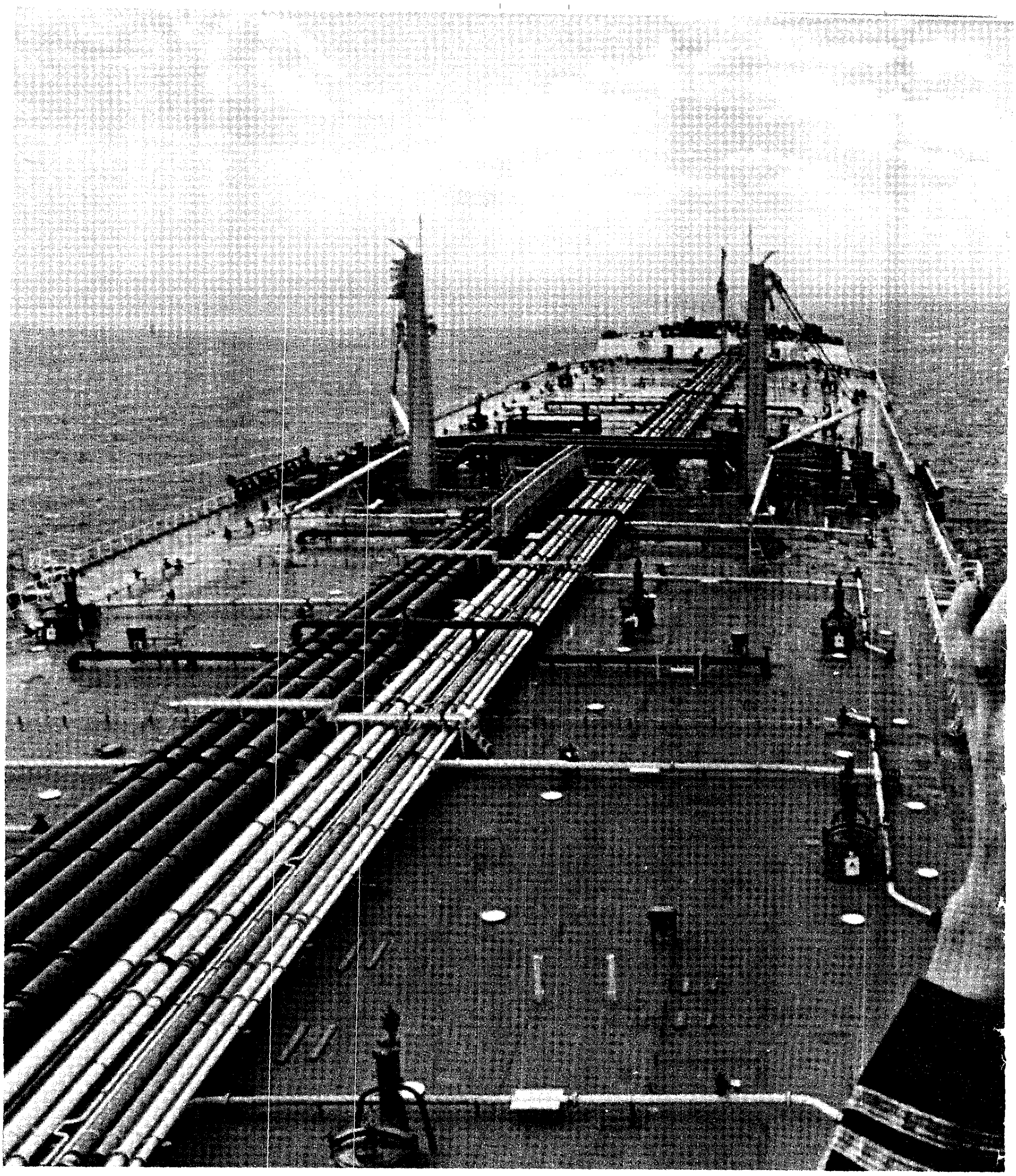

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talks about abuse of power, and says, "I cannot think of an area where a conservative or a moderate or a liberal should be more concerned." And then he starts talking fast, crowding as much as he can into this major chance to explain himself on national television. And out it comes: about John Dean and the President talking about the I.R.S.; about the coverup; about getting hold of the C.I.A. and using it to keep the F.B.I. away—"and the President knew about this." He talks of Pat Gray's warning the President that "some of your top staff are mortally wounding you." (Patrick Gray, the former acting F.B.I. director, told the Ervin committee that the President responded by simply saying, "Pat, you just continue to conduct your aggressive and thorough investigation.") He talks of the attempt to get Dean to write an absolving report. He reads from the transcripts. His voice becomes higher. He is not talking Constitutional principles; he is tossing out facts as fast as he can—facts that he has decided trouble him and that he wants to convince others should trouble them. Rodino watches him carefully. Railsback talks about the President's getting information from Henry Petersen, and—chopping the air with his arms—demands, "What did he do with the information that Henry Petersen gave to him?" He is running over his allotted time, and Rodino, who, with apparent reluctance, has been fingering the gavel for a few moments, waves it in the air as if he can't bring himself to bang it. Railsback is still going. Rodino taps the gavel lightly. The next speaker, William Hungate, Democrat of Missouri, yields Railsback two of his allotted minutes. The Democrats want to give Railsback a chance to make his case; they know that he is important—to the Congress and to the audience that is watching. Railsback goes on: "I just—I just can't help but wonder, you know, when you put all of this together in that kind of perspective, I am concerned and I am seriously concerned. Let me say just one thing in the remaining minute. Some of my friends in Illinois . . . say that the country cannot afford, that we cannot afford, to impeach a President. Let me say to them, I have spoken to . . . many, many young people, and if the young people in this country think that we are going to not handle this thing fairly, if we are not going to really try to get to the truth, you are going to see the most frustrated people, the most turned-off people, the most disillusioned people . . ." We will never know Railsback's mind—what combination of concern about what he had seen and of his belief that the future does not lie with Richard Nixon and of his ideas about the way government is supposed to work has brought him to this point tonight. Perhaps Railsback will never know, either.

JULY 25

RODINO and Doar were up very late last night, going over the draft of the compromise articles. They are worrying about the history that the articles will establish, concerned over the insistence of the "swing group" that there be nothing in the articles which cannot be proved to have been approved or condoned by the President. It is an unrealistic requirement. The insistence by the "swing group" that a distinction be found between the acts of the President and the acts of his subordinates raises one of the major issues in this whole chain of events—whether the President is culpable for the carrying out of acts by his subordinates on his behalf in such a manner as to establish deniability for him, and even for his top aides. Walter Flowers has indicated to Rodino that he is still uncertain about how he will vote. Liberal Democrats are expressing displeasure at the concessions being made to the "swing group." So Rodino is still negotiating, and at some point today, while the members continue to make their opening statements, he will turn the gavel over to Donohue and slip out of the room to continue the negotiating and the drafting. Though this last-minute uncertainty seems real, so does the certainty about the outcome. Yet that final wording is crucial, not just to the number of votes there will be in favor of the articles but also to history, and at the moment those two goals are in some slight conflict. At this morning's caucus of the committee Democrats, Rodino will urge them to be more specific in their opening remarks—to use that time to lay out the case. He is concerned that they did not do so last evening.

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TODAY, Charles Wiggins is conservatively dressed; it is the first time that I have seen him so. He is wearing a navy-blue suit and a blue-and-white striped shirt. He is the first to speak this morning, when the committee convenes at ten minutes past ten. He talks quietly, in that flat, non-accented California style. Someone says that he sounds like Jack Benny—an improbable likeness but an accurate one. Wiggins commends Rodino for having "set the right tone for these proceed-

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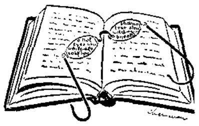
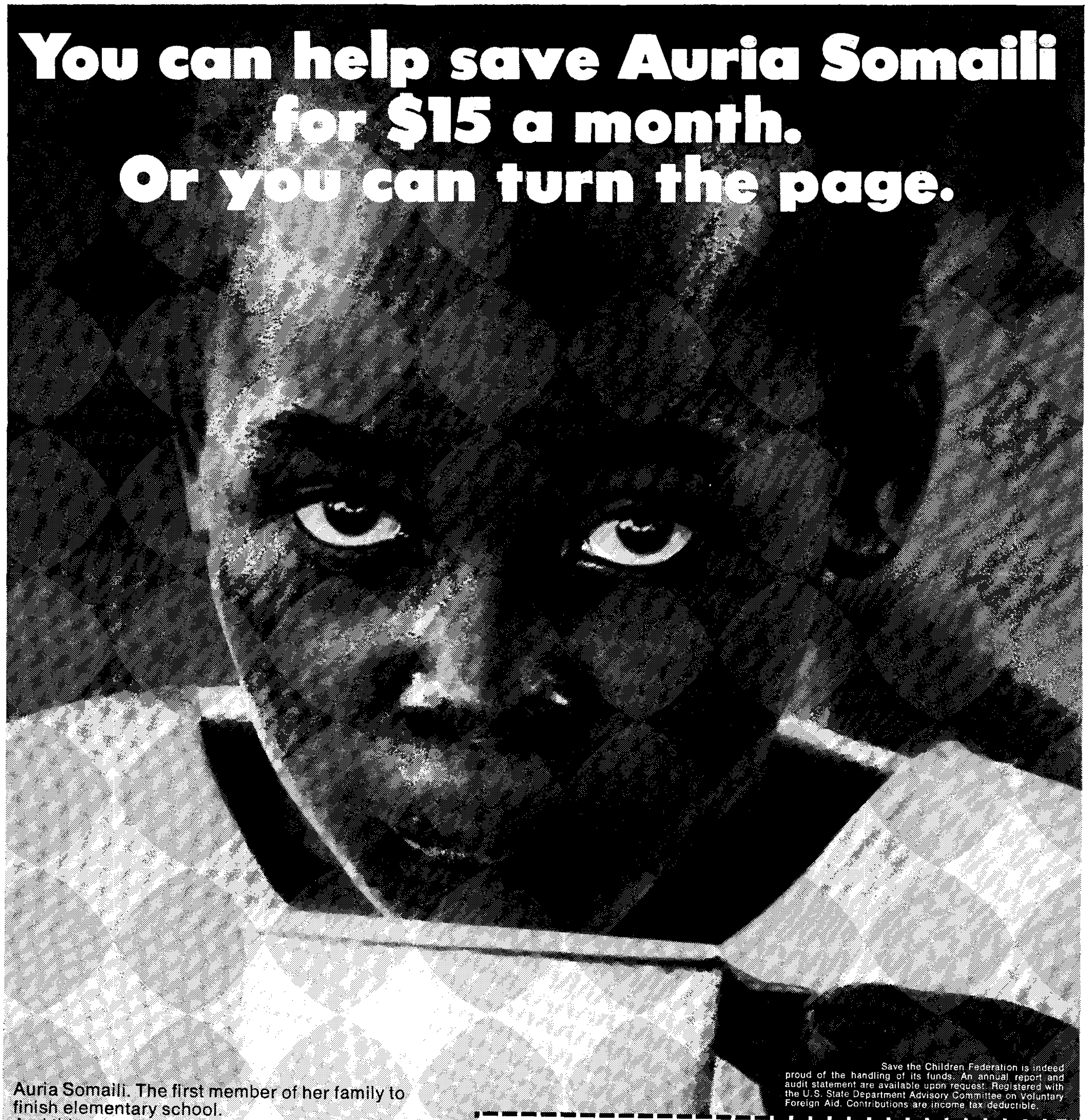
ings." And then Wiggins argues that much of what the committee is considering is "material" but is not "evidence." He says he guesses that "you can put all of the admissible evidence in half of one book." The President can be impeached, he argues, only "for demonstrated and proved high crimes and misdemeanors." Wiggins will address himself, he says, to two charges that seem to bother people—that the President misused the C.I.A. and the I.R.S. He will try, for the benefit of the audience, if not of the committee, to break down the charges against the President. Railsback, sitting beside Wiggins, watches and listens carefully. By June 23, 1972, Wiggins says, the President had reason to think that an investigation of the break-in might lead to C.I.A. activities: James McCord was a former C.I.A. agent; Bernard Barker was "an active C.I.A. agent until recently before this incident and perhaps [was] still on retainer with the C.I.A.;" Eugenio Martinez was "an active C.I.A. agent." "The name of Hunt had surfaced," says Wiggins, of E. Howard Hunt. "Hunt characterized himself . . . as a spy." Hunt, Wiggins says, had been an employee of Mullen & Company, a public-relations firm and "a C.I.A. front." The fact, Wiggins argues, that Nixon knew about the "Mexican checks in the context of a former C.I.A. agent"—the checks for Nixon's reëlection that were "laundered" in Mexico and turned into the hundred-dollar bills found on some of those caught on June 17, 1972, in the Democratic headquarters—means that the President was legitimately worried that the F.B.I. investigation might compromise the C.I.A. He says that only the President and Haldeman were present at the June 23rd meeting, after which the F.B.I. was instructed to keep its investigation of the Watergate break-in away from C.I.A. activities. (The committee has subpoenaed but has not received a tape of that meeting.) That action, argues Wiggins, was "wholly responsible and wholly reasonable."



As Joshua Eilberg, Democrat of Pennsylvania, speaks, Cohen, in the front row, and Railsback, behind him, are conferring. Doar has slipped out of the room.

Then Fish, in the back row, reads his statement, in a soft voice. He talks about the larger questions. Mrs. Fish, a tall woman in yellow slacks and a yellow shirt and sunglasses, is watching from the audience. Fish says that for him the tests of an impeachable offense are that it must be "extremely serious," and that it must be "an offense against the political process or the Constitutional system of our country," and "one that is recognized as such by the broad majority of the citizens of this country." And then he speaks of the President's oath of office. The issue, interestingly, is really coming back to that—to those few words that are uttered on the Capitol steps on a usually cold day in January, those words to which we usually listen with so little attention. Fish says that when the President takes that oath, "he vows not only to perform the duties of the President but to perform those duties *faithfully*," and he goes on, "I would suggest that a President is required to keep faith with the public trust that is placed in his position. . . . A President is required to safeguard the Constitution to the *best* of his abilities. . . . It is his responsibility to exercise his powers to insure the liberties and Constitutional rights of the people." The President is charged with the "*faithful* execution of the laws," says Fish, and this means not just that he is responsible for obeying the law but that "he is responsible both for carrying out the enactments of Congress and for supervising the thorough and impartial administration of justice." Says Fish, "Here the issue is the Constitution, and in assessing the fitness of the President to remain in office the Congress becomes the conscience and protector of the state. What is best for America . . . is that our people know that the rule of law applies equally to those who govern as well as to the governed."

Since what has come to be called the "smoking gun" or the "murder weapon"—which would have made the decision so much easier for many of the committee members—has not been found, the question of whether the President should be impeached remains one of mental context, of philosophy, of views of the meaning of the Constitution. Which is just as well. The probabilities are against another coverup like the one carried out under the Nixon Administration. The problem of abuse of power is more likely to recur. And it is just as well that the politicians have had to decide these issues. At some point, many of them have faced the fact that this is a question of the Constitution, and now we hear it in their speeches. There are, of course, political ingredients in their decisions. And that is not so bad, either. The framers of the Constitution deliberately put this process in the hands of politicians, beginning with members of the House of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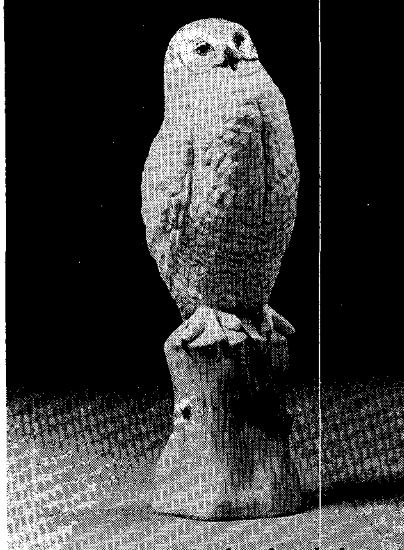

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Representatives, who have to receive the affirmation of the people most often. In Federalist Paper No. 65, Alexander Hamilton asked, "What is the true spirit of the institution [of impeachment] itself? Is it not designed as a method of National Inquest into the conduct of public men? If this be the design of it, who can so properly be the inquisitors for the nation as the representatives of the nation themselves?" The framers gave it to people who must work out political equations. And the working out of political equations is what keeps our country going. The politicians are our mediators. Sometimes we don't like their decisions, but someone has to mediate.

Jerome Waldie, Democrat of California, talks about the evidence. He says, "Common sense tells you that a President of the United States does not condone the payment of over four hundred thousand dollars to seven people occupying a D.C. jail because they have committed a burglary unless he wants something from them."

While Wiley Mayne, Iowa Republican, is speaking, John Doar, back in the room, is writing on a yellow tablet—presumably still drafting. Now an aide brings Doar an envelope. Jenner sends a note to Mann. While the speeches are being made for the television audience, the words are being chosen for the tablets that will be handed down to the future.

Shortly before noon, Walter Flowers begins to speak. Flowers is ready to vote for impeachment, and he has these few minutes to explain himself to his constituents, who do not yet know what he will do. His constituents are mostly white, conservative, and supporters of the President—any President—and, as he implied in a conversation I had with him in April, equated a vote against Nixon in 1972 with being pro-black. Today, Flowers is wearing a navy-blue jacket and a blue shirt with a white collar. He has an American flag in his lapel. He begins by saying that there are "things I would like to get off my chest." He says that the committee has been fair, except for "the unfortunate and grossly overemphasized leaks." And he wants to say some things to the press "before I slip back into anonymity." He asks the press to "look inward" and "decide for yourselves if you have treated fairly with the President," and he also suggests that "the perspective of Middle America does not receive equal time." Then he gets to "the problem at hand," which he describes as "a terrible problem," to which there is "no good solution." He says, "I wake up nights—at least on those nights I have been able to go to sleep lately—wondering if this could not be some sordid dream: to impeach the President of the United States, the Chief Executive of our country, our Commander-in-Chief." He goes on, "The people that I represent—just as I do, and most Americans, I think—really *want* to support the President." This is the other side of the political equation: here is a politician speaking to the fears and concerns of his constituents, understanding his people, and leading them. It is an intrinsic part of political communication that as a politician embraces Proposition A he tries to propitiate the proponents of Proposition B. And that is what some of these people, with divided constituencies, or even constituencies that might be largely opposed to the decision they have made, are doing in these speeches. "What if we failed to impeach?" Flowers asks. "Do we ingrain forever in the very fabric of our Constitution a standard of conduct in our highest office that in the least is deplorable and at worst is impeachable?" Speaking again within the frame of reference of his constituents, he says, "Some of the things that bothered me most are troubling to all people who fear that big government can encroach on the freedom of people." Like his friend Railsback, Flowers is pointing to things that might offend the conservative mind. Says Flowers, "The institutions of this country have been set up by the people to serve them, to carry out those functions that are necessary to a peaceful and a free society. They are not created to serve the interests of one man or one group of men or the political gain of anyone." He speaks of the F.B.I., the Justice Department, the C.I.A., and the I.R.S. He points to evidence that in 1970 the White House leaked information about the tax problems of George Wallace's brother Gerald "in an apparent attempt to affect the Governor's campaign that year." (We also know that the White House funnelled money to Wallace's gubernatorial opponent in 1970.) He points to "evidence that the F.B.I.—the nation's police—were used to spy on those who disagreed with the Administration." Then Flowers, the conservative Southern Democrat, the youthful-looking, heretofore anonymous congressman with the curly hair and the intelligent, country face, says, "The power of the Presidency is a public trust, just like our office. And the

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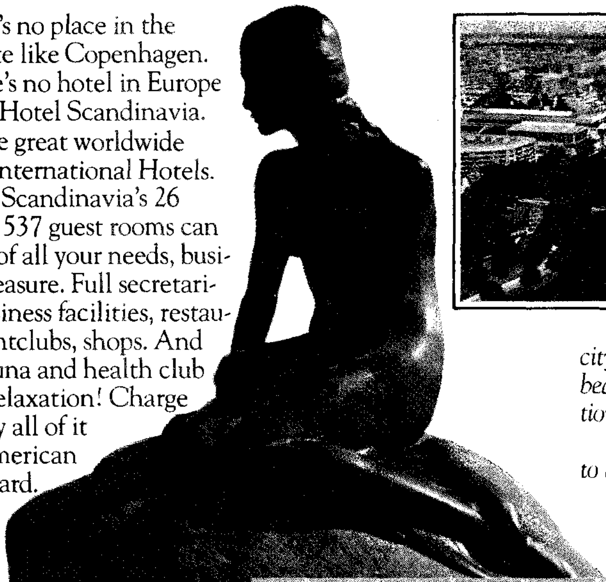

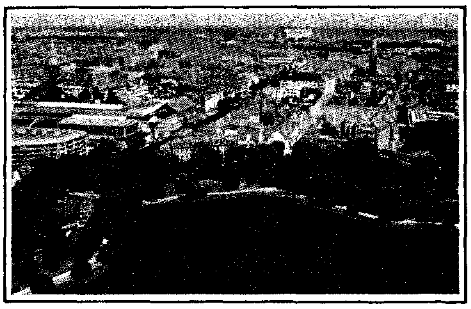

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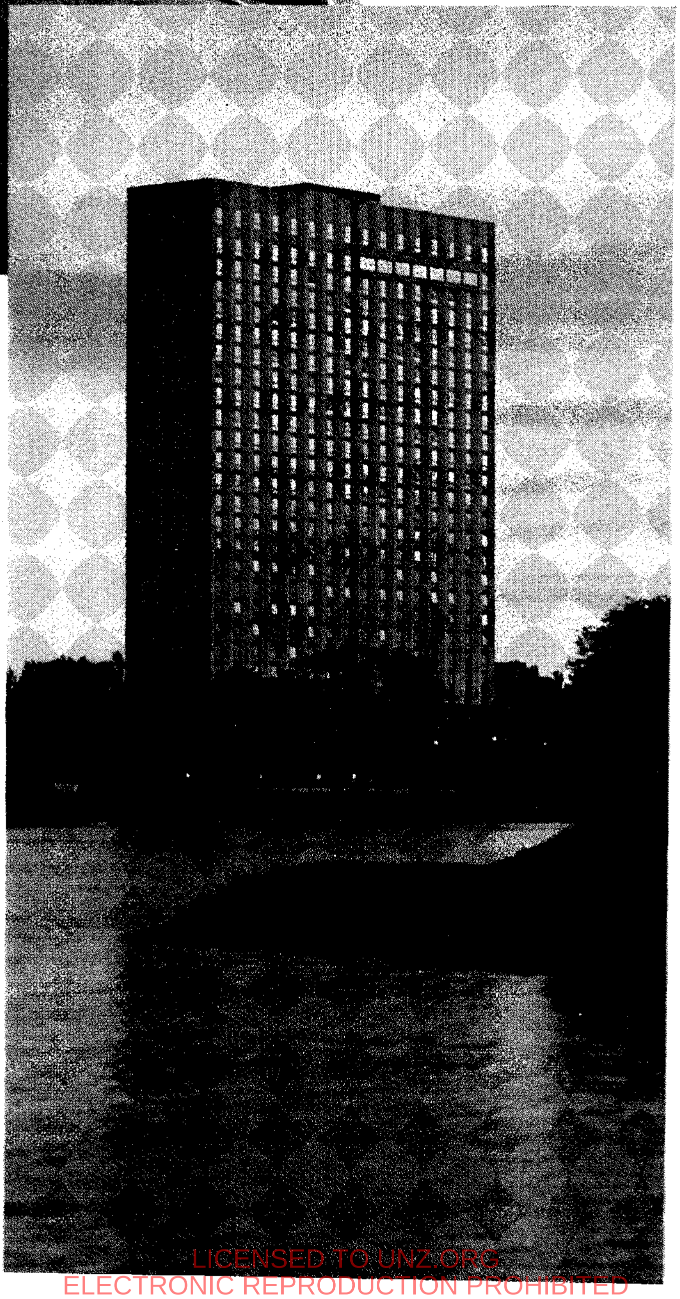

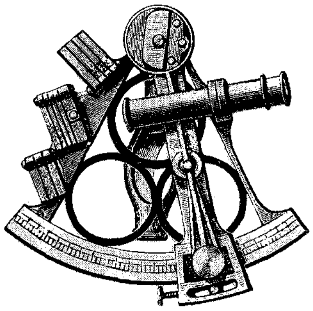

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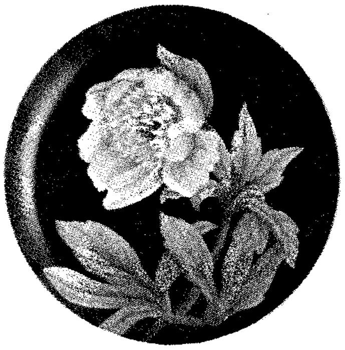

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people must be able to believe and rely on their President. . . . If the trust of the people in the word of the man to whom they had given their highest honor or any public trust is betrayed, if the people cannot know that their President is candid and truthful with them, then I say the very basis of our government is undermined." Rodino, back in the room now, watches him carefully, and so do Jack Brooks, Democrat of Texas, and several Republicans, and Doar and Jenner. Flowers knows how to weave the patriotic traditions that he grew up with—and that his constituents still hold dear—together with the Constitution. His speech is a political work of art. "I have said many times that we can make great progress and improve our society and still not have anything that will live or last unless we concern ourselves with our underlying values," he says, and he goes on, "We have in the tradition of this nation a well-tested framework of values: liberty, justice, worth and integrity of the individual, individual responsibility. Our problem is not now to find better values, but I say our problem is to be faithful to those that we profess—and to make them live in modern times." And he cites the preamble to the Constitution: " 'We, the people of the United States,' and surely there is no more inspiring phrase than this—'We, the people of the United States,' not we the public officials of the United States, not we the certified experts, or we the educators, or we the educated, or we the grownups over twenty-one or twenty-five, not we the privileged classes, or whatever, but just simply 'We, the people . . .' We acting in our communities across the nation can pull our fragmented society together."

This is no ordinary set of speeches. It is the most extraordinary political debate I have ever heard—perhaps the most extraordinary since the Constitutional Convention. And perhaps the most important political debate since that one. These people are drawing on history, attaching themselves to it, and becoming part of it.

•

AS the committee breaks for lunch, John Seiberling, Democrat of Ohio, and George Danielson, Democrat of California, who have been scribbling during the debate, tell reporters that they are going to get more specific facts into their statements, so as to rebut Wiggins. Danielson says, "I've written an evidentiary addendum to my compendium of generalities." Hamilton Fish goes to the Capitol Hill Club, where he relaxes over lunch with his wife and son. William Cohen, tense, goes to his office to work over his remarks, to be delivered this afternoon. Walter Flowers and his wife—blond, in a sleeveless white blouse and with a small gold cross around her neck—are lunching with another couple in the members' dining room. In the inquiry staff's offices in the old Congressional Hotel, an annex across the street from the House office buildings, John Doar and James Mann are still drafting the articles of impeachment.

•

DURING the lunch break, I drop in on the moderate House Republican—not a member of the Judiciary Committee—with whom I have been talking from time to time since last fall. "The dam has sort of burst around here," he says. "As near as I can figure, the Republicans around here have just started talking about this matter seriously. Now, whenever there are two or four or twenty of them together, they talk about it in a thoughtful way. Although a lot of them are usually listed as against impeachment or as holding unknown views on it, the thrust is against the President. From what I see in the committee, I think the vote could be at least two to one against the President in the House. Three hundred votes for impeachment seems like a lot, but it's not impossible. [With all the members voting, a majority of two hundred and eighteen would be required to impeach.] It all just hit this week. It was like after the transcripts were released. At first, it fell with a dull plop. Then came the reaction. It was the same with the committee's evidence. Especially for the conservatives: the idea of going to the I.R.S. with a list of three hundred names of McGovern supporters and others and saying 'Fry these people'—man, that's hard to swallow." (There is some puzzle in the fact that House members are suddenly expressing so much concern about this list, which has been known about for over a year, but perhaps the answer is that the House members chose not to face it until they had to.) The moderate Republican continues, "In the last couple of days, we've begun to get the committee's comments, and we're learning the details of the coverup. A lot of guys who were standing firm against impeachment are now leaning toward impeachment. That's my position now. I'd have to hear some super-duper evidence to change. What got to me was the misuse of government agencies—principally the I.R.S. but also the C.I.A. and

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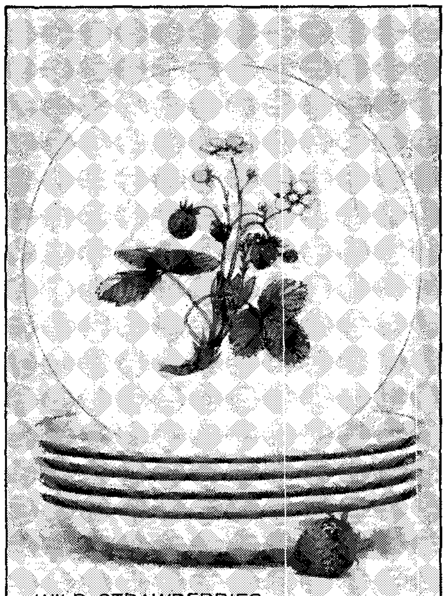
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the F.B.I.—and the coverup. I listened to Railsback last night. I've talked with Railsback a number of times, and also with Butler, Froehlich, Cohen, and Fish. I've talked with Wiggins and Dennis, too. [Harold Froehlich, of Wisconsin, and David Dennis, of Indiana, are Judiciary Committee Republicans.] Hogan is damned important. Everybody's underestimated that. Hogan made it respectable for non-liberals to be for impeachment. Call it politics, call it what you want, it was damned important. This was a supporter of the President who had heard all the evidence and came out for impeachment. It's been about a forty-eight-hour phenomenon. The game's over."

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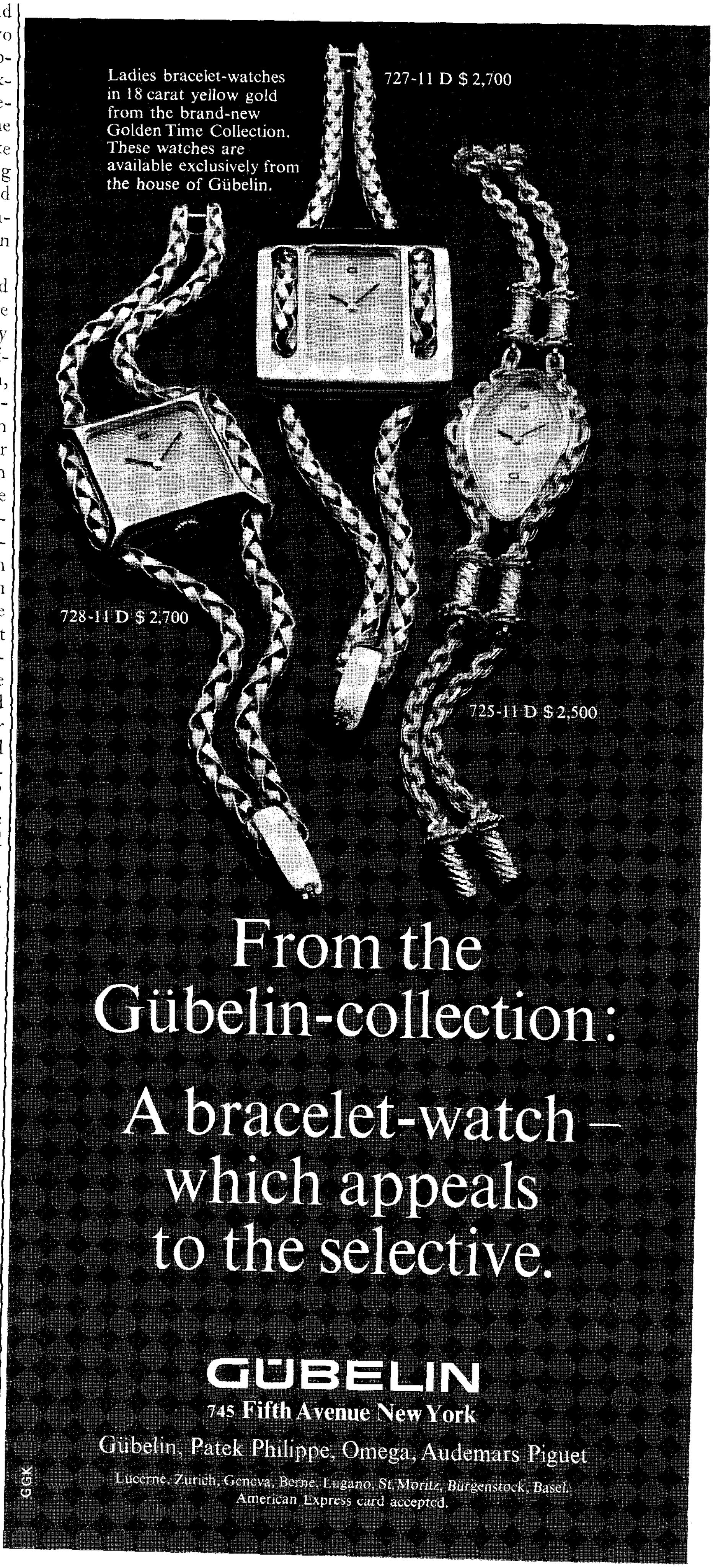
AFTER lunch, Hogan begins his fifteen-minute statement. We heard him at his press conference, so the attention wanders. But suddenly one realizes that Hogan is speaking with even more passion than he did two days ago, and saying some striking things. Hogan says, "I was accused of making a political decision," and he goes on, "If I had decided to vote against impeachment, I venture to say that I would also have been criticized for making a political decision. One of the unfortunate things about being in politics is that everything you do is given evil or political motives. That I personally resent." As he says this, his voice quavers, and the room goes silent. Speaking of Nixon, Hogan says, "It is impossible for me to condone or ignore the long train of abuses to which he has subjected the Presidency and the people of this country." Addressing himself to Sandman and the others who say there is no evidence of direct Presidential involvement, Hogan says, "What they are looking for is an arrow to the heart. . . . We do not find in the evidence an arrow to the heart. We find a virus that creeps up on you slowly and gradually until its obviousness is so overwhelming to you. It is like looking at a mosaic and going down and focussing in on one single tile in the mosaic and saying, 'I see nothing wrong in that one little piece of this mosaic.' "

Then it's time for James Mann to speak. Mann, the tall, courtly, soft-spoken South Carolina conservative with wavy gray hair, is perfectly cast for the part of definer. He looks like a lineal descendant of what we want to think the framers looked like. Mann gazes right into the camera and gives a little talk about the committee ("You know, it is important that the American public have respect for these proceedings") and about government. Several of the things he says echo the concerns he expressed in a conversation I had with him earlier this year. He talked then about the power of "the electronic throne" at the White House, and about the question in his mind as to whether the people really want self-government. Today, he is raising these questions before the people, on television. He is saying, "In this era of power that our governmental system has brought us to in the world, where our involvement in foreign trade and foreign affairs puts the President out in front as the symbol of our national pride and as the bearer of our flag, and here we have in the House of Representatives four hundred and thirty-five voices speaking on behalf of different constituencies, with no public-relations man employed by the House of Representatives, and I wonder if the people still do want their elected representatives to fulfill their oath to 'preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.' Do you want us to exercise the duty and responsibility of the power of impeachment? . . . Are we so morally bankrupt that we would accept a past course of wrongdoing or that we would decide that the system that we have is incapable of sustaining a system of law because we aren't perfect?" This is his moment to try to reach the public, and he is bringing all his powers to bear on it. The room is hushed; there is admiration for his performance, but, beyond that, Mann has caught up many in the room in what he is saying, his words cutting through whatever cynicism there is here, some of it affected—the sense that this is a show. He says, with some emotion now, "Our country has grown strong because men have died for the system. . . . We have built our country on the Constitution. . . . That system has been defended on battlefields, and statesmen have ended their careers on behalf of the system." And then Mann talks about how much he would have liked to have more evidence. He speaks slowly, his voice getting softer and softer, and Rodino is watching attentively, and other people in the room are straining to hear every word. Mann's face seems paler than usual; there are long pauses between phrases. He says he expects others to disagree with what he will do but asks them to "recognize my role and their responsibility to know the facts as I know them." Then, marching right up to one of the questions that the committee members have had the most difficulty with, he says, "We're faced in the future with a very, very serious problem": can we permit "a President to escape accountability because he may choose to deal behind closed doors or to deal between two close, longtime, alter-ego, trusted subordinates?" Mann says, "We must examine our options to preserve our freedom," and then he speaks again of the evidence, saying that he would still like to have more of it. "I am starving for it," says Mann impassionedly, and then, quietly and abruptly, he concludes, "But I will do the best I can with what I've got."

Caldwell Butler begins to speak, and I glance back at Mann. There are tears in his eyes. Butler speaks quickly and without emotion. Butler, Republican from Virginia, talking of Nixon, points out that there are many who believe that he himself would not be in the Congress "if it were not for our joint effort in 1972," and says, "I am not unmindful of the loyalty I owe him." Therefore, he says, this proceeding is very "distasteful." The proponents of Proposition B having been propitiated, Butler turns to Proposition A. He points out that "for years we Republicans have campaigned against corruption and misconduct in the administration of the government of the United States by the other party," and he goes on, "But Watergate is *our* shame. . . . These things have happened in our house, and it is our responsibility to do what we can to clear it up." Butler—black hair, egg-shaped face with receding chin, black-rimmed glasses—reads on quickly: "There are frightening implications for the future of our country if we do not impeach the President of the United States. Because we will by this impeachment proceeding be establishing a standard of conduct for the President of the United States which will for all time be a matter of public record. If we fail to impeach, we will have condoned and left unpunished a course of conduct totally inconsistent with the reasonable expectations of the American people; we will have condoned and left unpunished a Presidential course of conduct designed to interfere with and obstruct the very process which he is sworn to uphold; and we will have condoned and left unpunished an abuse of power totally without justification." Butler continues, "The people of the United States are entitled to assume that their President is telling the truth." Then he recounts some instances in which Nixon was not. The emphasis in these proceedings on Nixon's lying is interesting and somewhat surprising. Politicians know that politicians, including Presidents, lie. Perhaps this, too, bears witness to the wisdom of the framers in putting the impeachment process in the hands of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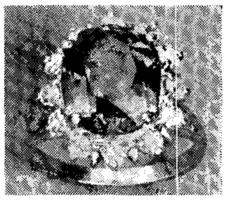

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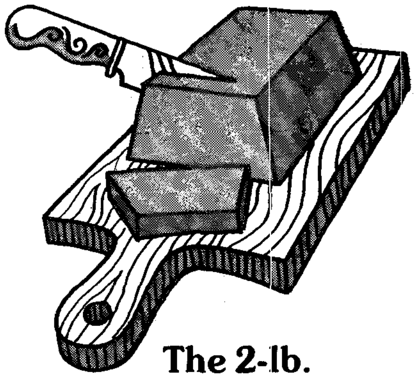

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politicians—a point that William Hungate, the Missouri Democrat on the committee, has made to reporters a number of times. Politicians know when some line has been crossed. Butler goes on to observe that "throughout the extensive transcripts made available to us of intimate Presidential conversation and discussion there is no real evidence of regret for what occurred, or remorse, or resolution to change, and precious little reference to, or concern for, Constitutional responsibility or reflection upon the basic obligations of the office of the Presidency." Then, with startling directness, he says, "In short, power appears to have corrupted. It is a sad chapter in American history. But I cannot condone what I have heard; I cannot excuse it, and I cannot and will not stand still for it. The misuse of power is the very essence of tyranny."

A few minutes before three o'clock. Rodino slips out; Doar has already left. Paul Sarbanes, following up on Rodino's request, deals in particulars in his speech—in this instance, the President's use of information about the grand-jury proceedings which he received from Henry Petersen. Sarbanes also holds up a copy of the Constitution, in a green cover, and works into his speech some talk about that document, and about the requirements of a free society. Addressing himself to one of the key issues, now and for the future, Sarbanes refers to the Madison superintendency theory—that, as Madison put it, a President is subject to impeachment if he "suffers them [subordinates] to perpetrate with impunity high crimes or misdemeanors against the United States, or neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses." Says Sarbanes, "You must ask yourself whether a Chief Executive of this land who surrounds himself at the highest levels with men who flagrantly abuse our Constitutional processes should be called to account for their actions. What concept of government is it if the person at the head is to walk away claiming that he knows nothing, sees nothing, hears nothing, while those closest to him, those that have been referred to as the alter egos, proceed about their destructive business?"

William Cohen speaks earnestly and rather quickly. Cohen, thirty-three, a freshman congressman, understood early what the issues were, and though he kept an open mind until he was sure that the evidence was sufficient, he did not play games; it was widely understood that he was the Republican most likely to vote for impeachment. Cohen has evidently enjoyed his share of the limelight, which has been considerable, and he and his attractive wife, Diane, have been quickly gathered into Washington's social life. But Cohen also risked—and for a time was subjected to—near-isolation within the Republican Party. In May, when the President submitted the transcripts, Cohen's vote—the only one by a Republican—kept the committee from failing to send a letter to the President finding him not in compliance with its subpoena. Cohen did not shrink from dramatizing his position to reporters, but he also stayed up night after night reading the books of evidence and preparing for close questioning of the witnesses—questioning that impressed and influenced some of his colleagues. And so one must ask: With whom were our liberties safer—with William Cohen, thirty-three, or with those politicians who preferred not to face the problem and kept looking for exits? Today, Cohen cuts right through the argument, raised by some of the opponents of impeachment, that all that the committee has is "circumstantial evidence." The man from Maine offers an example that reflects his origins: "If you went to sleep at night and the ground was bare outside, and you woke up with fresh snow on the ground, then certainly you would conclude as a reasonable person that snow had fallen [even] if you had not seen it." Cohen is tense and tired. He has been revising and revising his speech, in the intervals between these meetings and the informal meetings to work out the articles. But still he, too, manages to get to fundamental issues, and to define. "It also has been said to me," Cohen says, "that even if Mr. Nixon did commit these offenses, every other President—we have heard this argument today—every other President has engaged in some of the same conduct, at least to some degree. The answer is that democracy . . . may be eroded away by degree. Its survival will be determined by the degree to which we will tolerate those silent and subtle subversions that absorb it slowly into the rule of a few in the name of what is right. Our laws and our Constitution are—and they must be—more than a sanctimonious recital of what we should prefer but will not insist upon. . . . It has been said that impeachment proceedings will tear this country apart. To say that it will tear the country apart to abide by the Constitution is a proposition that I cannot accept."

Short, rotund Harold Froehlich, Republican of Wisconsin, with dark-blond hair and black-rimmed glasses, first makes jabs at the "million-dollar" impeachment-inquiry staff, and, as Wiley Mayne did, at Lyndon Johnson's accumulation of wealth while he was in public office, and then gets to "the evidence that troubles me." Recalling the testimony of Alexander Butterfield, a former White House aide, that Nixon was, as Froehlich puts it, "a man concerned with the salad at the banquet table," he wonders how Nixon could have known so little about more important matters. The testimony of Butterfield (it had been Doar's idea to call him) about the President's attention to detail and his close relationship to Haldeman has been referred to by others in their statements. It has clearly made a strong impression on the members.

•

THE committee members have a sense of the moment. They have worked hard, and they are serious. Watching this makes one think about Rodino. He has set the tone—one of decorum and dignity. It takes inner reserves of strength to approach this thing as he has approached it: to be patient, to know when to wait, to maintain balance. Rodino has drawn on things that are within a man—qualities that cannot be cultivated or imparted. And Rodino's effect on the committee is noticeable: the members praise him and, for the most part, follow his lead in trying to maintain dignity in these proceedings. The members trust him, and something happens in a group when its members trust the man in the chair, when they do not think he will double-cross them. In this most dramatic of situations, Rodino himself has avoided showboating (as Sam Ervin did not, and even Archibald Cox did not). In this potentially most partisan of situations, Rodino has been fair.

This proceeding is also demonstrating that there are several members of the Congress who are not the hacks, the cartoon figures, that they are often taken to be. The misunderstanding—the belief that the Congress is a collective cartoon—comes not just because its members receive stereotypical treatment in the press but also because there is little opportunity for most of the talented members to show, or use, their capacities. History and process lift people, and they have lifted this group—and given the public a chance to see it. Paul Sarbanes would not have looked at all bad at the Constitutional Convention; he might have been one of the

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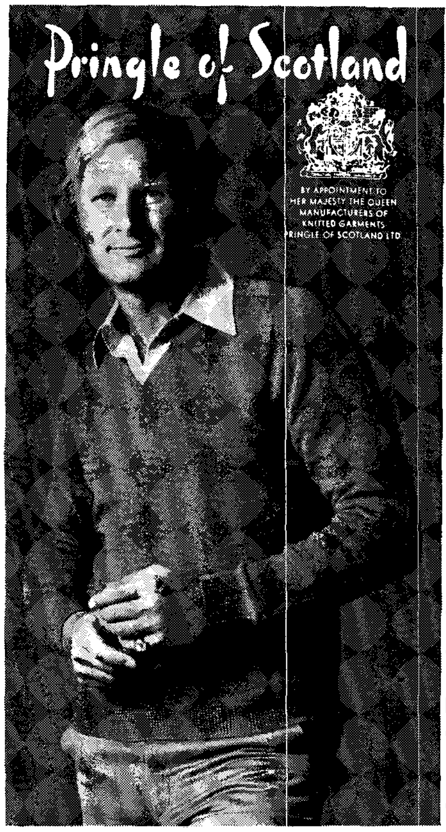
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great ones. But there are institutional and atmospheric and generational attributes of the Congress that make it almost impossible for the gifted members of the House, in particular, to find their role, to be what they can be, to have an impact. When a member does break through, that is the exception.

•

DURING the dinner recess tonight, most of the members of the "swing group" met, and Hogan and Froehlich joined them. The committee's meeting tonight is postponed until eight-fifteen, because at seven-thirty President Nixon is giving a speech on the economy, which is being carried on the television networks. Charles Rangel, the black Democrat from Harlem, in his speech this evening, asks, "Why is my President talking about paying one hundred twenty thousand dollars to any common burglar?" The star tonight, as was expected, is Barbara Jordan. Her brains, eloquence, and tough-mindedness have made her a sort of pet of the committee and the press, and tonight she does not disappoint them. Picking up Flowers on his citation of the preamble to the Constitution, "We, the people," Miss Jordan, the large black woman from Texas, says, "When that document was completed, on the seventeenth of September in 1787, I was not included in that 'We, the people.' I felt somehow for many years that George Washington and Alexander Hamilton just left me out by mistake. But through the process of amendment, interpretation, and court decision I *have finally been included in* 'We, the people.' " And then she says, "Today I am an inquisitor, and I believe it would not be fictional and would not overstate the solemnness that I feel right now to say"—and, in her strong, clear voice, speaking slowly and clipping the words for emphasis, she goes on— "my faith in the Constitution is whole, it is complete, it is total, and I am not going to sit here and be an idle spectator to the diminution, the subversion, the destruction of the Constitution." As she says this, one senses that she believes it in her bones. And then Barbara Jordan, whom the framers of the Constitution left out, speaks some words that future students of the meaning of the Constitution may well be quoting. Impeachment, she says, "is designed to bridle the executive if he engages in excesses. It is designed as a method of national inquest into the conduct of public men." She says, "The framers confined in the Congress the power if need be to remove the President in order to strike a delicate balance between a President swollen with power and grown tyrannical, and preservation of the independence of the executive." She reads the statements of the framers as to the meaning of impeachment, and juxtaposes against these the actions of Nixon. "If the impeachment provision in the Constitution of the United States will not reach the offenses charged here," she says, "then perhaps that eighteenth-century Constitution should be abandoned to a twentieth-century paper shredder."

Rodino, who has been presiding with great calm, shows emotion as he makes some closing remarks. He pays tribute to John Doar: "A great American who has contributed a great deal." And Albert Jenner: "A man who has stated before this body that he loves the Constitution above any party." His colleagues: "You have left no stain upon your effort." Echoing his statement of February 6th on the House floor, when he sought official House sanction for this inquiry—a statement of which he is proud—he talks again about the necessity of proceeding "with care, and with fairness, and with decency, and with honor, so that all Americans and those who come after us will be able to say there was only one way and that was the way we did it." The room is utterly still. To his colleagues he says, "I am proud to be a part of you, to be among you, to be of you." Almost all of them are looking at him: he has come through; they have come through; he has given them dignity. And then Rodino says, "I revere the Presidency. . . . I have searched within my heart. . . . *I find that the President* of the United States, in accordance with the tests that I feel we must confront, I find that the President must be found wanting. And so tomorrow I shall urge, along with others, the adoption of articles of impeachment."

JULY 26

THE redrafting of the articles is still going on this morning. John Doar was up most of the night working on a final draft of Article I, and now he and Rodino are meeting with Edwards, Mann, and Sarbanes. Some of the press is being told that they are working just on "words," but the words they choose could be crucial to history. There are still uncertainties within the certainty.

A Gallup poll published in this morning's paper puts the President's popularity at twenty-four per cent.

Railsback and a few members of the press here have suffered from a stomach disorder in the past twenty-four

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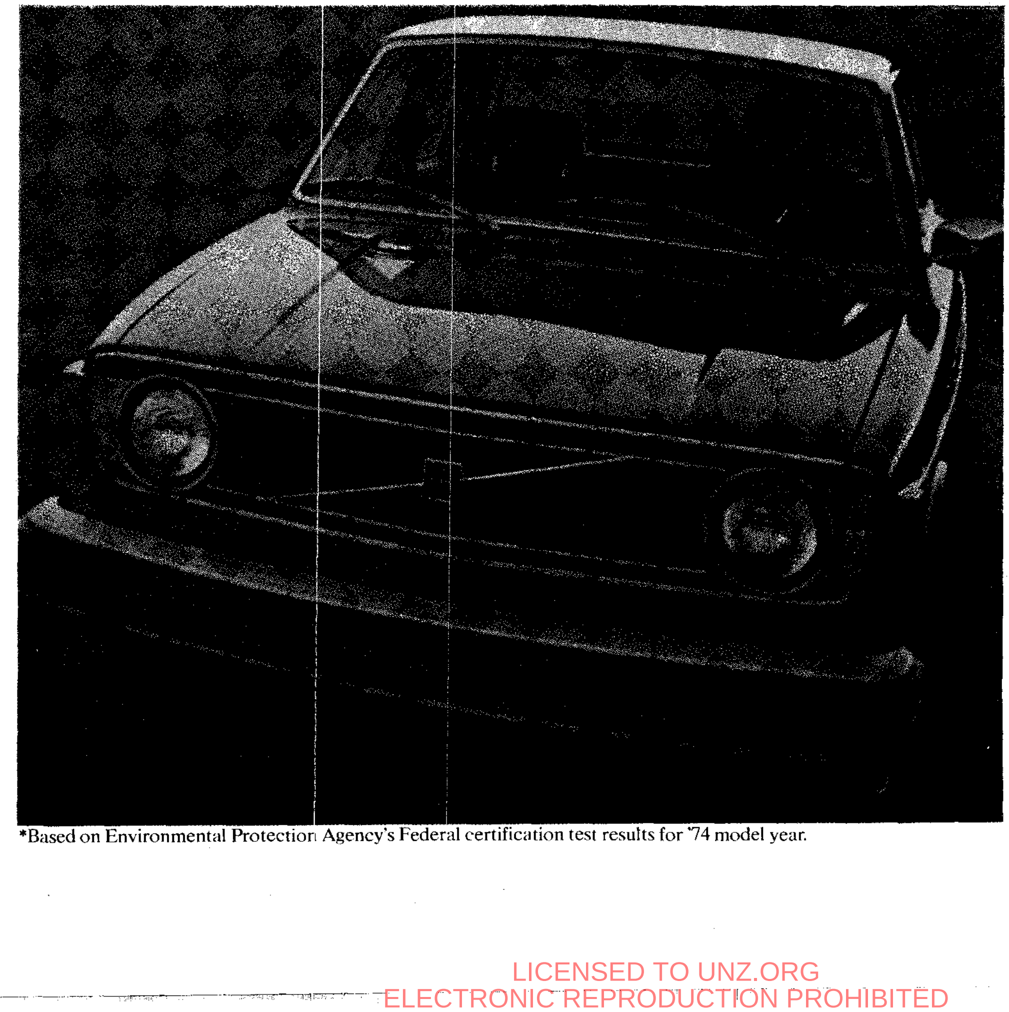

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hours; perhaps a virus has made its way among those in this room. These exhausted people, threading their way through important Constitutional deliberations, get sick, too.

As the committee finally convenes, shortly before twelve, McClory moves that the deliberations be delayed to see if the President will supply the committee with the tapes that the Supreme Court has ordered him to turn over to the Special Prosecutor. But even Sandman is opposed. "You have the votes," he tells the majority. "Move the resolution, and let's go home." He seems to be speaking for most of them. John Seiberling, who sometimes talks too much, and often bores the members, reaches them today when he says that "some concession must be made to the shortness of human life." As this is going on, Sarbanes is crouched behind the counsel's table, next to Doar, who is showing him a marked-up copy of Article I—numerous circles and arrows are drawn in ink on the typed sheet. McClory's motion is defeated, twenty-seven to eleven. Mann, who made a point yesterday of wanting more information, votes with McClory, covering this base.

And after all this time, and even with the doubt now removed about the outcome, one is still not prepared for how it sounds as Garner Cline, associate general counsel of the committee who is serving as clerk during this debate, from his place at the counsel table, reads, in his clear, flat voice, the proposed articles of impeachment of the President. There have been many chilling moments in this past year, and here is another one as the clerk reads:

> RESOLVED, that Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States, is impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors and that the following articles of impeachment be exhibited to the Senate:
>
> Articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives of the United States of America. In the name of itself and of all of the people of the United States of America, against Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States of America, in maintenance and support of its impeachment against him for high crimes and misdemeanors.

Then the clerk reads a substitute article offered by Sarbanes:

> In his conduct of the office of President of the United States, Richard M. Nixon, in violation of his Constitutional oath faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States and, to the best of his ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and in violation of his Constitutional duty to take care that the laws be faithfully executed has prevented, obstructed, and impeded the administration of justice, in that . . .

And the listing begins where this all ostensibly began:

> On June 17, 1972, and prior thereto, agents of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President committed illegal entry of the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in Washington, District of Columbia, for the purpose of securing political intelligence.

The article continues:

> Subsequent thereto, Richard M. Nixon, using the powers of his high office, made it his policy, and in furtherance of such policy did act directly and personally and through his close subordinates and agents, to delay, impede, and obstruct the investigation of such illegal entry; to cover up, conceal, and protect those responsible; and to conceal the existence and scope of other unlawful covert activities.

And then it lists "the means used to implement this policy," and the clerk reads the charges against the President:

> Making false or misleading statements to lawfully authorized investigative officers and employees of the United States; withholding relevant and material evidence or information . . . ; approving, condoning, acquiescing in, and counselling witnesses with respect to the giving of false or misleading statements to lawfully authorized investigative officers . . . and in . . . duly instituted judicial and congressional proceedings; interfering or endeavoring to interfere with the conduct of investigations . . . ; approving, condoning, and acquiescing in the surreptitious payment of substantial sums of money for the purpose of obtaining the silence or influencing the testimony of witnesses . . . ; endeavoring to misuse the Central Intelligence Agency . . . ; disseminating information received from officers of the Department of Justice of the United States to subjects of investigations . . . ; making false or misleading public statements for the purpose of deceiving the people of the United States into believing that a thorough and complete investigation had been conducted . . . ; endeavoring to cause prospective defendants, and individuals duly tried and convicted, to expect favored treatment and consideration in return for their silence or false testimony, or rewarding individuals for their silence or false testimony.

The clerk then reads—and one sits stock still, hardly breathing, never having heard anything like this before:

> Richard M. Nixon has acted in a manner contrary to his trust as President and subversive of Constitutional government, to the great prejudice of the cause of law and justice and to the manifest injury of the people of the United States.

And he concludes:

> Wherefore, Richard M. Nixon, by such conduct, warrants impeachment and trial, and removal from office.

Sarbanes explains, in accordance with his briefing by Doar moments

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ago, the differences between this version and the one submitted Wednesday evening. Some of the changes are indeed just "words," such as corrections of titles. Some of them are for the purposes of precision. And some are substantive: the coverup is now called the President's "policy," rather than his "continuing policy;" it has been added that he sought to "protect" those responsible.

Railsback, following a procedure customarily used on the House floor to establish "legislative history," asks Sarbanes a series of questions designed to show that the allegations in the article are intended to be limited to "matters that include the President himself either in respect to knowledge that he had or participation that he entered into, rather than to in any way try to impute criminal responsibility to him for acts of misconduct on the part of his subordinates that he had no knowledge of." Sarbanes responds that the acts of the President's subordinates would have to be in furtherance of the President's policy, and, under further questioning by Railsback, assures him that the language of the article "would not reach to the limits of the Madison superintendency theory." So that is how, for the moment, they are getting around the problem of holding a President accountable for the acts of his subordinates: for the purpose of dealing with the coverup, they are saying that the problem does not exist.

But then Wiggins, dressed today in a dark-brown suit and a white shirt, closes in, asking Sarbanes, as "the author of the proposed article" (Wiggins knows better, presumably), just when the "policy," which is the heart of the article, was declared. Sarbanes has a problem—or appears to have one. He talks about the fact that the "evidence" shows that this was the policy. Wiggins is being literal, and trying to trap the drafters in their own escape hatch—the assertion that the acts were carried out pursuant to a Presidential policy. There is a great deal of evidence—like William Cohen's snow—that there was such a policy, but Wiggins is asserting that if there is no declaration of the policy by the President at a specific time and place it did not exist. And then Sandman, moving in like a heavy tank, hits Sarbanes with a second line of questioning. "Is it your understanding of the law," he asks, "that the articles of impeachment must be specific, in order to meet the due-process clause of the Constitution? Do you not believe that under the due-process clause of the Constitution every individual, including the President, is entitled to due notice of what he is charged with? Do you or do you not believe, and you can say 'yes' or 'no,' that the President is entitled to know in the articles of impeachment specifically, specifically on what day he did that thing [for] which you say he should be removed from office?" Sarbanes has been trying to respond by referring to the fact that extensive material has been gathered by the committee, and that the President's counsel was present at the proceedings. But he is blinking now, and seems taken aback. Rodino has left the chair and is over on the left, talking with Flowers. And then, at one-twenty-seven, Rodino, Flowers, Doar, and Richard Cates, the staff expert on the coverup, leave the room. Danielson, trying to help Sarbanes out, says that a bill of impeachment is not the same as an indictment but that the proposed article does meet the test of an indictment, and sets forth the charges "with great particularity." At one-twenty-eight, Donohue, now presiding, announces a recess until three o'clock. I ask a committee aide what Rodino and the others are doing with Flowers. "Explaining," he replies.

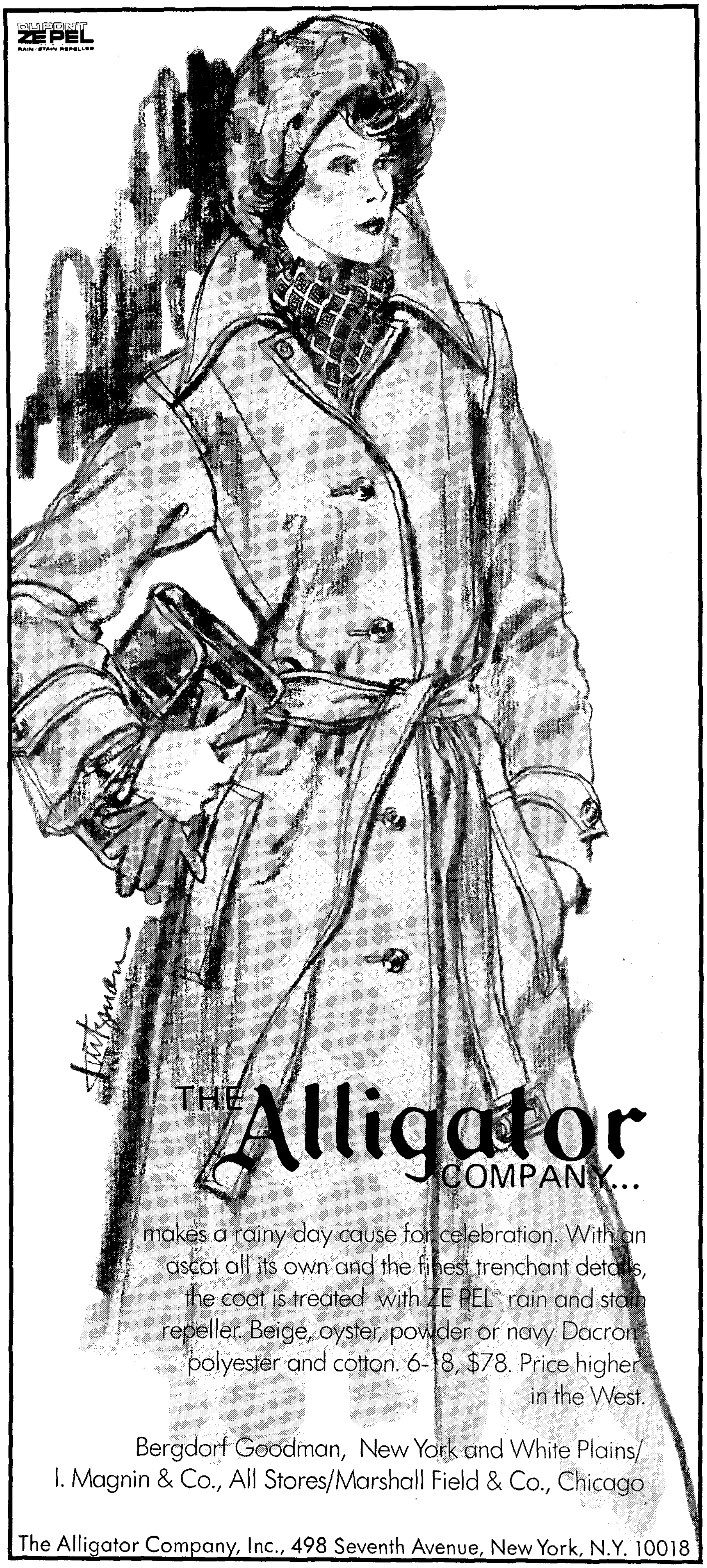
•

AT lunch, Railsback says he thinks that Sandman and Wiggins have done their damage. "I think they muddied up the streams real good this morning," he says. "People want to see the President treated fairly. It made a bad impression on television. Our staff should have been prepared with specific backup stuff. Now the staff is going back to draw up itemized information." So they really were not prepared for this debate, had not thought through how to handle it, had not anticipated tactics. A substantial oversight, and, for the moment, a costly one. But the staff has been overworked for some time now, and the attention of late has been on the redrafting of the articles. Moreover, a recitation of facts can devolve into arguments over the validity and significance of each fact, and narrow the focus once more. The issues are fed by the facts but are also above and beyond them. The majority has made the mental shift from the specific facts to the larger picture of misconduct; they and Wiggins/Sandman are talking different languages.

Still, Railsback is not really very worried. "I think it's almost all over but the shouting," he says. "We'll work out the specifics." He agrees that the majority would just as soon avoid argument now over each of the facts. But this seems to be another case in which the majority will have to accede to the minority—let the minority set the agenda. Every precaution must be taken to assure that the proceeding is fair.

Railsback wanted to get away from the Capitol for a bit, so we are eating at a seafood restaurant a few minutes away by taxi, overlooking the Anacostia River. Railsback is still not feeling well. The view of the river, the quiet of the restaurant make the Capitol seem remote. Railsback describes how the seven members of the "swing group" got together. Two weeks ago, Railsback talked things over with Flowers. Flowers and Railsback are social friends; Sandman used to keep a boat in Washington, and they used to go out on Sandman's boat. Two weeks ago, Railsback and Flowers had dinner together. "I said, 'Walter, where do you think there are problems?' " Railsback tells me. "He said he thought there were problems in the abuse of power and in the coverup. I think the staff had a theory, based on the testimony of Butterfield and other things, that because Haldeman and Ehrlichman were so close to the President their knowledge was his knowledge, and this was one of the theories of the case. But if you're going to impeach the guy it should be for what he did. There are some very simple things that occurred: asking Dean to write the report, when Dean had been involved; then asking Ehrlichman to write the report, when he'd been implicated himself. Then you get into the Henry Petersen period, in April, because Dean and [Jeb Stuart] Magruder and [Fred] LaRue started to blow the whistle in April. These are irrefutable facts."

Railsback's concerns with what the Administration did seem broader now, and stronger, than they did when we talked on Monday. Perhaps this is a result of his having crossed some mental line; the same thing seems to have happened to Hogan. Once the mind unlocks and becomes receptive to an idea, it is more likely to entertain and accept ramifications, elaborations, of the idea. So now Railsback is seeing the broader canvas. He is concerned about the electronic surveillance. He expresses more concern than he did on Monday about the Fielding break-in, and now thinks he will speak to that issue when the articles of impeachment are debated on the House floor. He is even considering the possibility of being a manager in the Senate trial. "But," he says, referring to Nixon, "the guy's been good to me." As Railsback finishes a chocolate marshmallow sundae, he remarks on the fact that Gerald Warren, the



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President's deputy press secretary, has announced from San Clemente that the President is not watching the committee's proceedings. "The President doesn't want to watch us," he says, and he adds, "That's one of the problems. We were never able to communicate enough."

•

THE afternoon and evening sessions take on the character of a somewhat haphazard opera, with various members finding their roles, with three choruses—each with its own theme—and with several principals returning time and again to resume their particular recitatives. Sandman, with his raspy voice, is assuming a starring role, the role of the heavy, and he seems to enjoy it. The proceedings are at once a serious debate and a disorganized opera. The committee members know each other well by now, and know how this is going to turn out, so they are making their points for the television audience, including their own constituencies, and also for the record. They know Sandman and rather like him, and see that he is enjoying his newfound role, putting on something of an act. "Isn't it amazing?" becomes Sandman's theme, and he makes "amazing" into a very long word. "Isn't it amazing," he asks no one in particular, "that they [the proponents of impeachment] are willing to do anything such as resistance to making the thing specific? Isn't it amazing that they have so much but they are willing to say so little? Isn't it amazing? They are willing to do anything except make these articles specific."

The chorus composed of the opponents of impeachment keeps playing on this theme—that the articles are not specific. "Specificity" becomes a pronunciational hurdle that members trip over or, with some satisfaction, clear. Delbert Latta (a senior Republican from Ohio, whom Republican leaders chose to fill a committee vacancy for the course of the inquiry) says, "A common jaywalker charged with jaywalking anyplace in the United States is entitled to know when and where the alleged offense is supposed to have occurred. Is the President of the United States entitled to less?"

Democrats who support impeachment form the second chorus. They pick up, one after another, the account of the coverup, and it takes on the attributes of a bedtime story. "Well," says Don Edwards as he tells his part of the tale, "here is the key to it. Immediately—the next day, actually—the White House knew that Hunt was involved." Edwards makes little gestures, acting out the story, when he tells of Hunt's obtaining the red wig and the voice changer from the C.I.A. Jerome Waldie becomes the chief storyteller. Waldie—who does not disguise the fact that he dislikes Richard Nixon intensely, who introduced a resolution of impeachment after the weekend last fall when Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox was fired, who has lost a primary race for governor of California and is concluding his political career with this impeachment, and who has a very acute mind—tells the Richard Nixon story, referring to a black-bound notebook as he does so. His voice is heavy with sarcasm as he relates now familiar events. A mistake, it seems: we have passed the point where this story was viewed as comic—a giant Brueghel filled with grotesques. Yet there is much to the story that is patently ridiculous, and one of the problems all along has been whether to be enraged, to feel insulted, or to laugh. In the course of his recitative, Waldie refers, for example, to the practice of "picking up money with gloves on because you don't want fingerprints when you are going to deliver it for a compassionate purpose." But the dignity in which this proceeding has been wrapped begins to slip away.

Hungate also uses humor; it is his language. Hungate, the white-haired representative from Missouri, likes to associate himself with some of his state's illustrious contributions to America—Harry Truman and Mark Twain. In fact, he represents Hannibal, Missouri, where Mark Twain grew up. "There is lots of evidence," Hungate says tonight. "We sit through these hearings day after day. I tell you, if a guy brought an elephant through that door and one of us said, 'That is an elephant,' some of the doubters would say, 'You know, that is an inference. That could be a mouse with a glandular condition.' "

The third chorus is that of the members of the "swing group," who are anxious to establish that this is a fair proceeding. James Mann, referring to the thirty-six books of evidence that the committee has released, says he is "astonished" that "there are those here who would assert that we should list in this article all of the evidence that applies to this charge," and explains, "It is very clear, of course, that if we were to attempt to do that we would have a document equalling several of these books." The other members listen to Mann when he speaks, watch him carefully, know that he is very important. He talks of the "loose statements" that "the President is going to go to trial without knowing what the charge is," and says, "The President, if he goes to trial, is going to trial not only knowing what the charge is but knowing every iota, every word, every 'i' and every 't,' every bit of evidence that has been made available to this committee. . . . I do not find that this proceeding, which admittedly has sparse precedent, is in any way violating anyone's Constitutional rights. . . . I conclude [that] this is not a substantive objection; it is a procedural matter—is a matter that I must suggest that I somewhat predicted as I realized that the arguments made here in front of these cameras would not be made for the benefit of me as a member of this committee. I do not think Mr. Sandman would be so strident, or even so partisan, if these proceedings were *not* being conducted to influence the opinions of the American people." (Mann can make this unusual personal reference to another member because he is Mann—respected—and also because he and Sandman are friends.) Slowly and quietly, Mann says, "Let us be reasonable."

Butler puts his finger on it. Speaking of the amount of information available to the committee members, he says, "We really have so much that we do not have any." They are drowning in evidence, thrashing about in it; they have so much evidence that they don't know what to do with it. There is a tactical point here, too: members of the majority do not want to limit the evidence now—to narrow the case. Further evidence may turn up. And, more important, this case is not about specific incidents but, as Sarbanes says, about a course of conduct; as Hogan said, a mosaic. Prior impeachments are no guide, because there has never been a case like this. Most of the charges against Andrew Johnson centered on one act—the firing of the Secretary of War. The problem with this case is that Nixon did so much. There are so many facts that Charles Wiggins has somehow managed to turn the situation inside out and say that there aren't any facts. "Wouldn't it be a damning indictment, Mr. Chairman," asks Wiggins, "if after all this time and all this money we were unable to state with specificity what this case is all about? I *think* it would."

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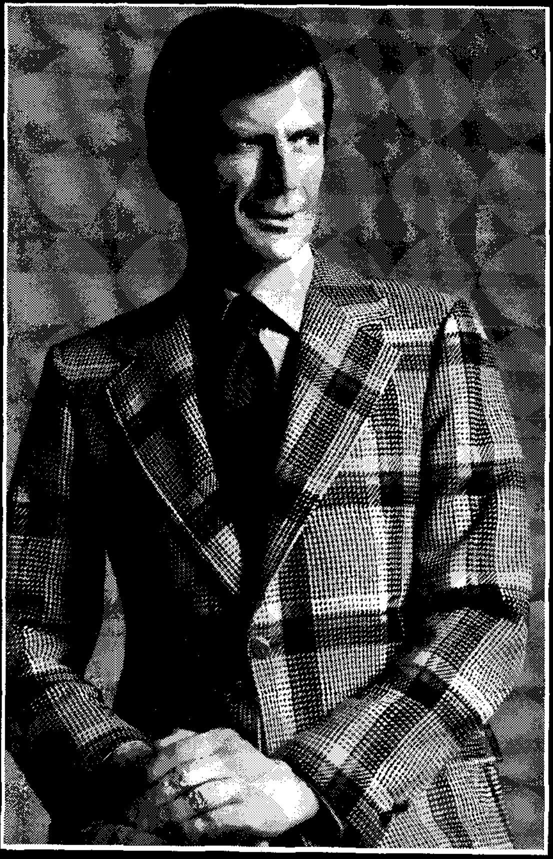
THIS monumental proceeding in this small room is taking on more and more aspects of a debate on the House floor, or of a political convention. Around the two-tiered dais, there are little caucuses. Several of the junior



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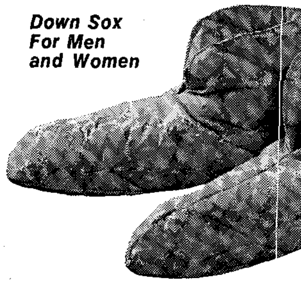

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members consult with Rodino, presumably to receive his instructions or seek his advice. After Harold Froehlich poses some questions to counsel, which suggest that Froehlich—who, although he has remained mysterious, is now thought very likely to vote for impeachment—is troubled and may be backsliding, Railsback leans forward from his back-row seat to talk to Froehlich, in the front row. (Froehlich, a freshman, faces reëlection difficulties.) As the committee breaks for dinner, Railsback arranges for the "swing group"—with Froehlich and Hogan added—to go to the Capitol Hill Club, a Republican gathering place, for dinner.

•

AFTER the dinner recess, Rodino calls first on Barbara Jordan. Earlier in the day, Rodino more than once beckoned Miss Jordan over to talk with him. Miss Jordan has a particular ability to reduce a problem to its essence, and seems unafraid to take on the most skillful debaters. Now she says, "It apparently is very difficult for the committee to translate its views of the Constitution into the realities of the impeachment provisions. It is understandable that this committee would have procedural difficulties, because this is an unfamiliar and strange procedure." As she continues, her voice resounds and she speaks with great certainty. "But some of the arguments which were offered earlier today by some members of this committee in my judgment are phantom arguments, bottomless arguments." Those words—"phantom," "bottomless"—ring out.

Later on, Sandman moves to strike the first item in Article I ("making false or misleading statements to lawfully authorized investigative officers and employees of the United States"), and, finally, after eleven-thirty, the committee votes on his motion. It is a sort of rehearsal for the vote on the article, yet there may be changes in the votes of some members. Smith votes not to strike the item, and Froehlich votes to do so. Sandman's motion is rejected, twenty-seven to eleven.

JULY 27

THE morning papers say that the White House will begin to turn the subpoenaed tapes over to the District Court on Tuesday. In court yesterday, St. Clair said that the turning over of the tapes might take time, partly because the President wants to listen to those he has not heard. "The President feels quite strongly that he should know what he is turning over," said St. Clair. Judge John Sirica told Jaworski and St. Clair that he wanted the cover-up trial to begin on September 9th, as scheduled. Jaworski revealed in court yesterday that in early May he and St. Clair had considered an out-of-court agreement under which the President would surrender tapes of the eighteen conversations that Jaworski considered most crucial, plus the tapes of certain conversations included in the White House transcripts, and Jaworski would drop his pursuit of the remaining tapes. But the President, according to Jaworski, rejected the compromise after listening to some of the tapes.

•

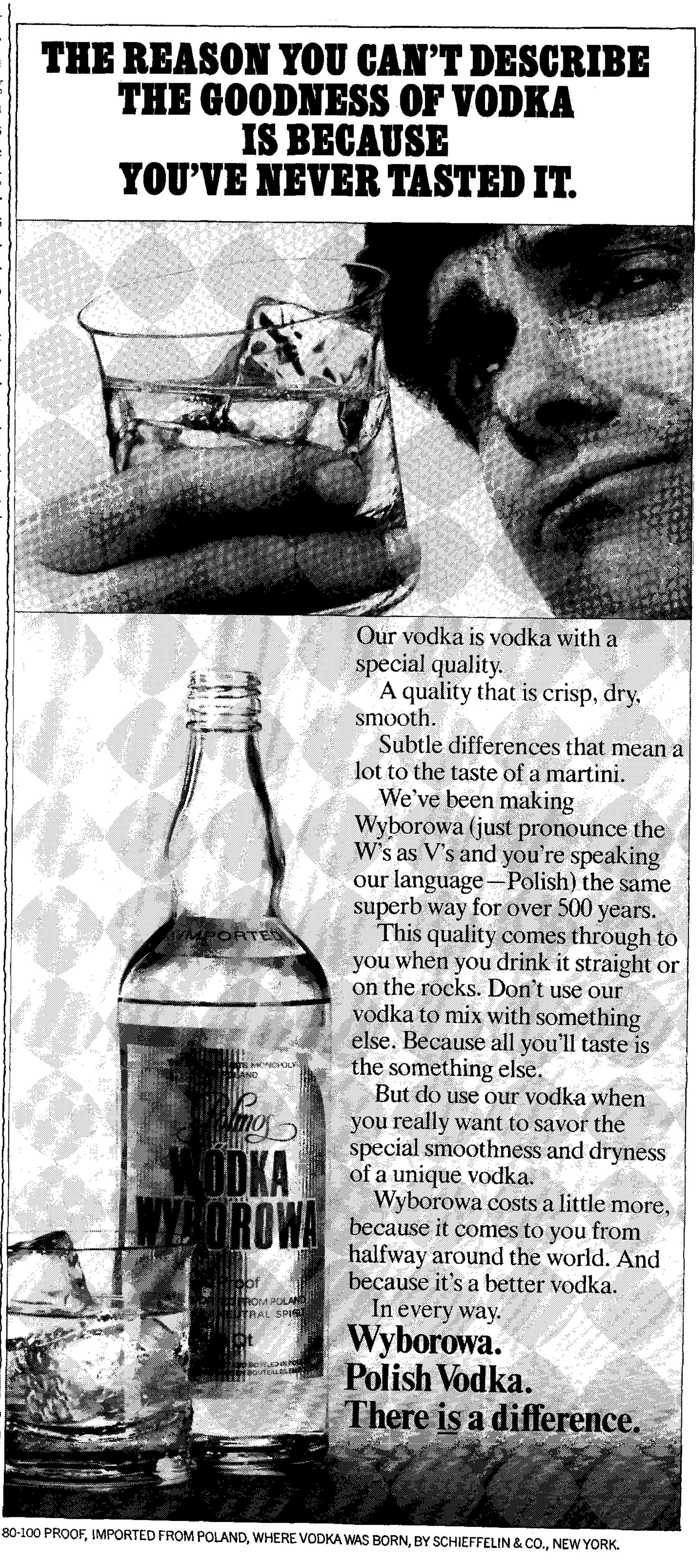
THE Judiciary Committee staff again stayed up most of the night, this time preparing the documentation for each item in Article I. Harold Froehlich must be assuaged, in the hope of winning his vote to impeach. Moreover, Flowers has become rather attracted to the idea of offering a motion to strike each section of Article I, and so giving the proponents of impeachment an opportunity to spell out, for the television audience, the documenting evidence. Some members of the "swing group"—Railsback, Mann, Butler, Flowers, and Cohen—met this morning in Railsback's office to discuss Article II, which is in fact the more important article. Hogan, the former F.B.I. agent, does not want it to contain language suggesting that the F.B.I. acted improperly. McClory, for his part, in a move that surprised many, has proposed a broad article that would impeach the President for failing to "take care" that the laws were faithfully executed; some of the "swing" members think that McClory's proposed article is too broad. But the group is considering ways to draft Article II so as to win McClory's vote.

The more one thinks about it, the more sensible the consensus process followed by the Judiciary Committee appears. There are all kinds of charges that got left behind along the way—charges having to do with money, with interference in the affairs of the other party, with the dismantling of the Office of Economic Opportunity (never taken seriously as a subject for impeachment), with the Vietnam war, with milk. The committee moved toward issues that subsume other issues, issues behind which there is the greatest consensus, issues that rise far above the claim that there were precedents for these things. Similarly, though it was not essential to let the President's counsel participate and suggest witnesses to be called—and even Rodino sometimes regretted the committee's leniency—those concessions are now proving helpful. The committee is ending up with a solid bipartisan group—including conservative Southern Democrats—in favor of impeachment, and this fact has already had a powerful impact on the House, and will have a similarly strong impact on the Senate and on the country at large. It will be realized that this widely disparate group studied the evidence at length—and now its seemingly deliberate pace is seen as helpful, too—and took a stand for impeachment.

Today, shortly after the committee reconvenes, Railsback offers an amendment to Article I to change that controversial word "policy"—the "policy" of coverup that the proposed Article I says the President adopted and carried out "directly and personally and through his close subordinates and agents"—to "course of conduct or plan," and it is quickly agreed upon by voice vote. The Democrats heap praise on Railsback for his draftsmanship: "a very constructive suggestion" (Sarbanes); "superior" (Thornton); "more definitive language" (Mann). Flowers moves to strike section two of the article, which charges the President with "withholding relevant and material evidence or information," and Cohen recites instances in which he did so, Cohen beginning each example with the word "specifically." Unhappily hoist on his own stratagem, Sandman complains, "Please, let us not bore the American public with a rehashing of what we have heard."

◆

As the committee is about to resume its afternoon session following a break, Caldwell Butler, smiling and fingering some papers, tells reporters, "I've got my script." One reason for the break was to get more material ready. Another was to get the choreography straight for the rest of the day. More people spoke than were supposed to on Flowers' motions this morning—they became rather enthusiastic about laying the case before the public, about appearing on television—so the discussion took longer than had been planned. During the afternoon recess, Flowers has checked with other Southern members of the House, and they have said that they like the idea of getting "the facts" before the public, so the process will continue. The staff, accordingly, is continuing to work up specifications for Article I, while Article II is still being drafted by Doar, Mann, and Rodino. At the moment, Flowers' great importance to the committee is that—like Railsback,



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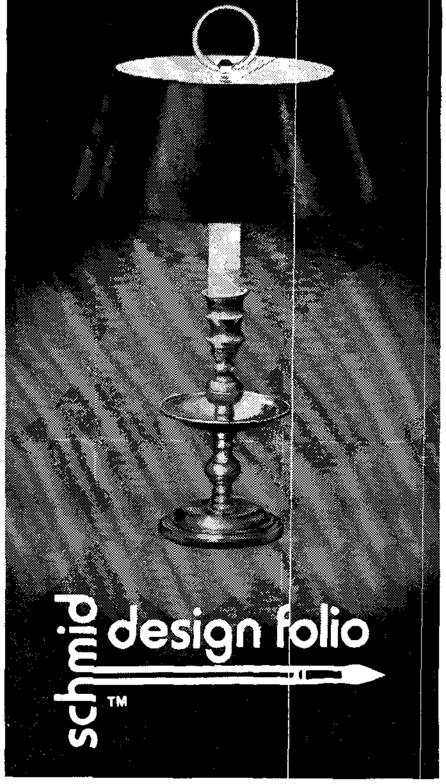

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on the other side of the aisle—he has been keeping in touch with colleagues in the House who might follow his lead. Mann's major importance now seems to lie within the committee, as a negotiator and framer of the articles. But both Mann and Flowers will be very important on the House floor, as what they have said in the past two days has been. The committee wants to finish its work on Article I by tonight. For some of the people in this room, the big question is whether this will be over by dinnertime or in time for press deadlines.

There are few people waiting outside the Capitol on this Saturday afternoon. It has the deserted look of the Capitol on almost any Saturday. The lush green summer lawns and trees stand out against the backdrop of the white marble buildings. Saturday. Archibald Cox was fired on a Saturday evening. Inside the committee room, there is a growing sense of what is going to happen this evening. Flowers moves to strike subsection three ("approving, condoning, acquiescing in, and counselling witnesses with respect to the giving of false or misleading statements"), and Butler reads his script. Butler, too, makes frequent use of the word "specifically," and, like the others, he reads from the transcripts. Those transcripts keep coming back to haunt the President. Something of a contest has developed in the reading of the transcripts here, and Butler's performance ranks high; when, in a deep voice, he reads conversations in which the President of the United States is saying "Yeah" and his counsel John Dean is saying "Uh huh," he wins the bipartisan admiration of the galleries. Sandman keeps up his role to some degree ("What a difference twenty-four hours makes. . . . Now today every other word they breathe is 'specify.' Isn't that unusual? So unusual. Everything is so specific. But they have not changed one word in the articles"), but his heart doesn't seem to be in it. One senses that many members want to recoup from the disarray of last night—that they may have got bad reviews from colleagues or constituents. In the room, Sandman looks smaller, and comes across as less heated, than he does on television. It is all proceeding perfunctorily now, moving toward the inevitable conclusion. The committee members are almost casually approaching a historic moment—a moment of extraordinary drama. Article I, though not as important as Article II, is important in terms of what it says about the accountability of the President to the processes of law. Moreover, it was the one on which it was easier for the members to cross the line, and so it comes first. At six-fifteen, the committee members are handed large manila envelopes. In them is the written backup material for the charges in Article I. Then the vote nears on Flowers' last motion to strike, and the room gets quieter. There is a growing sense of what is coming. Hungate gives a sort of peroration, apologizing to those who may have found his occasional attempts at humor offensive. "I felt it better to have a sense of humor than no sense at all," he says. Then he refers to the national cemetery at Omaha Beach, where Americans who died in the Second World War are buried, and he quotes from the inscription on the stone there: "They endured all and suffered all, that mankind might know freedom and inherit justice." He says, "I hope our deliberations here will promote that cause," and one senses that he means it.

Just before the vote on the question of impeachment, Flowers, reading from notes, takes one last opportunity to explain what he is about to do. He says, "There are many people in my district who will disagree with my vote here. Some will say that it hurts them deeply for me to vote for impeachment. I can assure them that I probably have enough pain for them and me." And then, looking beyond what is happening in this room, at once raising a basic issue and touching a base, Flowers says to his colleagues, "I suggest to my friends here that they do not have to wait one hundred and seven years to vote on the next impeachment to prove responsibility. . . . We will and should be judged by our willingness to share in the many hard choices that must be made for our nation, such as allocation of scarce resources, such as management of the forces of inflation and recession, such as balancing priorities and controlling the spending of the taxpayers' money. In the weeks and months ahead, I want my friends to know that I will be around"—and some of his colleagues nod assent, as if affirming that Flowers will survive politically what he is about to do—"to remind them when some of these hard choices are up."

At seven o'clock, the roll is called on whether or not the House Judiciary Committee will recommend to the House that the President be impeached. Technically, the vote is on whether the Sarbanes substitute article should be adopted, but it is in effect the definitive vote. And, no matter how seemingly inevitable this vote has been for some

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time now, no matter how well we know the outcome, there has been no way of preparing ourselves for this moment. More than any of the several other moments when the emotional reverberations outran the intellectual anticipation, this one has stolen up on us, taken over, leaves us sitting here feeling stunned, drained, almost disbelieving as the clerk calls the roll and the members cast their votes. The room is utterly still except for the call of the roll and the sound of cameras clicking. The moment has taken over the members; they know what they are doing, and they are physically, mentally, and emotionally spent. They have been through a long period of strain. No other group in the Congress has ever had to go through anything like this. One can barely hear the members as they respond to the clerk. First the Democrats. Even those for whom this is not a difficult vote are sombre as they respond "Aye"—perhaps in part because they know that they should be. Mann, for whom this has not been easy, stares into space as he says "Aye." His voice is all but inaudible. Again there appear to be tears in his eyes. Father Drinan, his long, thin face looking stern and sober, ever more like an El Greco painting, quietly says "Aye." Barbara Jordan, usually of full voice, also responds quietly. Ray Thornton looks at the ceiling, closes his eyes, and says, softly, "Aye." They are impeaching Richard Nixon. They are setting loose an unimaginable course of events, and they know it. The first vote cast with a loud certitude is Hutchinson's "No." Hutchinson smiles—the only one who does.

"Mr. McClory."

"No."

"Mr. Smith."

"No."

"Mr. Sandman."

"No."

Railsback, next, is sitting with a red Coca-Cola can in front of him. He is drinking Coca-Cola to soothe his stomach. One can hear the cameras clicking furiously at this moment. Railsback's brow is furrowed. He purses his lips and looks up and off to his right, perhaps at the clock, perhaps at space, and says, softly, "Aye."

Wiggins says a quiet "No."

Hogan stares straight ahead and says "Aye."

Butler, not one for drama, says a quick "Aye."

Cohen says a quiet but certain "Aye."

Froehlich votes "Aye."

Rodino, who casts his vote last, un-

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dramatically says "Aye." The clerk announces, "Twenty-seven members have voted aye, eleven members have voted no." All twenty-one Democrats—including the three Southerners—and six Republicans have voted to impeach the President for the coverup.

The vote on the article as amended is a ceremonial vote now, but it must be taken, and again it is taken solemnly. This time, Rodino's voice cracks as he speaks the final "Aye." The room is utterly silent, and then, at a few minutes after seven, Rodino announces, "Article I . . . is adopted and will be reported to the House."

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HAMILTON FISH comes out of the committee room holding his wife's hand. Some members are being interviewed on television. Barbara Jordan, preparing to be interviewed, is having difficulty composing herself. Some members—Rodino included—went into the anteroom behind the committee room and wept. There is a small group of observers, dressed in casual summer clothes, standing quietly outside the Rayburn Building. When Barbara Jordan comes out of the Rayburn Building, several in the group applaud. She smiles and waves vaguely. Reporters have gone back to the pressrooms to file their stories. It is good to have something that must be done.

•

THE Capitol grounds are very quiet tonight. Across the way is the Supreme Court Building. Could it really have been only three days ago that the Court ruled against the President? The committee members have taken the first step—the hardest step, making it easier for those who will follow. They didn't walk away from it; they became the definers. But there doesn't seem to be much of a sense of triumph on anyone's part tonight. Perhaps this will be written of in the future as a moment of triumph—"the system worked"—but that is not how it feels now. There is a feeling of sadness, and exhaustion, at what everyone has been through. A feeling, too, of foreboding about those unimaginable next steps. It is a drained feeling. When history records events, it tends to leave out this kind of human emotion.

JULY 28

SUNDAY. It has been announced that the President was walking on the beach at San Clemente while the committee voted to recommend his impeachment. After consulting with the President, Ron Ziegler issued the following statement last night: "The President remains confident that the full House will recognize that there simply is not the evidence to support this or any other article of impeachment and will not vote to impeach. He is confident because he knows he has committed no impeachable offense."

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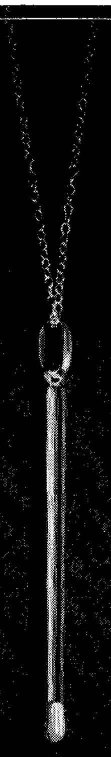
ON "Face the Nation" today, Caldwell Butler said of being a congressman that "the job really isn't that good that you want to compromise yourself to what you think is right."

JULY 29

MONDAY. There were several meetings on Capitol Hill yesterday to work out the substance of and strategy for the debate on Article II. This is the crucial article—the one that will define limits on Presidential power and reassert guarantees in the Bill of Rights, reaffirm our liberties. On Saturday, the "swing group" decided to adopt McClory's construction of the issue: to attach the charges to the President's failure to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." In the midst of these busy meetings, they were settling an important Constitutional question of the President's responsibility. One reason for moving to McClory's framework was that the "swing group" was having trouble meeting its own requirement—that each event must be directly traceable to the President. Another reason was to win McClory's vote. After some backing and filling, it was also decided to split off the question of the President's failure to comply with the committee's subpoenas, and to deal with that in a separate article. In the midst of these busy meetings, the members were deciding the difficult Constitutional question of the President's failure to coöperate in his own impeachment—what that does to the impeachment process itself. Mann, deeply involved in all these negotiations, preferred to see the issue of noncompliance as part of Article II, coming under the heading of abuse of power. He felt that it was in fact an abuse of power, and he was uncomfortable with the idea of impeaching a President on a "procedural" issue alone. However, there were, once again, practical considerations for making the issue of noncompliance a separate article. This was the way McClory wanted it, and Mann was concerned that some of the Republicans who otherwise supported Article II



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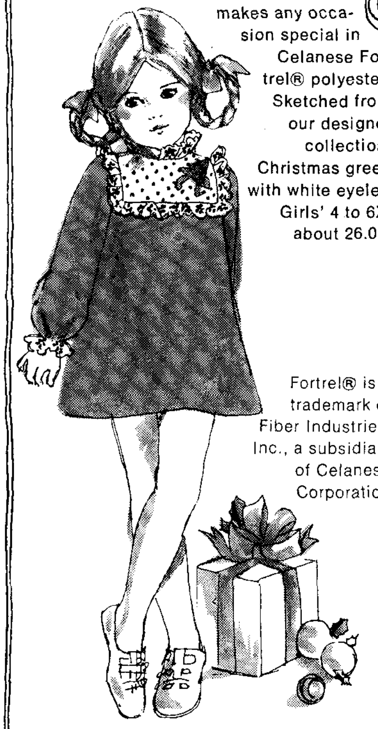

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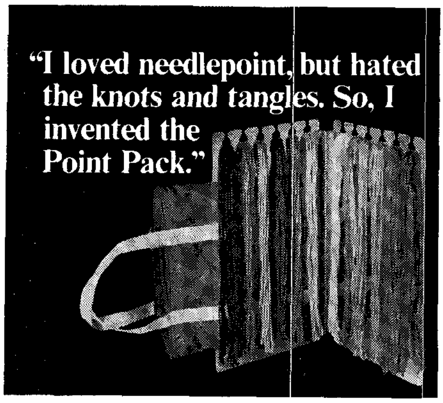
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might oppose it if the charge of noncoöperation with the committee were in it. Moreover, Doar believed that noncoöperation with the committee was in itself a serious issue, and in the meetings on Sunday he came down in favor of dealing with it as a separate article. But Doar did have concern over the Fifth Amendment implications of Article III, and said that this might cause problems on the floor of the House and the Senate. And Mann, despite his misgivings, was prepared to vote for a separate article on noncoöperation with the impeachment investigation. He is, it seems clear, considering the possibility that he might be one of the managers of the Senate trial, and feels that the appropriate Constitutional history can be made there—that such a charge should be levelled only in the context of other serious and impeachable misconduct. (That Mann, who looks typecast for such a role in the Senate—and, as a conservative Southerner, is politically well suited for it—is considering such a possibility is another indication of how those who now favor impeachment have become believers. It may also indicate that some of them are warming to the possibilities of their historic roles.) Early yesterday morning, Rodino, Mann, and McClory met and agreed upon the outlines of Article II.

•

SENATE MAJORITY LEADER MIKE MANSFIELD and Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott are meeting this morning to work out procedures for a Senate trial. Over the weekend, there was a babel of predictions about the President's fate. House Majority Leader Thomas O'Neill predicted impeachment by a margin of about seventy votes. John Rhodes, the House Minority Leader, said that the "only viable possibility" for avoiding impeachment was for the President to "go on television and exhaustively explore and refute the evidence." It appears to be too late for that—as Rhodes may realize. Rhodes said that the vote by six committee Republicans in favor of impeachment "is going to have some effect" in reducing House Republican support for the President. Senate Majority Whip Robert Byrd said that if the President refused to produce tapes or other required evidence for a Senate trial, it would "sound the death knell for the President so far as some senators are concerned, my vote being one." Alexander Haig, the White House chief of staff, said that "the case for impeachment is not there," and that the committee's charges were "a grab bag of generalities." Haig said that it had long been felt in the White House that the committee was a lost cause, and "there were discussions that perhaps we could hold three or four Republicans." Ron Ziegler said that the President has "a tremendous capacity of discipline," has "no feeling of despair," and has not allowed "anger to overtake him." Ziegler added, "Certainly there is anguish . . . certainly there is disappointment." The President is a man "with feeling and compassion," said Ziegler, and this period has been "very tough."

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THE President returned to Washington from San Clemente last night.

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THIS morning, the committee is again late in getting started. Article II is still being refined, and the members are holding strategy huddles. Railsback is talking with Flowers in the committee room, and the photographers rush to record the scene. They must have a million photographs of these people by now. Railsback looks tan and rested; he played golf yesterday with Wiggins. Railsback says that his district's reaction to his vote has been "sixty-forty favorable." Cohen has a hemorrhaged ear, from flying back in a small plane from Maine—where on Sunday he made a televised speech explaining his vote to impeach. Doar looks exhausted. The new version of Article II will be offered by Hungate. The Southern Democrats will not themselves sponsor these articles; other senior Democrats are too identifiably pro-impeachment; and Sarbanes, a junior member, has already done his job. So this one falls to Hungate, a border-state representative. At eleven-nineteen, a new draft of Article II is passed out to the members, and they are told to throw away the former version. Those Xerox machines must be indestructible.

At eleven-thirty, word circulates through the room that John Connally has been indicted for accepting ten thousand dollars, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, in exchange for urging that price supports on milk be raised, and for lying about the money to the grand jury. Jake Jacobsen, a lawyer for Associated Milk Producers and, like Connally, a Texan and former associate of Lyndon Johnson, was also indicted, for making the payment. Trent Lott, the thirty-two-year-old conservative Republican from Mississippi—whose district in 1972 gave Nixon the highest vote (eighty-seven per cent) of any district in the country—says to reporters, "Secretly, maybe all of us are hoping for resignation, and maybe I care enough for my colleagues to think that's the best course."

◆

THE new version of Article II states that the President, "in violation of his Constitutional oath faithfully to execute the office of President of the United States and, to the best of his ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and in disregard of his Constitutional duty to take care that the laws be faithfully executed has repeatedly engaged in conduct violating the Constitutional rights of citizens, impairing the due and proper administration of justice and the conduct of lawful inquiries, or contravening the laws governing agencies of the executive branch and the purposes of these agencies." The first charge is that the President "has, acting personally and through his subordinates and agents, endeavored to obtain from the Internal Revenue Service, in violation of the Constitutional rights of citizens, confidential information contained in income-tax returns for purposes not authorized by law, and to cause, in violation of the Constitutional rights of citizens, income-tax audits or other income-tax investigations to be initiated or conducted in a discriminatory manner." The I.R.S. issue, the members have recently discovered, is politically very potent, so it has been incorporated in a separate subsection, which is put first. The President is held accountable for the various instances of misuse, or even of attempted misuse, of the I.R.S. by the inclusion of the phrase "acting personally and through his subordinates and agents."

The second charge covers the wiretapping, which was dealt with only indirectly in the original version of Article II, submitted to the committee last Wednesday. To skirt the issue of whether the wiretaps should be termed illegal, that one charged only that the President had directed that the F.B.I. not maintain proper records of them. On the wiretapping issue, there were deep divisions between the Democratic drafters and the "swing group," and even within the "swing group." Some of the members thought that all the tapping was illegal; some thought that at least part of it had justifiable national-security purposes; some thought that in order for the tapping—even if

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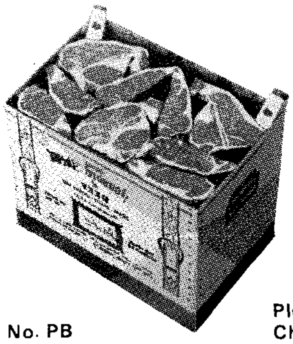

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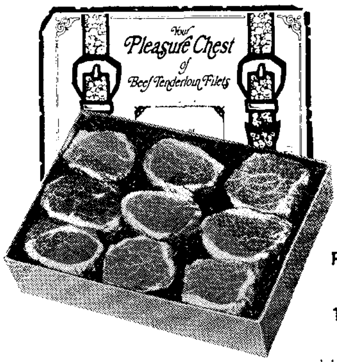

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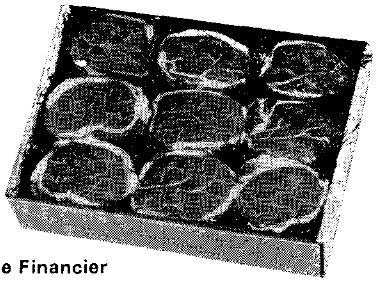

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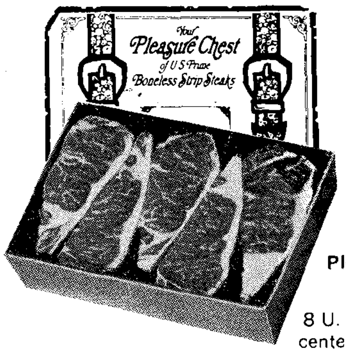

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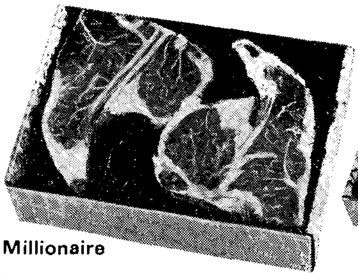

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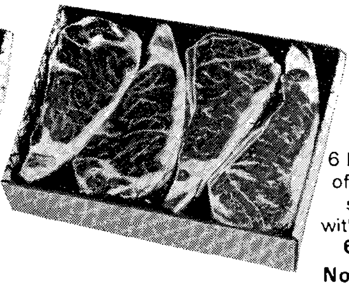

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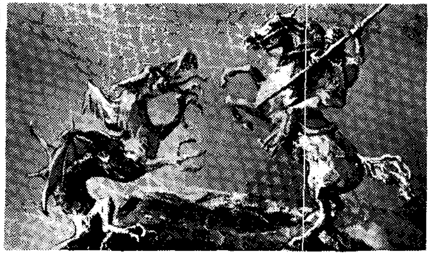

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illegal—to be deemed impeachable there had to be a showing that it was done for the President's personal gain. This version of Article II charges him with misusing the F.B.I., the Secret Service, "and other executive personnel in violation or disregard of the Constitutional rights of citizens by directing or authorizing" them "to conduct or continue electronic surveillance or other investigations for purposes unrelated to national security, the enforcement of laws, or any other lawful function of his office;" thus it gets around the misgivings of those members who felt that some of the wiretaps may have had a national-security basis at least at the outset. This subsection on wiretapping also charges that the President "did direct, authorize, or permit the use of information" gained from the wiretaps "for purposes unrelated to national security." Therefore, the charge that this wiretapping was for his personal political benefit is included, indirectly, but such words as "personal political benefit" are left out.

The third charge is that the President, "acting personally and through his subordinates and agents, in violation or disregard of the Constitutional rights of citizens, authorized and permitted to be maintained a secret investigative unit within the office of the President [the plumbers], financed in part with money derived from campaign contributions [milk money], which unlawfully utilized the resources of the Central Intelligence Agency, engaged in covert and unlawful activities, and attempted to prejudice the Constitutional right of an accused to a fair trial." This deals with the issue of attempts to smear Daniel Ellsberg—surfaced in the recent guilty plea by former White House aide Charles Colson on such charges—without giving it more emphasis than the committee members wish. (Members of Congress did not wish to frame the issue as one of defending Ellsberg against the President.) It also encompasses the break-in at Dr. Fielding's office without necessarily linking it directly to the President. The use of the milk money to finance the Fielding break-in is included because many members find the concept of using campaign funds to finance secret intelligence operations conducted from the White House exceedingly disturbing. Last fall, when we first learned of the circuitous way in which Colson, at Ehrlichman's request, had raised five thousand dollars to finance the travels of the plumbers to the West Coast, it seemed like any number of bizarre and slightly disconcerting news stories we were reading. Now it is part of an impeachable offense.

The fourth charge included in Article II is that the President "failed to take care that the laws were faithfully executed by failing to act when he knew or had reason to know that his close subordinates endeavored to impede and frustrate lawful inquiries" into the break-in of the Democratic National Committee "and concerning other matters." This, in effect, encompasses Article I, but in a different form, with a lower burden of proof. This subsection holds the President accountable—under the "abuse of power" concept—for the coverup on the basis of misconduct of his close subordinates, and "failing to act when he knew or had reason to know" of it; as opposed to—in Article I—saying that the President was himself engaged in the obstruction of justice.

And the fifth charge: "In disregard of the rule of law, he knowingly misused the executive power by interfering with" various government agencies, including the F.B.I., the Criminal Division of the Justice Department, the Special Prosecutor's office (presumably, this includes the firing of Archibald Cox, and though the destruction of evidence—the responsibility for this not having yet been proved—is not specifically included, it was on the drafters' minds), and the C.I.A., "in violation of his duty to 'take care that the laws be faithfully executed.' " So now those words, conveying one of the Constitutional obligations of the President, are to have meaning. The Congress, which had paid little attention to whether the laws were being faithfully executed, will now give those words force. But will the Congress continue to pay attention after this is over?

The criterion of charging the President only with actions that could be traceable to him proved impossible, and in this draft the issue has been fudged. Language was adapted to pick up votes. These were legislators legislating; accommodations were made to satisfy various members, and even staff members. There has sometimes seemed to be more emphasis on the fact that agencies were misused than concern for the citizens whose Constitutional rights were thereby violated—a result of political judgments that misuse of the agencies was a stronger political issue. This article still holds the President accountable, at least indirectly, for the actions of his subordinates, leaving the question of the Madison superintendency concept unresolved. Perhaps this is the way it will always be: those actions will always be traced, however indirectly, to the President. Acting through subordinates is the only way a President can act. In order to deal with the deniability problem, the staff had stressed Haldeman's close association with the President, so as to get across the idea that Haldeman and those he directed were doing the acts at issue here on the President's behalf, and that the President failed to superintend his highest aides. There is, of course, the possibility that a similar White House group—should this country ever be faced with one—acting for a future President would be more skillful at establishing deniability. But it seems that the critical thing that is happening here is that the committee is establishing that there is certain executive behavior, including infringements of the Bill of Rights, that will not be tolerated. This article reaffirms the First, Fourth, and Sixth Amendments of the Bill of Rights. Our language in talking about these articles has been turned inside out: it is said that this version of Article II, encompassing McClory's "take-care" framework, is "looser" than previous versions; it in fact encompasses a stricter code of Presidential behavior.

•

THE debate on Article II begins. It is as serious, defining, and crucial as any that has taken place since the Constitutional Convention. Striking at the heart of it, Charles Wiggins, who has become the most effective opponent of impeachment on the committee, argues that Article II "fails to state an impeachable offense under the Constitution." He says, "The question is whether an abuse of power falls within the meaning of the phrase 'high crimes and misdemeanors.' " And Wiggins asks, "Just what is abusive conduct? I suggest that it is an empty phrase, having meaning only in terms of what we pour into it. It must reflect our subjective views of impropriety, as distinguished from the objective views enunciated by society in its laws." Article II, he says, "would embed in our Constitutional history for the first time, for the very first time, the principle that a President may be impeached because of the view of Congress that he has abused those powers, although he may have acted in violation of no law." Wiggins is exactly right, and has stated what the fundamental argument is

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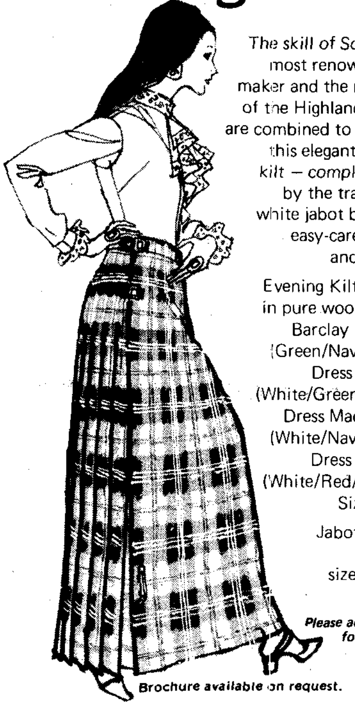

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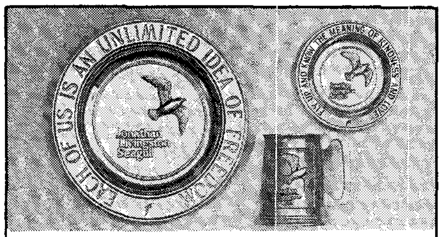
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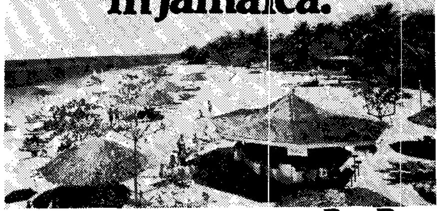

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about: he is asking whether, in the absence of codified limits, the Congress can safely decide that the President has overstepped limits. Taking it a degree further, he says, "By declaring punishable conduct which was not illegal when done, this Congress is raising the issue of a bill of attainder, contrary to the express terms of the Constitution. The argument of ex-post-facto legislation is now before us. . . . We are taking a step toward a parliamentary system of government in this country rather than the Constitutional system which we now have. We are, in effect, saying, Mr. Chairman, that a President may be impeached in the future if a Congress expresses no confidence in his conduct, not because he has violated the law but, rather, because that Congress declares his conduct to be abusive in terms of their subjective notions of propriety. In terms of the future, Mr. Chairman, what standard are we setting for the Presidents in the future? How will any future President know precisely what Congress may declare to be an abuse, especially when they have failed to legislate against the very acts which they may condemn?"

George Danielson, Democrat of California, responds. Danielson, pink-faced, with white-blond hair stretched straight across his partly bald head, is usually pleasantly low-keyed. But there is passion in his voice as he responds to Wiggins. "This is possibly, probably—I can make that stronger—it is certainly the most important article that this committee may pass out," he says. "The offense charged in this article is truly a high crime and misdemeanor within the purest meaning of those words as established in Anglo-American jurisprudence over a period of now some six hundred years. The offenses charged against the President in this article are uniquely Presidential offenses. No one else can commit them. You or I, the most lowly citizen, can obstruct justice. You or I, the most lowly citizen, can violate any of the statutes in our criminal code. But only the President can violate the oath of office of the President. Only the President can abuse the powers of the office of the President." This debate conducted by these two men from California—one a Democrat, the other a Republican—will be consulted for decades to come. Danielson concludes by saying, "And it is our function, acting under the impeachment clause, to preserve and protect the Presidency as we preserve and protect every other part of our marvellous structure of government. . . . The offenses charged in this proposed article, I respectfully submit, Mr. Chairman, are offenses which go directly to that solemn breach of a solemn oath of office. Can anyone argue that if the President breaches his oath of office, he should not be removed?"

William Hungate describes his latest version of the substitute Article II as "a distillation of the thought of many members from many areas, and of differing political philosophies." The truth—and a nice way to think about it. Wiggins has raised an important point—whether there is or should be some explicit understanding of the limits, whether it is fair to impeach a President when no notice has been given of what would be grounds for impeachment. It is, by itself, a question with a certain plausibility. If the criminal code is not the guide, what is? By what fair test can it be decided that a President has "abused power"? Hungate responds to these questions. He says that the article refers to "repetitive conduct." He goes on, "I would think that if [there had been] only one instance of improper conduct—and it perhaps could be quite serious—I do not know that we would be here today. I think this sort of impeachment trial was deliberately set up historically so that those who are in political life, and political figures, try the President, a political figure—those who can understand some of the pressures and nuances involved in serving in a public office. And, for my part, I think there is more tolerance in such a political body than one would find in just a body without the experience . . . of the pressures and difficulties in public life. I say again if only one violation had occurred, I would doubt that we should be here. Men are human. Humans are frail. But I think we discuss and consider here and see here a consistent disregard of the law." So, as Hungate defines it, it is a matter of degree. Not everything can be codified. In the end, it is a political question, which the framers put in the hands of political people—people who are not without their own transgressions, who sometimes seem too tolerant of the transgressions of other politicians—trusting them to know when a line had been crossed. This responsibility was not without its dangers (as Alexander Hamilton pointed out), but there seemed to be no better solution.

Yet, asks Edward Hutchinson, does the "supposed repetition" make the charge more justifiable? Would each offense be impeachable if it stood alone? The Republicans are well prepared today, too, and we are hearing a serious and important argument.

Robert McClory, defending Article II, says that his support of the article is founded on the "take-care" clause. And, as he defines it, "there is a clear violation of the President's responsibility when he permits multiple acts of wrongdoing by large numbers of those who surround him in possession of greatest responsibility and influence in the White House." The purpose of impeachment, he says, is "to set a Constitutional standard for persons occupying the office of the President." He goes on, "I view the duty of the House of Representatives as something other than serving as a district courthouse," and he says, "We must phrase our charges in Constitutional terms so that the Presidents to come may know what is meant by our action. If we are to establish our proceedings as a guide for future Presidents, we should speak in terms of the Constitution and specifically in terms of the President's oath and his obligation under the Constitution. It will be of limited value to admonish a future President not to obstruct justice or engage in a coverup. However, it will aid future Presidents to know this Congress and this House Judiciary Committee will hold them to an oath of office and an obligation to 'take care' to see that the laws are 'faithfully executed.' " It is hard to imagine that the words of Robert McClory, from Lake Bluff, Illinois, this man with the nasal voice and wide eyes who has so often seemed confused, will be as carefully attended to in the future as those of James Madison have been. But they may well be, because today McClory is making Constitutional history.

Wiggins then strikes at another crucial point—that of whether it must be shown that the President had knowledge of or condoned all the actions for which he might be impeached—by offering an amendment saying that in the matters included in Article II the President acted "through his subordinates and agents acting with his knowledge or pursuant to his instructions." Doar watches, looking worried, and shakes his head, signalling no, as Hungate, apparently unaware of what Wiggins is doing—establishing a criterion of proof that perhaps cannot be met and, according to this article, is not necessary—says that Wiggins' amendment encompasses the intention of the article and is "superfluous." Doar quietly sends an aide to the dais to talk with another aide, who is sitting behind

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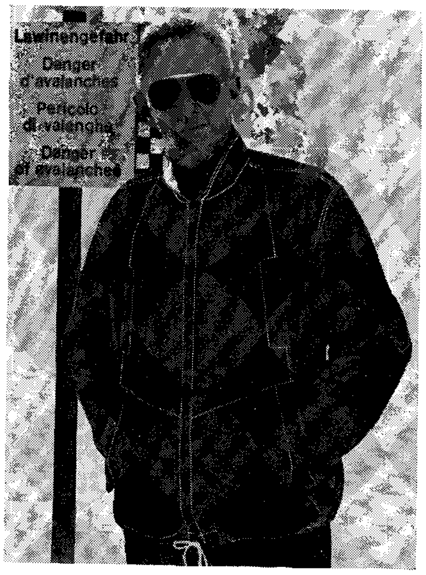

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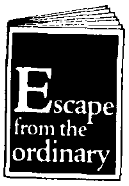

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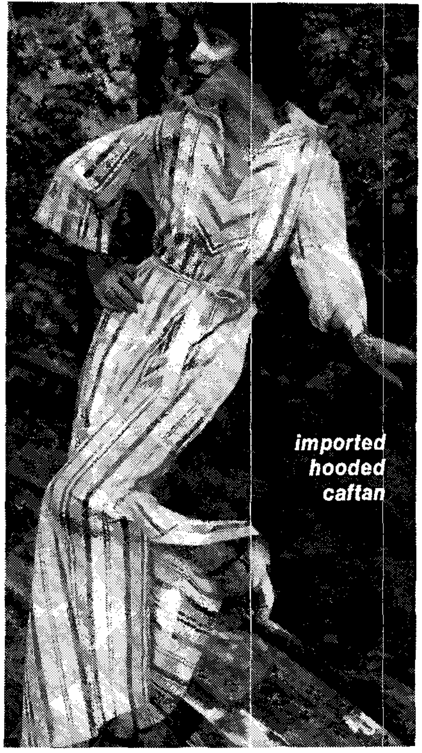

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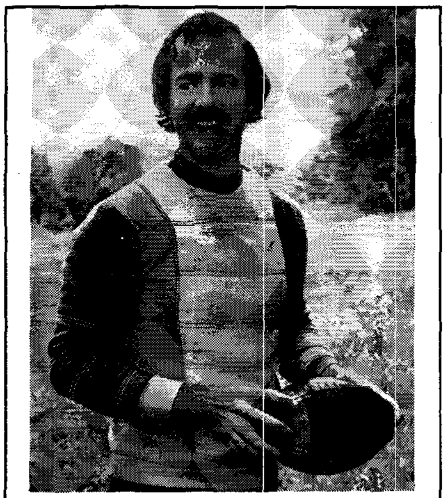

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Hungate, and while other members are speaking, the seated aide talks with Hungate. Later, Hungate says that he cannot agree with the language of the amendment. McClory, speaking against Wiggins' amendment, makes another definitive statement when he says that "the Constitution does not say that the President shall execute the laws but that he shall 'take care that the laws be faithfully executed.' "

•

DURING the noon recess, Railsback circulates on the floor of the House, moving among several groups of Republicans. Railsback is doing the talking. He is at work. He is explaining his position. He is hastening the end of the Nixon Presidency. Then he goes to the House members' dining room and seats himself at a large round table toward the back of the room, at which Republicans regularly gather for lunch, and he talks some more.

•

BEFORE the committee reconvenes, I drop in to see Walter Flowers in his office. Flowers says that he is exhausted, "physically, mentally, emotionally." He says that, in addition to an ulcer, he had a partly collapsed lung during the proceedings.

I ask Flowers how the decision to vote for impeachment had formed in his mind.

"It was a late-blooming thing," he replies. "It was kind of like all the seed was in and the plowing and fertilizing germinated in the last two weeks. The more I thought about it, and tried to think about doing something else, I realized I couldn't. Then the undecided people got together and we started talking among ourselves. Most of us probably started out looking for a way to support the President."

I question him on that, asking if it was really the case.

"My whole background and upbringing would make me that way," Flowers replies. "Who I am and where I come from." He goes on, "But when you got all of the evidence before all of us so-called 'persuadables' and we all came down on the same side, that really struck us."

I ask him what did it.

"I can't put my finger on it," Flowers replies. "I can't do it. It was the whole thing. I tried to look at it from the side of what happens if we fail to impeach. It's worse. It's worse. I do not accept the fact that the President can mislead and misrepresent to the public. I do not accept the fact that the President can misuse sensitive agencies. I do not accept the fact that he can obstruct investigations. The Petersen thing zapped me more than anything else. The live witnesses affected me. And when it all got put together the pieces fitted. Kalmbach was a particularly persuasive witness. There was something massively wrong that this thoroughly decent man, a picture of what a lawyer ought to be, got into this whole seamy thing." (Railsback mentioned Kalmbach, too. These lawyers seem to have found him sympathetic, somehow even to have identified with him—considered him one of them, and been greatly disturbed by his having been drawn into the corruption.) Says Flowers, "There was a lack of sensitivity to the barest requirements of human behavior. You've got to assume that the standard of conduct is set by the man in charge. The President never tried to stop all this. He was kind of like a pumping station on a pipeline. He kept applying the pressure."

I ask Flowers what feedback he has been getting from his Southern colleagues in the House since he voted for impeachment.

He says that the fact that Butler, the conservative Virginia Republican, and the three Southern Democrats on the committee all voted to impeach has impressed several of his Southern colleagues. Says Flowers, "I happen to think that the system is more important than the man, and I think that the moderates and Southerners will see this as they look at it some more." He adds, "There are some people in the South who think that McGovern is going to be President if Nixon is impeached. Did you know that?"

An elevator operator in the Cannon Building, where Flowers' office is, says as Flowers and I get out of the elevator, "Have a good day." Flowers laughs, and says, "That sounds kind of funny—somebody telling me to have a good day."

•

IN the afternoon session, Wiggins' amendment that would specify that all the actions covered in Article II had been taken with the President's "knowledge or pursuant to his instructions" is defeated. He offers another one, to delete the words "and concerning other matters" from the section charging the President with failing to act when he had reason to know that his aides were impeding the inquiries into the Watergate break-in "and concerning other matters." Wiggins has struck again. He says that the language is "vague" and "uncertain." Flow-

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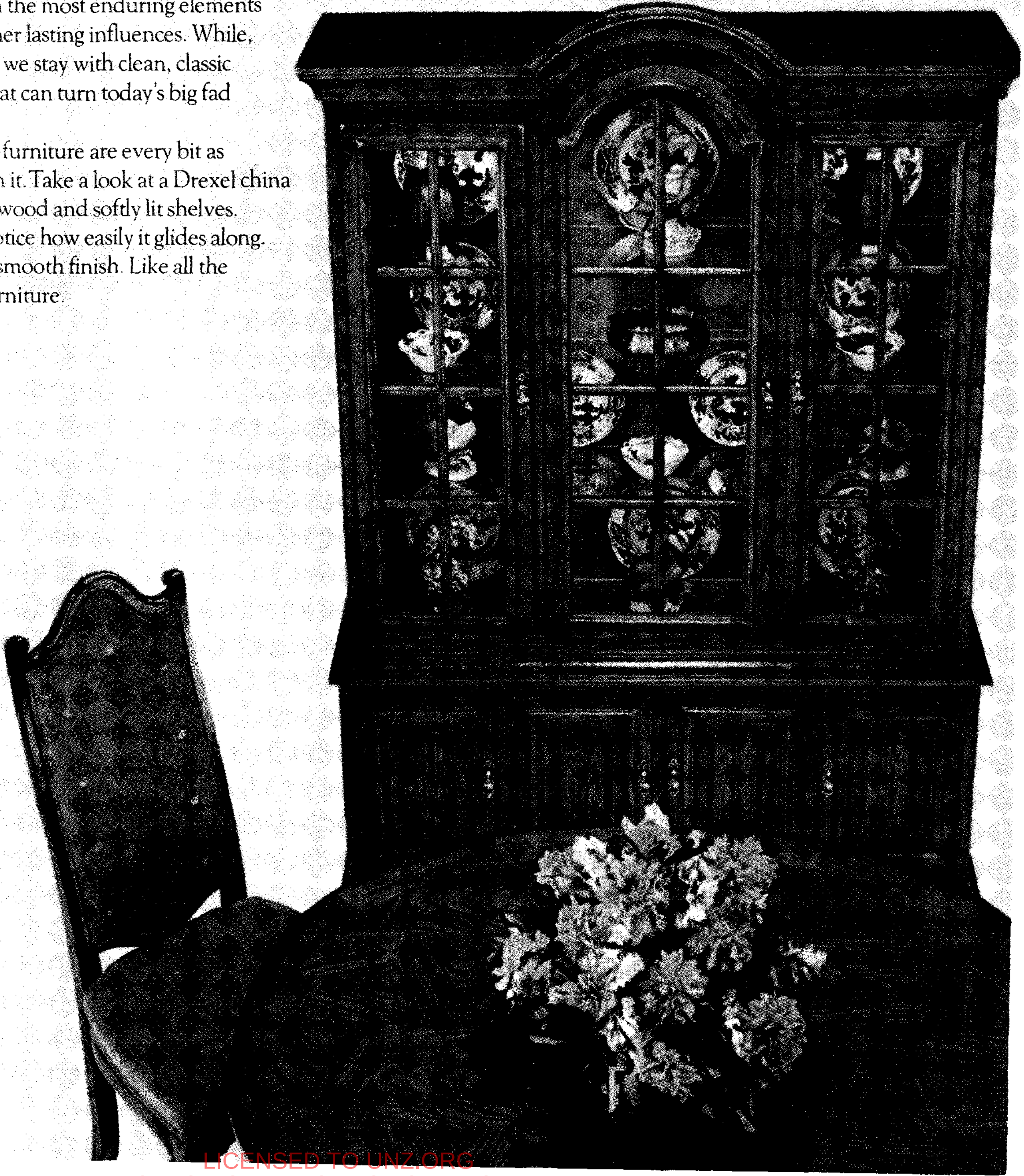

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agrees, and says he will support the amendment, and so does Railsback. They are propitiating. But the point of the language was to include other matters, and the pattern of blocking investigations is one of the major elements of the case. Doar sends another message, via an aide, to Hungate, and Butler leaves his seat on the dais to go to speak with Doar. McClory opposes the amendment, saying that the break-in at the Democrats' headquarters "is only a small part of the misdeeds, the misconduct which is attributable to these aides and assistants of the President." Rodino signals to Doar to come and speak with him, and Barbara Jordan joins them at Rodino's seat. They are regrouping on this one. Cohen, who has often perceived an opposition stratagem and quickly moved to meet it, asks Hungate if he would be prepared to accept a list of specific instances, and Hungate says he would. Cohen drafts such an amendment as others stall for time to get it honed and reproduced; Butler offers it; and it is quickly accepted by the committee. Wiggins, the good advocate, succeeds by his questions in sharpening the articles, and the arguments for them. That particular subsection of the abuse-of-power article, charging the President with failing to act when his subordinates thwarted the administration of justice, is one of the most important subsections in terms of establishing Presidential accountability. It now covers condoning a pattern of blocking investigations of the break-in at the Watergate and of the coverup, and also of frustrating lawful inquiries during the confirmation hearings of Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General; of the wiretapping (including the removal of information about wiretaps from the offices of the F.B.I.); of the Fielding break-in; and of the campaign-financing practices of the Committee to Re-Elect the President. (The last is the only reference to the broad subject of money in either Article I or Article II.)

Then the Judiciary Committee members debate wiretapping and the plumbers. There was a time when it seemed that the politicians in Congress, intimidated by the national-security rationale for the plumbers, and persuaded that the public was apathetic toward such an "abstract" issue as the Fourth Amendment, would not come to grips with the issue of the plumbers or wiretapping. Now Hamilton Fish, the patrician representative from upstate New York, is arguing that the plumbers' operation was not justified and is impeachable. "It was a public-relations effort they had in mind," he says. "National security . . . was not the issue."

•

DURING the dinner break, James Mann, relaxing over a drink in his office, talks to me about the difficulty of establishing and codifying Presidential involvement in offenses that are deemed impeachable. He says, "Although each of us in the so-called 'swing group' was convinced that there was enough Presidential involvement to satisfy his conscience, we weren't able to separate all the facts and concerns that bore on but did not directly relate to Presidential involvement. A lot of the Presidential involvement was suggested by things that were not Presidential involvement. How do you set down in writing, then, all the specific acts? How do you set down a negative—that someone failed to do something? It's going to be a difficult case to state. It's above and beyond the facts. It permeates your whole being, once you get the feel of it. You climb up on this pile of garbage and you say, 'Where's the garbage?' You're standing on it."

I ask Mann when the picture came together in his mind.

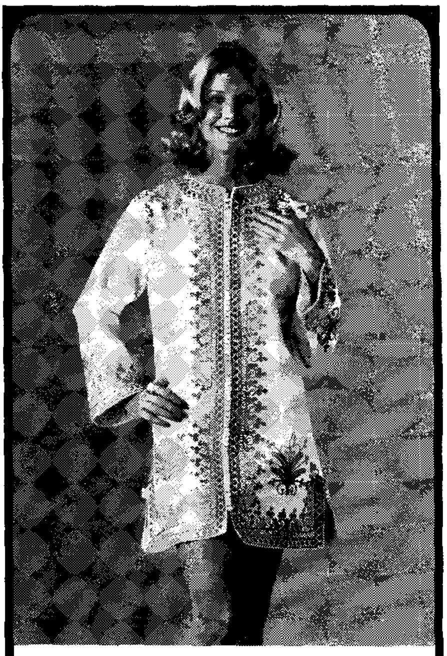
"It came together in my mind very, very recently," he says. "Two or three weeks ago, I was not at all clear. You know, you're looking for a way out. You're rationalizing that the clear and present danger is gone and you've accomplished a great deal by causing people to think about their responsibility. [I recall that Mann talked this way when we spoke in April. He said then that perhaps the danger had been sufficiently recognized and therefore was past.] So everyone's alerted to the danger, and if you were to go ahead with the process and not be successful you might do more harm than good. Stopping would have been preserving the gains—having stopped the abuse of power and pointed out the inadequacies to the public and the Congress. And you would have accomplished a great deal and maintained respect for the system."

I ask Mann whether the process could have been stopped without an appearance of condoning the abuses.

Mann replies that it could have been stopped on the basis that there was insufficient evidence. He says that he was prepared to vote against impeachment, and sign a harsh report saying that the clear and present danger was removed and that there was not sufficient evidence to impeach. "I was genuinely undecided," he says. "Roughly two weeks ago, the week before last—as that week went by, I started my decision-making process. We finished hearing the witnesses on Wednesday. By training, I wait until the end to make up my mind."

It appears that Mann, like Flowers and Railsback, decided—with some reluctance—that there was something he could not walk away from. It appears not to have happened at any particular moment but to have occurred more as a realization that developed. Perhaps asking these people when they made up their minds is putting an unanswerable question to them. In many of our most important "decisions," the awareness of having made a decision occurs some time after it has happened; the process is deeper, more subtle, less commanded by reason or logic than we would like to think. Falling in love. Turning against the Vietnam war. Changing jobs. Do we know exactly when these decisions were made, or exactly why? When and why did people decide that something was terribly wrong with the Nixon government? When the hundred-dollar bills found on the burglars at the Watergate were traced to the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President? When John Dean testified before the Ervin committee? When the President made his third evasive statement about these matters? If these people are to be taken at their word, there was a time when some of them did think they could walk away from it—and then decided that they could not. Perhaps they never really could have. We, and perhaps they, will never know. I ask Mann if he can describe at least what it was that he felt he could not walk away from. He thinks for a few moments, and says, carefully, "The obvious failure to give proper recognition—I'm putting it as mildly as I can—to the rule of law. That just has to be the core of the whole philosophy of this. The evidence that was available to us just broke through the specifics."

Mann can describe the steps that led him to be the chief draftsman of the articles of impeachment. "One day, Bill Cohen, Walter Flowers, and I were standing there talking," he says. "I had been talking about it with Walter and hearing through him from Railsback, because he and Railsback are better friends. Walter had expressed to me some doubt that Railsback would be for impeachment. Cohen asked if we would be interested in talking. Frankly, I had no in-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tention of letting it go without our getting together. Within a day or two, I got a call from Flowers." That call led to the meeting last Tuesday morning in Railsback's office. Mann had spoken with Butler, and several members of the group knew that Fish might be leaning toward impeachment. So the seven swing members began meeting. "We met," says Mann, "and it was very comfortable." He confirms, as the others have, that "it became quickly apparent at that meeting that we were agreed on two propositions—one was obstruction of justice and the other was abuse of power." He goes on, "It fell to my lot to work on some articles. It wasn't over seventy-two hours before that that I had it locked in my mind—but it was a contingent locking—that we would be able to put together a series of articles that could be supported. Something had happened to me, and I said to myself I couldn't let this thing pass. It didn't come to me until a few days after the witnesses had testified. It was a conclusion that came on slowly, a conclusion that there was no way out, despite all your rationalizations. The Democrats realized that they had to work with us and accept the lowest common denominator. I called it that, and Jerry Waldie called it that. That became clear in a caucus or two." Mann feels that they also have a "semi-commitment" that articles on Cambodia and taxes will not be passed—"so that there will be no dilution of the principles that we are willing to support." He adds, "I'm of the opinion that we are in a position to enforce that commitment. We'll use whatever force we must use to see that those articles don't pass. Of course, I'm not asking people to vote against their consciences."

And so Mann proceeded to consult with staff members, do some drafting of his own, check language with Doar, shuttle between the "swing group" and the Democratic drafters, work out political equations. And so the articles of impeachment were drafted.

•

IN prime time, the committee completes its debate on abuse of power. Wiggins argues, "Richard Nixon believed the Pentagon Papers issue was a national-security issue, and his actions after learning in March of 1973 were wholly consistent with that belief on his part."

Paul Sarbanes, referring to the Fielding break-in, replies, "I ask every doctor and lawyer and every insurance agent and accountant in the country, what kind of a land would you be living in if a group of hired hands have the power to come into your office in the dead of night in order to get one of your files?"

And, in prime time, Brooks moves to strike the subsection about the I.R.S., thereby gaining another opportunity to spread the issue before the nation. They know they have hit home with this issue.

Says Sandman, "It is obvious that this is a game. . . . I'm mindful of the fact that they tell me we have about a twenty-per-cent audience, which is about forty-four million people."

Fish, speaking to the philosophy of Article II, says, "To faithfully execute the laws of our country does involve policing your lieutenants and does involve an obligation to stop them when you see the course they are following." Fish has said little during the debate, but now he says, in a few words, a great deal. For a long time, people struggled to find the imagery to describe this set of events, or even to describe the difficulty of describing it. Then the images began to emerge. Hogan spoke of tiles in a mosaic, Mann of a pile of garbage, Sarbanes of the vegetable store. Now Fish says, "For those who are looking for the smoking pistol, I am just afraid they are not going to find it, because the room is too full of smoke."

As the vote on this article approaches, there is not the same tension in the room that there was on Saturday. The first vote to impeach was the more difficult one. Having cast such a vote once, it will not be so difficult to do it again. In their closing statements, however, the members—on both sides—show that they recognize the special significance of Article II.

Sandman: "What we do we had better do right, because the effect of it is going to make a precedent for a thousand years."

Mann, quoting Thomas Paine: "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it." And then Mann says, "If there be no accountability, another President will feel free to do as he chooses. But the next time there may be no watchman in the night."

At eleven-seventeen, the committee votes on the Hungate substitute—in effect, a vote to impeach the President of the United States for abuse of power, for failure to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." It is not as emotional or dramatic a moment as the one on Saturday, but it is more important. Flowers tilts his head back slightly as he says "Aye." Mann again stares off into space as he votes. Some of the Republicans are defiant as they say "No." This time, McClory votes "Aye." His is the only vote that has changed since Saturday. Railsback looks off somewhat balefully as he votes. Hogan's head is down. And Rodino nods his head slightly as he says "Aye." The vote is twenty-eight to ten to impeach the President for abuse of power.

JULY 30

TUESDAY. Yesterday, the White House announced that the President would not resign if he was impeached. The President was said to have been spending time on the Cyprus problem, and also to have met with his lawyers James St. Clair and Fred Buzhardt to review the tapes that the Supreme Court ordered him to turn over to the Special Prosecutor.

Edward Hutchinson has predicted that the President will be impeached. The Senate yesterday, in its first formal step in the process, referred the question of revising the decades-old rules for a Senate trial to the Rules and Administration Committee. It is still not clear whether the trial will be held before the election, or even before the beginning of the next Congress. Mansfield, Byrd, and aides to other senators, such as Edward M. Kennedy, Philip Hart, and Birch Bayh, have already been working on revisions of the rules, and, characteristically, there is some rivalry over whose rules will be adopted.

The Washington *Post* reports that a survey it has made indicates that fewer than half of the Southern Democrats in the House may support the President on impeachment, and that Midwest Republican leaders "indicated there may no longer be any clear advantage for Republican congressmen from that region in voting with the President." The *Post* quotes Representative Richardson Preyer, an influential Democrat from North Carolina, publicly "uncommitted," as saying that the Judiciary Committee and its staff "have done a very careful job of fitting the pieces together," and adding, "When people like Mann and Flowers come out for impeachment it will make it easier for other members from my area who might be inclined to support impeachment. Everyone knows they aren't secret liberals." Representative Gillis Long, Democrat of Louisiana, also "uncommitted," predicted that there would be votes against the President

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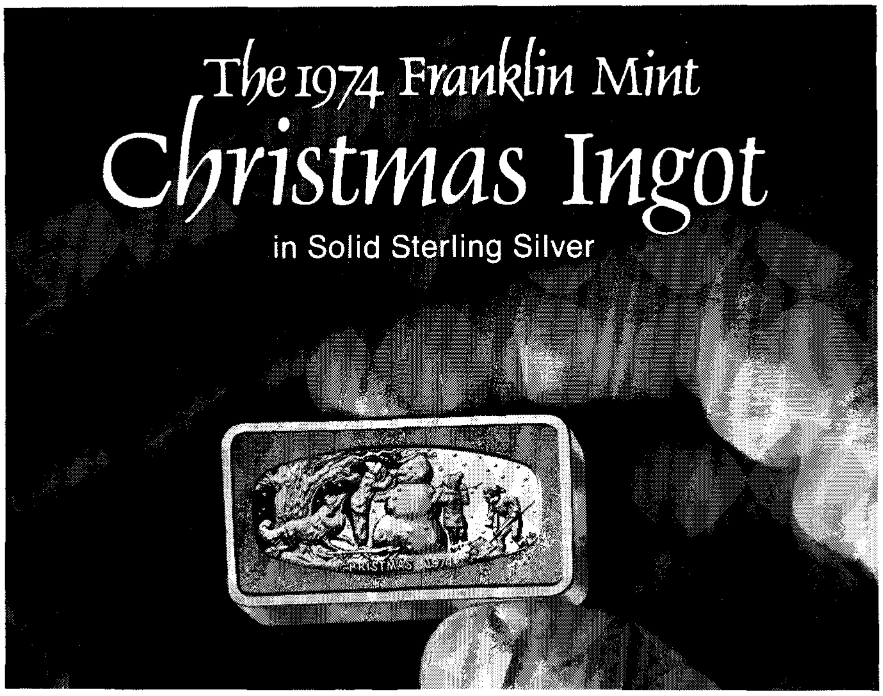

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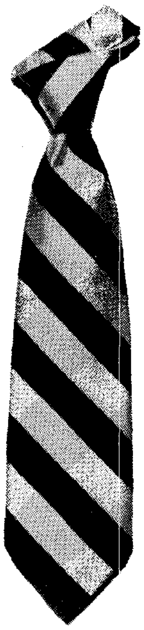

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by representatives from his state, from Georgia, and possibly even from Mississippi. Long said that the Judiciary Committee's conduct had been "exemplary" and "tends to shore up the confidence of people that the matter's being handled fairly." There are stories about the "erosion" of the President's support among conservatives in the House. John Ashbrook, conservative Republican representative from Ohio, said, according to the *Post*, that he was now prepared to vote for impeachment and it would take "a miracle of evidence to change my mind." Howard Phillips, once President Nixon's chosen instrument, as director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, for the dismantling of the agency, announced the formation of a group called Conservatives for the Removal of the President. Other conservative Republican representatives who had said they were opposed to impeachment are now placing themselves in the "undecided" category.

•

ARTICLE III, to impeach the President for his failure to comply with the committee's subpoenas, was adopted today after a debate that was at once solemn and confused, of great historical significance and fed by momentary political considerations. But so were the debates at Philadelphia. The question here, simply put, was whether, if a President refuses to coöperate with an inquiry into his impeachment, he should be impeached. There were two very strong, and opposite, arguments to consider. If a President could with impunity refuse to submit evidence to an impeachment inquiry, he could destroy the power of impeachment. On the other hand, to impeach a President on this ground might establish a precedent for an irresponsible Congress to launch an impeachment inquiry that was without serious grounds, and then impeach a President simply for refusing to turn over whatever evidence it demanded. It might establish that there were no justifiable claims of executive privilege or national security. And, as some members pointed out, the issue raised the problem of self-incrimination. Ultimately, it appears that great power requires great constraints, and that this outweighs the consideration that a responsible President could be harassed by an irresponsible Congress. Better to have him turn over material he would prefer to withhold than to nullify the impeachment process.

While some members, such as Cohen and Mann, felt that the principle of Presidential coöperation was important, they wanted it to be considered in context, not codified as a separate impeachable offense. Mann, who a few days ago had, mainly for political reasons, supported a separate article on noncoöperation, changed his mind, and decided to vote against Article III. It seems, also, that for most of the members of the "swing group" voting for two articles of impeachment was enough. Railsback, during the debate on Article III, called it "political overkill," and even warned that if it was adopted the "fragile coalition" on the committee would be threatened. (Cohen made a point of dissociating himself from that threat.) Doar, who had espoused treating the President's defiance of the committee as a separate impeachable offense, was still troubled by the Fifth Amendment implications and the possibility that the article might be rejected by the House or the Senate. Rejection of Article III might be viewed as approval of Presidential noncoöperation. Rodino stayed up late last night worrying about the question, and finally decided to proceed with the article. An amendment by Ray Thornton, of Arkansas, adopted by the committee, limited the article to covering situations in which there is "demonstrated by other evidence to be substantial grounds for impeachment of the President."

On the final vote on Article III, Hogan and McClory vote with nineteen Democrats in favor, and Flowers, Mann, Fish, Cohen, Railsback, Butler, and Froehlich join the remaining Republicans in opposition. (Lawrence Hogan has thus become the one Republican to support all three articles.)

•

CONYERS' motion to impeach the President for the secret bombing of Cambodia and the falsifying of information about it is, as had been expected, rejected—by a vote of twenty-six to twelve. From the outset, there was little disposition within the committee to inject the bitter question of the war into the impeachment.

In the debate, Caldwell Butler draws from Elizabeth Holtzman, Democrat of New York, the fact that several congressional leaders knew about the bombing, and, concludes Butler, "That's a responsibility the Congress must share with the President. We can't impeach ourselves." Cohen points out that after the Congress learned of the bombing it did not act immediately to stop it but ultimately voted to cut off the bombing as of August 15, 1973—in effect, as several members saw it, ratifying the President's action. Sandman, coming at it on another level—a level that Rodino and others had hoped to avoid—says, "Do you want to be remembered as that part of that Congress that tried to impeach a President of the United States because he did something which ended a war that his two predecessors could not do?"

And, as the Republicans angrily point out, the Democrats choose prime time this evening for the debate on a proposed article to impeach the President for receiving "emoluments"—the government spending on his homes at Key Biscayne and San Clemente—in violation of Article II, Section I of the Constitution, and for "willfully" attempting to avoid full payment of his income taxes. Both sides knew that this was an article that would not pass but that the issue of the President's taxes and homes was one that particularly annoyed the public. This article, too, is defeated by a vote of twenty-six to twelve.

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IT is odd how quickly the perception of reality has changed again. There was a time when it was said that the Judiciary Committee, being "stacked" liberal, would, of course, vote for impeachment but that it did not follow that the House would do so; it was not just the opponents of impeachment who discounted in advance a possible recommendation by the committee that the President be impeached. Now the general perception is that a vote to impeach is a foregone conclusion in the House and that the President's fortunes are slipping rapidly in the Senate. There were some who always thought that it would be this way once the House committee had voted. The manner in which the committee conducted its proceedings and the size of the votes to impeach—the fact that three Southern Democrats and six, and then seven, Republicans supported two articles of impeachment—have become the decisive factors. There was a time when some said that the committee's deliberations were just the preliminaries—and in one sense they are. It will be a long summer—and perhaps autumn and winter—as the House and the Senate go on with this process. But it also seems that the Judiciary Committee's action was the defining one.

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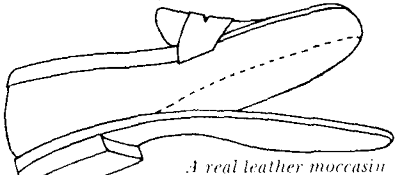

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WOMEN'S SIZES:

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C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x		

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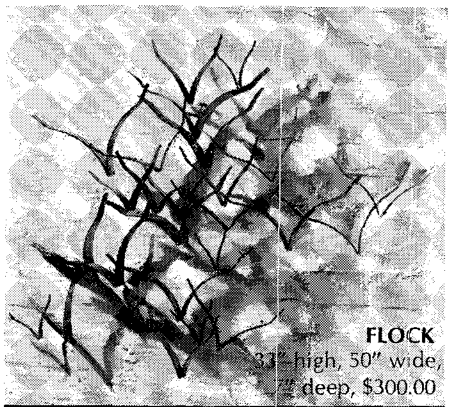

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matic than might have been expected. Since Saturday, people have become more accustomed to the idea of what the committee has done. It is hard to remember that this is the first time since 1868 that the impeachment of any President has been recommended by a congressional committee. It is still hard to realize what this means—that Richard Nixon may be the first President in American history to be removed from office.

JULY 31

WEDNESDAY. The lead story in today's Washington *Post* is that if the President is convicted by the Senate he will lose the perquisites he would have upon leaving the office under other circumstances, including resignation: a pension of sixty thousand dollars a year; a stipend of ninety-six thousand dollars a year for staff salaries and allowances; free office space for himself and his staff; and a widow's pension of twenty thousand dollars a year for his wife. The story also points out that if he is convicted by the Senate he may be disbarred. It is a strange non-news story, given odd prominence. Is someone trying to send him a message? The story was written by Spencer Rich, the *Post's* Senate correspondent. Will this story be put in the President's daily news summary?

One can almost hear the sound of the walls crumbling. The *Times* reports that John Rhodes, "hoping to head off what could become a stampede for impeachment," has scheduled informal meetings for Republicans to debate the issue. The *Times* quotes a "Northern Republican" as saying that there might be nearly a two-to-one margin for impeachment in the House. "It looks like a runaway," he is quoted as saying. Republican House members have been discussing the possibility of having the President ask the House to forgo a debate on the impeachment articles and to cast a "pro-forma" vote, so that there could be an immediate trial in the Senate. The White House is also showing interest in such a plan. The House members say that this is in the President's interest, but it appears also to serve their own.

●

YESTERDAY, the President turned over twenty of the subpoenaed tapes to Judge Sirica. Others are still to be produced. Yesterday, it was announced that the President was spending time in the Lincoln sitting room—where we used to be told that he sat in lonely isolation drafting speeches—listening to subpoenaed tapes.

●

THE Senate aide who is in the traffic patterns on Capitol Hill says, "It's all over. It's only a matter now of how the eggs are cooked."

●

JACK ANDERSON, the columnist, reports today that the Special Prosecutor's office, picking up where the Ervin committee left off, is continuing an investigation into the financial affairs of Bebe Rebozo.

AUGUST 1

THURSDAY. John Ehrlichman, after he was sentenced yesterday by Judge Gesell to a period of from twenty months to five years in prison for conspiracy and perjury in connection with the break-in at Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, said that he would appeal and that he was "confident . . . that I will ultimately be exonerated and vindicated." Ehrlichman is the highest former aide to the President—and the fourteenth of his former aides or associates—to be convicted, or to plead guilty. (Seven more have been indicted and still face trial.) Speaking to reporters on the steps of the District Courthouse, Ehrlichman described what he thought were "the fundamental issues and principles" involved. He said, "People who are in government are constantly required to balance the rights of an individual against the larger rights of the nation as a whole. . . . The obvious example is the farmer who is asked to give up his farm in order to build an airbase in wartime." These "balancing judgments are involved day to day in various aspects of government life," said Ehrlichman. "There was a balance of that kind involved in this case."

●

CHARLES WIGGINS and Senator John Tower, Republican of Texas, have said that they now believe that impeachment is almost inevitable. John Brademas, the chief deputy House Democratic Whip, predicts that there will be three hundred votes for impeachment. Plans are being made for informal sessions of House members to hear the arguments on both sides preceding the formal debate. And now they have to invent a way of conducting a floor debate on the articles of impeachment. The debate is now scheduled to begin August

19th and last about two weeks; the committee staff needs time to write the committee report. Sarbanes and Edwards and McClory and Railsback have been meeting with Rodino to plan strategy for the floor debate; new alliances have been forged. The Judiciary Committee got such good reviews that it seems more likely than before that the proceedings on the House floor, and in the Senate as well, will be televised. Now other members of Congress want their time under the lights. Even some members of the House Rules Committee, which will formally set the debate rules, want its proceedings televised.

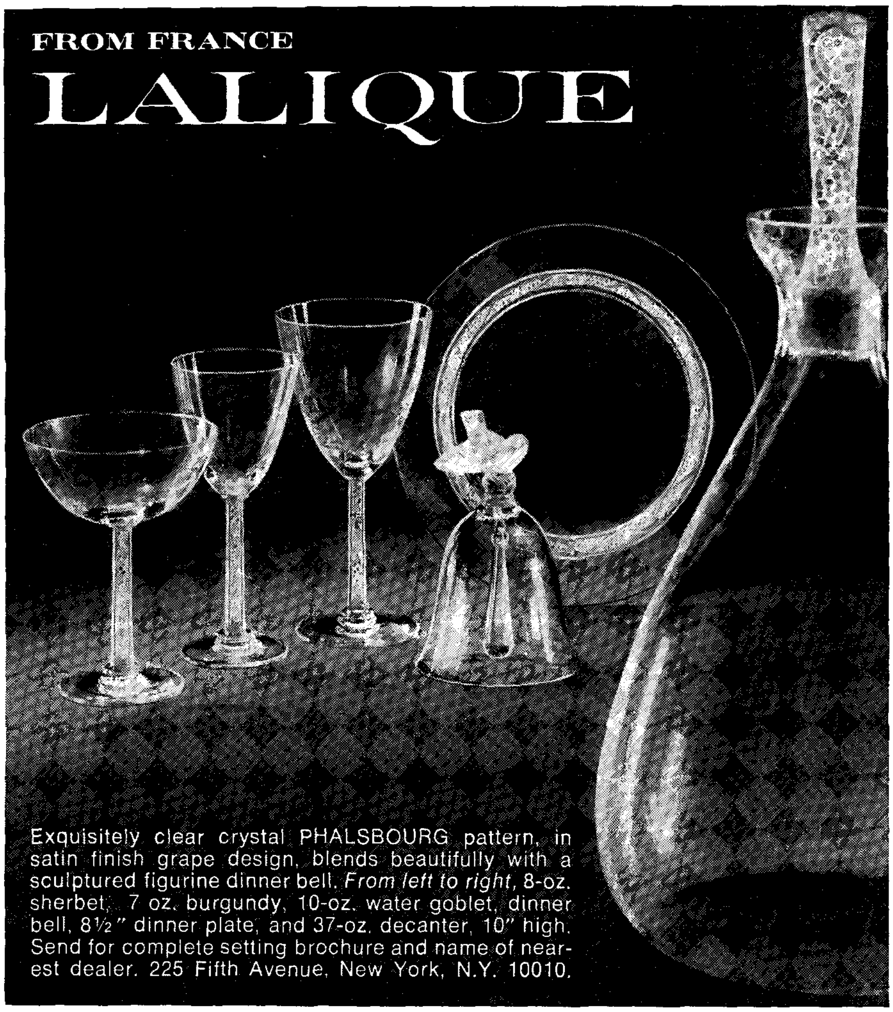
A Republican Senate aide says that the impact that the House Judiciary Committee's televised proceedings had on the Senate was "overwhelming." The Senate has always had a rather patronizing view of the House, and senators were struck—as, apparently, much of the country was—by the quality of the House members' performance. The aide—who gets around the Senate—says that he has thought for some time that the President had no more than twenty-eight votes in the Senate. (If every Senator were present and voting, he would need thirty-four to spare him conviction.)

◆

WHITE HOUSE lawyers told Judge Sirica yesterday that more than five minutes of a subpoenaed conversation was missing. The conversation involved the President, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman on April 17, 1973, in the Oval Office. It was on that day that the President announced to the public that there had been "major developments"—our first real clue that the case was indeed breaking.

◆

TODAY, a White House aide told one of my colleagues that he thought there were fifty certain votes for the President's conviction in the Senate and only twenty certain votes against it. Said the aide, "It isn't down the chute yet in the Senate, but it's damn close." A Senate Republican leader estimates that at the most, counting all the "maybes," there are thirty-six votes for the President. He refers to what is happening now as "a growing political snowball," and says that the end will come when Republicans realize that the President might scrape by in the Senate and they would be stuck with him in office for two more years. At the White House, Gerald Warren, the President's deputy press secretary,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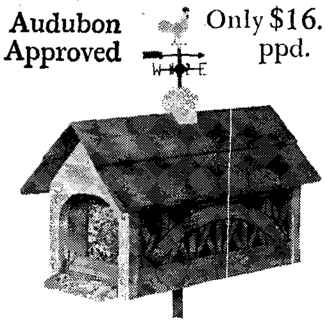

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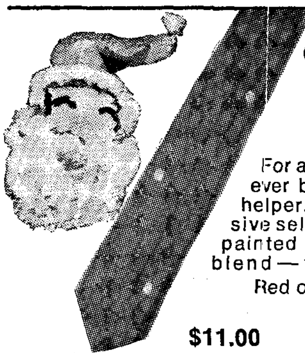

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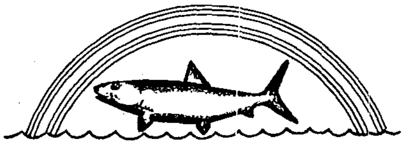

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announced today, “The President will not resign.” But the heated atmosphere and cancellations of meetings at the White House suggest that something is up. We have tried to train ourselves not to get caught up in these heated moments, not to think that the President would resign. He has ridden out heated moments before. But that other possibility has also been there: that events would finally come together in some combination of impeachment and resignation.

AUGUST 2

FRIDAY. “Frankly,” says John Anderson, Illinois Republican and chairman of the House Republican Conference, as we talk in his office this morning, “it is a *fait accompli* in the minds of the members.” Anderson has just come from a lengthy meeting of the Wednesday Club, a group of about twenty-five moderate House Republicans, at which they heard Wiggins discuss the issues in the articles voted by the Judiciary Committee. Several more meetings of Republicans are scheduled for next week, so that members can hear from proponents of both sides. Butler, Cohen, and Lott are to speak at a meeting of the House Republican freshmen—a fairly conservative group, who have already met on the matter and are in some anguish, because their positions with the electorate are less secure than those of more senior members. Even though the House members now know that the President will be impeached, “we feel we have to go over and over the details and the law,” says Anderson. “We have to be able to debate. We have to be able to explain to our constituents. We've got to be able to convince people that this process was fair.” The Republicans are particularly busy having meetings, he says, “because we feel it's more poignantly a Republican problem.”

I ask him when it became a *fait accompli.*

He lists a number of events. “This thing has been one of peaks and valleys,” he says. “Lately, there were the Ehrlichman conviction and the ‘kangaroo-court’ line by Ziegler. There was the committee's release showing the discrepancies in the two sets of transcripts. Then the Supreme Court decision. There had been a noticeable buildup of tension in the cloakrooms for two or three days before that. Granted that the Court ruling did not cover the question of Congress's prerogatives, it demolished Nixon's argument of executive privilege. Then the Judiciary Committee proceedings gave the Congress a much-needed lift. They restored to the Congress a sense of dignity, and imbued it with the courage to do what it has to do. Those televised proceedings were hung on very carefully by members of Congress. Members of Congress don't often listen to each other. Nothing is more boring. But this was different. Then members began to gather in little knots in the cloakroom and on the floor and say, ‘He's had it.’ ”

I ask Anderson what has become of the Republicans' concern for that presumed twenty-five per cent of die-hard Nixon supporters.

“As time went on, the twenty-five-per-cent figure became displaced by a great many polls that have been taken in a number of districts,” he replies. “Members began to do a little more careful analysis and realized that the shouters were being overcounted. When you counted Democratic voters who might vote for some Republican, and Republicans who were for impeachment, and the growing block of independents, you came up with a majority. A lot of different members polled, and compared the results. Those polls were floating around here. I don't want to suggest that it's just the polls. It's also the evidence. Some of us have been lugging the evidence books around. Many weeks ago, I formed the theory that you could make a case for impeachment on obstruction of justice. That's what led me to call for the President's resignation. And that issue had been built up in the media. But something that caught fire—that came up quickly—was the theory of abuse of power. It was just amazing to me how the members grasped at it as an impeachable offense. They clearly thought that the part about the I.R.S. was salable back home. The I.R.S. as ‘the jackboot of the federal government.’ The idea of the abuse of power just emerged. The media hadn't built it up. Now the members are reinforcing each other. There is a relief in finally deciding. They got tired of this thing hanging over their heads. You can't neatly categorize the factors—you can't say that it's twenty per cent evidence and twenty per cent politics and sixty per cent courage, or whatever the proportions. The climate just built up.”

•

THE only question remaining in the House is the size of the vote by which the President will be impeached. One member whom many members of the House and of the press are looking to is Barber Conable. Conable, fifty-one, is a Republican from upstate New

York; the chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee; and a member of the Ways and Means Committee. And, as one who is already important, he is generally considered to be a possible top House Republican leader. Just as at one point Railsback was the center of attention, it is commonly said now that what Conable does will determine the size of the impeachment vote in the House. Conable arrives late for our lunch appointment today. "I'm in the unfortunate position of being identified as a key man," he says. "When I say I'm undecided, people say, 'Isn't that cute. He is going to vote against the President.' People throw the searchlight on the 'undecideds' and say, 'They'll vote against the President.' The President isn't very likable, so it is assumed that the 'undecideds' are against him. I'm taking home six books of Judiciary Committee evidence on abuse of power this weekend, and meanwhile I have to meet with my political advisers on the political race of my life. People have identified me as a key man who will vote for impeachment, and call me a key man in order to maximize my influence. The problem is that it will take me so long to get my thoughts together that I might not be key by then. I'll be more 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' and that's not a bad posture at this point."

As Conable and I talk, a House Republican stops at the table and says he wants to talk with Conable about something later. Conable says it's about the idea of having a censure vote rather than impeachment. He goes on to say, "People are still hoping that something will come along to dilute that cup of hemlock."

•

TODAY, Gerald Warren, reading from notes that are presumed to have been approved by the President, described Mr. Nixon as "an underdog" in the impeachment battle. Calling it a "political struggle," Warren said, "We face an uphill struggle, but in a political struggle you have a chance to win."

•

TODAY, John Dean was sentenced by Judge Sirica to a term of from one to four years for his role in the conspiracy to cover up the Watergate break-in.

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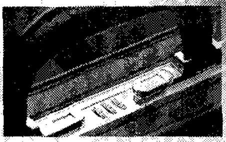
TODAY, Judge Sirica ordered White House lawyers to speed the delivery to the court of the remaining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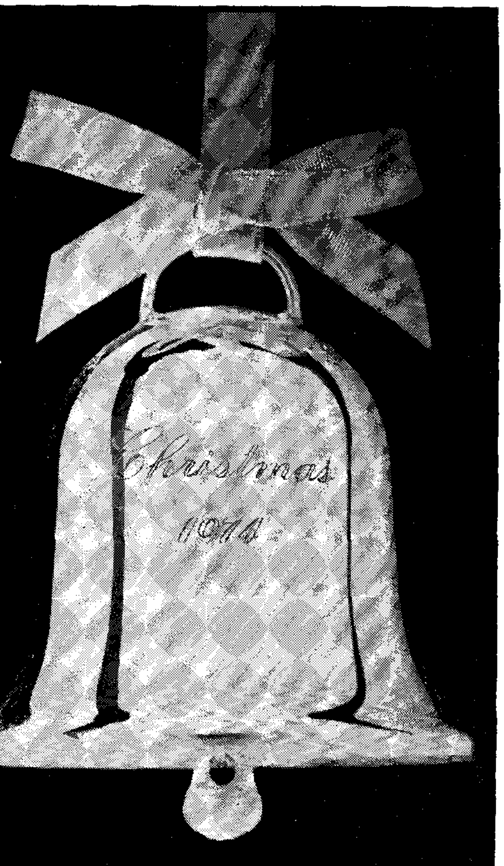

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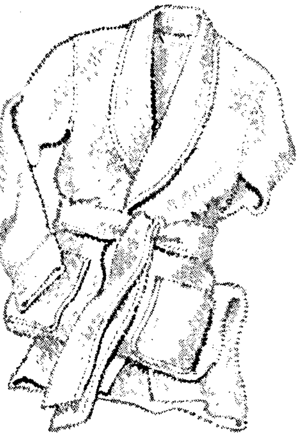

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subpoenaed tapes, and set a deadline of next Wednesday.

AUGUST 4

SUNDAY. The lead in today's *Times* is another story about the fact that the President will lose his sixty-thousand-dollar pension and ninety-six thousand dollars for staff and other expenses if he is impeached and convicted. This one, by the *Times* political correspondent R. W. Apple, says that "several" of the President's "longtime financial backers" have, according to White House aides, "sent word to Mr. Nixon that he should weigh his financial future carefully before reaching a final decision." Apple also writes that "some Republicans on Capitol Hill, still convinced that resignation is preferable to the trauma of impeachment, have discussed the idea of using his finances as a lever to persuade the President to quit." The "trauma" seems to be that of the politicians. The striking thing is that, except for the buzzing on Capitol Hill and among the press about how high the impeachment vote in the House might be, it is so calm here—and, apparently, in the rest of the country, too. A Harris poll published today says that sixty-six per cent of those polled think the House should vote to impeach—up from fifty-three per cent since the House Judiciary Committee voted the articles of impeachment.

Gerald Ford is quoted in today's Washington *Post* as saying that he thinks "the odds are such" that the President may be impeached. "I think the situation has eroded," said Ford. The Vice-President also said, "I believe the President is innocent. I don't want any impression created that I've changed my mind about the President's innocence." There have been messages to Ford, in various news stories and columns, from allies and from various journalists who give freely of their advice: to stay home, keep quiet, and get ready. Ford has been out of Washington for most of the past few months. He is in Mississippi and Louisiana this weekend, and on Thursday he is to leave for California and other Western points, and will be out of Washington during most of the two-week House debate on impeachment. Many observers think that his absence during this period is not accidental.

•

THE President is meeting at Camp David with some aides this weekend, and is said to be mapping "strategy" for the forthcoming impeachment fight. James St. Clair and two speechwriters are there. But what strategies can be left?

AUGUST 5

MONDAY. The *Times* reports that Senate Minority Whip Robert Griffin has written to the President that he would vote to convict if the President defied a Senate subpoena of tapes. Word comes that John Rhodes has cancelled a scheduled statement for today on his position on impeachment, because he has a cold. Since I have one, too, I am inclined to believe this, but some of my colleagues are skeptical. Then word comes that Griffin has called on the President to resign, saying that "the national interest and his own interest would best be served by resigning," and that "I believe he will see it that way, too." Carl Albert, the Speaker of the House, has said that the process of impeachment should be carried through. On the radio this afternoon, George Meany's voice is saying that he is not interested in seeing the President punished. Says Meany, "All I want is the President just to go away."

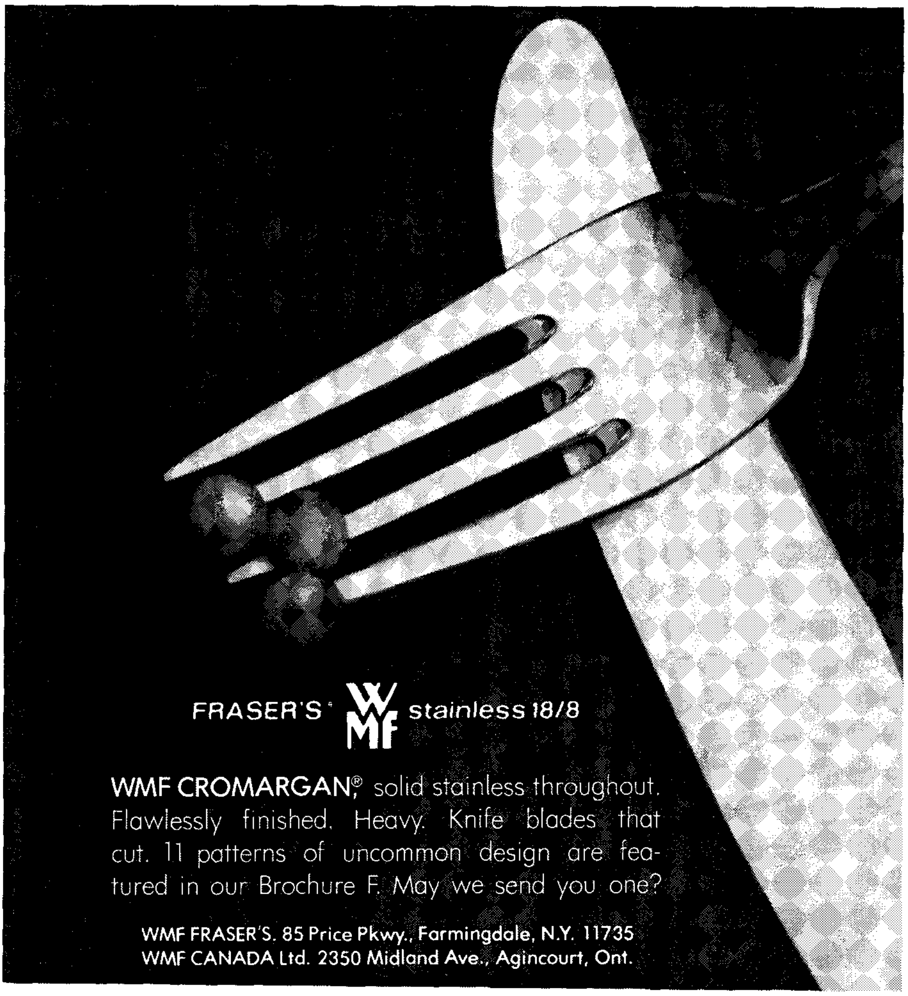
•

DESPITE all the signs that something was about to break, there was no being prepared for the five-o'clock news today. It is reported that the President has announced that he will release transcripts of three tapes and that these tapes "may further damage my case." According to the news, these tapes—of three conversations with Haldeman on June 23, 1972, six days after the Watergate break-in and three days after that Nixon-Haldeman conversation of which eighteen and a half minutes was erased—show that the President knew that the F.B.I. was tracing the break-in to the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President, and that he was concerned about the political consequences and directed the C.I.A. to try to stop the F.B.I. investigation. Since May, 1973, the President had been saying that he was concerned that the F.B.I. investigation might expose sensitive "national-security" C.I.A. operations. Today, in a statement, he has acknowledged that he "also discussed the political aspects of the situation." The President said today that when he had said, on releasing the earlier transcripts, that they told the whole story of Watergate, he had not been aware of the "implications" of the conversations he is releasing today. On an unusually contrite note, he now says that he listened to these tapes in May, after they had been subpoenaed by the Special Prosecutor, but concealed the conversations from his attorneys, other members of his staff, and the House Judiciary Committee, which therefore based its inquiry on "incomplete and in some respects erroneous" information. He also says that it is "clear that portions of the tapes of these June 23 conversations are at variance with certain of my previous statements." The President said that a House vote to impeach was a "foregone conclusion," and that he would turn over to the Senate any tapes that Judge Sirica might rule should go to the Special Prosecutor. He asked that the case be viewed "in perspective," and said that he did not believe that the evidence warranted the "extreme step" of impeachment and removal of the President.

Why is he putting these transcripts out now? It seems clear that others who heard these tapes must have told him that he was cornered. Perhaps it is another exercise in damage limitation—like the earlier transcripts. The tapes will become public eventually, so put them out yourself, cut the losses. Perhaps this new information can become enveloped and lost in the House action, precluding new discoveries during the Senate trial.

On the six-o'clock radio news, Wiggins, who was informed about these new transcripts at the White House three days ago, is saying, "The President of the United States should resign." It's coming fast now. On the NBC and CBS evening television news programs, the Republican statements unroll, all of them bad for the President. The Judiciary Committee Republicans were shown the transcripts this afternoon by St. Clair and Buzhardt. Tonight, Charles Sandman says, "It certainly changes my vote. This is devastating." And Delbert Latta says he is reconsidering his position against impeachment. Barber Conable, who was agonizing just three days ago, says, "It's tough to put your loyalty in someone who abuses it. I think the issue becomes one of how to transfer the government in an orderly fashion." Robert Dole, the Republican Senator from Kansas, says, "Jerry Ford by Labor Day would ease our load." The NBC news shows Wiley Mayne in Iowa, over the weekend, explaining that he voted against impeachment because he thought the case was weak. Then this afternoon Wiley Mayne is saying he will vote for impeachment.

Now, on CBS television, Wiggins is shown reading his statement. "I believe that this is not the time for the Presi-



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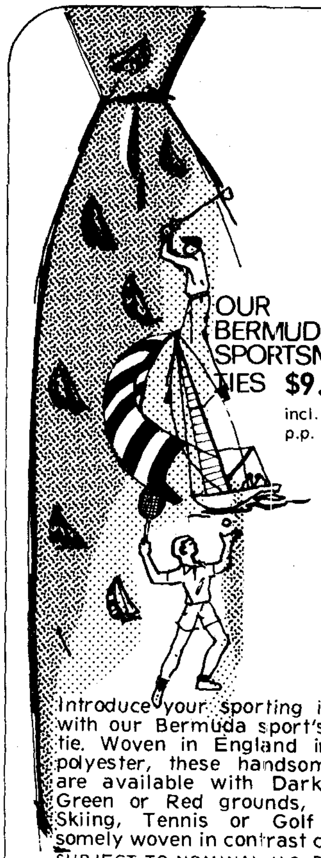

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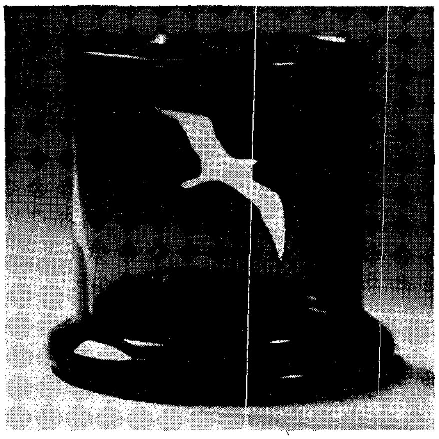

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dent to meet with his attorneys to plan for his defense in the Senate," Wiggins says. The tone is one of cold rage. But then the voice quavers as he says that it is time "to discuss the orderly transition of power from Richard Nixon to Gerald Ford." It is as if he were pronouncing a death sentence—which, in a way, he is. "The magnificent career of public service of Richard Nixon," Wiggins says, struggling to contain his emotions, pausing, clearing his throat as he tries to regain his composure, "must be terminated involuntarily." It seems to be the anger and distress of a man who has been used and betrayed, who has been through too much, can take no more. Wiggins says that if the President does not resign he will now vote for Article I in the House.

Gerald Ford has issued a statement saying that he has "come to the conclusion that the public interest is no longer served by repetition of my previously expressed belief that on the basis of all the evidence known to me and to the American people the President is not guilty of an impeachable offense." Therefore, said the Vice-President, he would "respectfully decline" to discuss the matter further. He is saying, in effect, the same thing that the others are saying, but saying it backward, as circumstances dictate.

Now the news is bombarding us again, and one has no choice but to receive it, to stay by the radio and the phone. Events are hurtling forward, and all one can do is try to keep up. There is little time to think. Momentous decisions are being made. We shall have to live with the consequences. If in fact the transition is coming, are we really prepared for it? We have been talking about it, thinking about it, for so long, sensing—except for that one period of doubt before the House Judiciary Committee acted—that it would take place. But as it begins to appear possible it seems that we can't separate ourselves from Nixon's disgrace. It seems that we have all gone through this with him, and we have all been brought low. As long as he is President, a blow to his dignity is in some inescapable way a blow to ours.

•

LATE this evening, a colleague brings me a copy of the transcripts of the June 23rd meetings. It is hard to believe that one can still be astonished, but the transcripts themselves give a far more devastating picture than the news stories suggested. For those who believed that the President was aware of, and even directed, the coverup, it must still be a shock to *read his conversation* about it.

Here, on these photocopied, stapled-together, double-spaced pages, it is:

H Now on the investigation, you know the Democratic break-in thing, we're back in the problem area because the FBI is not under control, because Gray doesn't exactly know how to control it *and they have—their investigation is now* leading into some productive areas—because they've been able to trace the money—not through the money itself—but through the bank sources—the banker. And, and it goes in some directions we don't want it to go. Ah, also there have been some things—like an informant came in off the street to the FBI in Miami who was a photographer or has a friend who is a photographer who developed some films through this guy Barker and the films had pictures of Democratic National Committee letterhead documents and things. So it's things like that that are filtering in. Mitchell came up with yesterday, and John Dean *analyzed very carefully last night* and concludes, concurs now with Mitchell's recommendation that the only way to solve this, and we're set up beautifully to do it, ah, in that and that—the only network that paid any attention to it last night was NBC—they did a massive story on the Cuban thing.

P That's right.

H That the way to handle this now is for us to have Walters call Pat Gray and just say, "Stay to hell out of this—this is ah, business here we don't want you to go any further on it." That's not an unusual development, and ah, that would take care of it.

And then Haldeman, referring to the F.B.I., asks, "And *you seem to think the thing to do is get them to stop?"*

And Nixon replies, "Right, fine."

There is an inexplicable difference between the experiences of suspecting a lie and being whacked in the face with the evidence of one. Many Americans had become accustomed to thinking of the President as a liar, and had alternately suspended belief in, scoffed at, or become enraged at his statements. But I wonder whether the enormity of his lying has sunk in yet—whether we have, or can, come to terms with the thought that so much of what he said to us was just noise, words, and that we can no longer begin by accepting any of it as the truth. This is a total reversal of the way we were brought up to think about Presidents, a departure from deeply ingrained habits. One's mind resists the thought of our President as a faithless man, capable of looking at us in utter sincerity from the other side of the television camera and telling us multiple, explicit, barefaced lies. One is torn between the idea that people must be able to have some confidence in their leaders and the idea that in this day of image manipulation a certain skepticism may serve them well. I do not think there is much comfort to be taken from the fact that eventually Nixon's lies—like Johnson's—caught up with him. It took a long time, and a great deal of damage was done meanwhile.

These transcripts tonight are stunning on a number of grounds. There are bits of conversation about the number of misdeeds that the President and his aides were intent on concealing. The President rehearses the reasons the C.I.A. must be told to try to call the F.B.I. off the investigation:

> P Of course, this Hunt, that will uncover a lot of things. You open that scab there's a hell of a lot of things and we just feel that it would be very detrimental to have this thing go any further. This involves these Cubans, Hunt, and a lot of hanky-panky that we have nothing to do with ourselves. Well what the hell, did Mitchell know about this?

What hanky-panky? While this transcript makes it clear that the President was trying to block the investigation, one cannot help suspecting that an investigation might have turned up some things—related to the break-in or not—that were real enough. We know that Hunt and the Cubans had been involved in other matters. The C.I.A., too, needs untraceable money.

There is also the sheer incoherence and triviality of these conversations. One does not expect, as someone said, iambic pentameter in the Oval Office. It is understandable that busy people might cover a wide range of subjects when they meet. But these conversations meander mindlessly around a cluttered field that includes the coverup; Mrs. Nixon's concern, brought up by the President, that helicopters might disarrange her and her daughters' hairdos at the Republican Convention at Miami Beach; the fact, mentioned by Haldeman, that the British have floated the pound (the President asks "That's devaluation?" and he goes on to say "It's too complicated for me to get into"); the fact, also mentioned by Haldeman, that Arthur Burns, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, is concerned about the lira—to which the President replies, "Well, I don't give a (expletive deleted) about the lira;" the Congress's action on a pending proposal to increase Social Security benefits; the fact, mentioned by the President, that when his daughter Tricia presented some Chinese artifacts to an art gallery in Boston, two people, one of them

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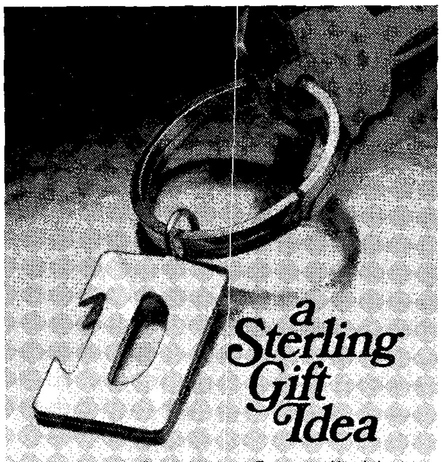

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from the press, refused to shake her hand in a receiving line. Says the President, "The worse thing (unintelligible) is to go to anything that has to do with the Arts. . . . The Arts you know—they're Jews, they're left wing—in other words, stay away." The President talks of the importance of reaching "Middle America," and of some of the things the President's daughters might do toward that end ("ride a bus for two hours"), and of his interest in calling "key contributors." He speaks of "Six Crises," saying that he was "thumbing through" it the night before, and, repeatedly, he instructs Haldeman to reread it and says he wants Colson to read it, "and anybody else." (Colson told the Judiciary Committee in July that "all of us who were in daily contact with the President from time to time received instructions to read certain portions of 'Six Crises.' I think I read it fourteen times.") "Actually," says the President, "the book reads awfully well."

•

IN these transcripts, we find, not for the first time, Haldeman suggesting the President's course of action. I have been told several times by people who worked with them that in order to understand the Nixon Administration I must understand the relationship between Nixon and Haldeman, and must understand Haldeman. And that an understanding of these two men would also help me to understand the existence of the tapes. It has been explained to me that Haldeman played to Nixon's weaknesses—his uncertainty, his lack of self-definition, his constant need to master his profound indecisiveness. Haldeman once told Allen Drury that he acted as a screen for the President, "because there is a real danger of some advocate of an idea rushing in to the President . . . and actually managing to convince [him] in a burst of emotion or argument." So Haldeman's judgment—such as it was—very frequently became Nixon's. And it has even been suggested that I must consider the fact that Haldeman is a Christian Scientist (as is Ehrlichman): that this explains his broader rejection of what other people regard as realities, and his minimizing of the importance of deeds as opposed to thoughts. And explains what can be seen as a preoccupation with Nixon's immortality. Tapes. (Of the President's top aides, only Haldeman knew about the tapes.) Dictabelts. Memorandums. We used to read how Haldeman and Ehrlichman made home movies of Nixon and, for relaxation, went to each other's house and watched them. To Nixon, the tapes might have been, among other things, a means of establishing his authenticity as President. In the Nixon White House, the Nixon Presidency became a kind of religion in itself—one that we were all asked to believe in.

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AGAIN the question: Why weren't the tapes destroyed? After Butterfield disclosed their existence to the Ervin committee, in July, 1973, Nixon consulted some of his aides about whether to destroy them. Once more, his indecisiveness was his undoing. Having asked others, he placed others in the position of either advising against the destruction of the tapes or countenancing the obstruction of justice. And there were people in the White House who—whether for reasons of conscience or because they had seen the damage to their former colleagues, or both—were not about to do the latter. Moreover, there is every indication that the President did not—still does not—believe he did anything wrong. He wrote to the Ervin committee, "As in any verbatim recording of informal conversations, they contain comments that persons with different perspectives and motivations would inevitably interpret in different ways." So he took his chances and did not destroy the tapes.

AUGUST 6

THE Washington *Post* reports this morning that over the weekend, at Camp David, the President seriously considered resigning. Yesterday evening, he and Mrs. Nixon and their two daughters cruised on the Sequoia. Bebe Rebozo, who had been a guest of the Nixons since last Thursday, returned yesterday to Key Biscayne.

•

THE noon news. Some Republicans are suggesting that the impeachment debate in the House be shortened, and be held earlier than had been planned. Robert McClory suggests one day of debate, to be held next week rather than two weeks from now. Rhodes has said that "this disclosure makes a quick House vote on impeachment an imperative in the best interests of our country." Then one hears the voice of David Dennis saying that now he will vote for Article I. "I was shocked and I was sorry, but I was not all that surprised," says David Dennis slowly. "I've practiced law a long time. I've had clients lie to me." In the first half hour of trading on Wall Street this morning, prices shot up by twenty-five points on the Dow-Jones industrial average. The President has met with his Cabinet this morning. Reporters are standing by.

•

THE 1 P.M. news. The Cabinet has emerged from its meeting with the President, and William Simon, the Treasury Secretary, has said that the President won't resign and sincerely does not believe he has committed an impeachable offense. The President is saying he won't resign. He won't say he will until he does. But all logic is now with his doing it soon, before he is impeached. If he wants to do it before the Senate convicts him, he may as well do it before he is impeached by the House. This is a rather banal ending. A piece of tape. The President caught in his own words. One has to think again about what this story would have been like tapeless. We can never be sure.

•

A TELEPHONE call to the Senate Democratic aide who is in the traffic patterns. "No one knows what the hell is going on," he says. "We're taking him at his word that he wants a trial. I think resignation now would not be satisfactory from his standpoint. He would be criminally prosecuted. His culpability should be determined in a public forum—House impeachment. Then prosecution could be avoided on the ground that it would be kicking a corpse. I don't think resignation would be enough. There has to be some recitation of the charges, as there had to be in court against Agnew. For Congress to give him immunity if he resigns is the worst of all options. It would be the cowardly way for Congress to act. The question is at what point the mood in the country would be that he has had enough. That isn't the mood yet. The idea that he can just quit is not enough. That does not hold him accountable. I don't think the system is strengthened by taking that route. So there is a growing division of opinion on this—between those who want to let the processes work and those who want him out and who say the record is already clear. I don't want history to say he was scared out of office. I want him to be judged by the people's representatives."

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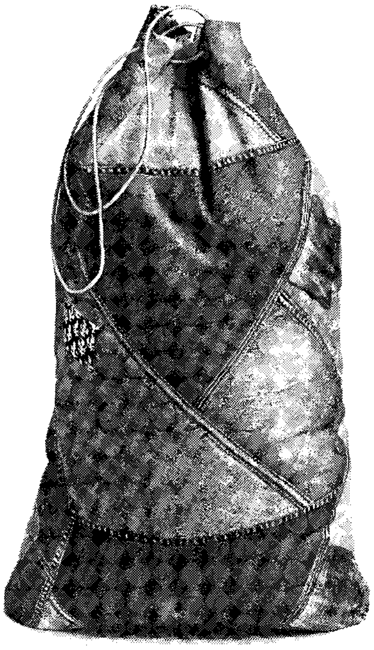

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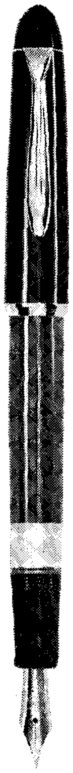

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the President immunity. Griffin said today that he doubted that Congress had the power to grant immunity. Someone else says it's up to the Special Prosecutor. But it seems unlikely that either a new President or the Special Prosecutor would want to take this action on his own. So there is the problem of how to extricate the President from this situation, even if that is thought desirable. The politicians are worried about getting wrapped in his disgrace if they let him off. The leniency accorded Agnew was very upsetting to much of the public, and now it is coming back to haunt Nixon.

•

IN January, when the President was quoted as saying he would "fight like hell," he also said that "there is a time to fly."

•

JOHN RHODES, apparently recovered from his illness, has made a statement calling the latest revelation "a cataclysmic affair which did cause me to change my position on Article I." He says he will support it. Does that mean he was going to vote against it? The Republicans seem to be falling on this latest scrap of tape, grasping it, as if it were their lifeline to safety. For the hesitants, it makes a vote for Article I respectable, and there will now be safety in numbers. It might even hasten the President's departure—an outcome that many have harbored in their breasts since last fall, and that they now fervently wish. Article I, dealing with the coverup, is the easiest article to embrace. And, in fact, it leads us back to the White House definition of an impeachable offense—a crime. Will the lessons of all this be: Don't cover up a crime, and, if you do, don't tape yourself while you do it? What about Article II, having to do with abuse of power—the far more serious charge? And what about the question raised in Article III: whether a President must coöperate with the Congress in an impeachment inquiry? These articles were to be the tablets handed down to the future. The sudden outrage of some Republicans has a hollow ring. Where are they on the question of abuse of power? Where are they—where have they been—on the question of our liberties? These Republicans are responding to the moment. Many of the Republicans tell themselves that the last tapes are a kind of confession. They came to see the President as an unclean thing, and they wanted to get him out. They were thinking of these things, not the processes. Many of these people are what a friend of mine who works in the Senate calls King's-party men. King's-party men rally around the Crown until it becomes clear, if it does, that the King must be beheaded. King's-party men impute great authority to the Crown, but they also impute to themselves the authority to make that kind of decision. And then they move on, in the tradition of "The King is dead. Long live the King." What James Buckley referred to in March as "the regime" is preserved. The question of laying out the boundaries within which the King may act is now secondary to the question of succession.

We still don't know if this country can carry out the process of impeachment and conviction of an incumbent President. Perhaps, if there are future impeachments, it will always end something like this. Perhaps it will be seen that the House Judiciary Committee examined the evidence and came to conclusions not only about the obstruction of justice but also about abuse of power and—with some misgivings—the authority of the Congress in an impeachment proceeding. It is clear that the House would approve Articles I and II and impeach the President; and it now seems probable that the Senate would convict. But we may be left with probabilities rather than certainties. Perhaps the lesson will go down that the abuse of power is a dangerous business—something that Presidents had better not engage in, and something about which we will be more alert. One can't be sure now. We may be more sensitized to it at the moment, but precious few steps have been taken to institutionalize safeguards. Will the Congress remain alerted—to the extent that it is alerted at all—or will it go back to sleep? The public and the Congress—in that order—did finally become alarmed, and reacted, but it took a great deal to get them to do so. I remember James Mann's point, when I first spoke with him, in April, about the need for the Congress to maintain constant oversight. Will he be listened to now? Or will the Congress—and will we—revert to the habitual limited attention span? Will there be the assumption that with the exit of Richard Nixon the danger is past? Will there be, as seems all too likely, a great national desire not to think about these things anymore?

•

SEVERAL people have said in the past two days that one thing that troubles them—in the light of the

President's possible resignation—is John Ehrlichman's statement last week suggesting that he still does not think he and the President did anything wrong. These people want a definitive statement from the legislative branch that they did.

•

THE afternoon news. Now all ten Republicans on the Judiciary Committee who voted against all the articles have announced that they will vote for Article I. John Tower, chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, emerged from a meeting of the Republican senators this morning and said that a majority of the senators now favor the President's resignation. Tower said that the President "does not perhaps comprehend the great hazard he faces in coming to trial in the Senate," and that after a few days, in which things should cool off, the senators will try to get a message to him. Carl Albert has emerged from a meeting of House Democratic leaders to say that the House debate on impeachment will be reduced from two weeks to one but that the debate will still not begin until August 19th. There remain the mechanical problems of producing the Judiciary Committee's report (to be further amended, in the light of the new evidence) and of going through procedural steps before legislation can be debated on the House floor. Said Albert, "This is one of the most important things we've ever done in this House, and we are not going to have any summary operation." John Anderson has made a statement saying that if the President wants a Senate trial he should have one, and should not be "dragooned" into resigning.

•

ON tonight's news, we see Secretary of State Henry Kissinger on the White House lawn after the Cabinet meeting, looking grim. Clearing his throat, as he does when he is very tense, Kissinger says to the reporters, "When questions of peace or war are considered, no foreign government should have any doubts about the way in which foreign policy will be conducted." Kissinger is sending his message—whatever its precise meaning—to the world through these reporters on the White House lawn. For some time—it seems since last fall, at least—Kissinger has spoken privately with friends, and publicly in somewhat more veiled terms, of his fears that Mr. Nixon's troubles might undermine Kissinger's foreign-policy efforts, might

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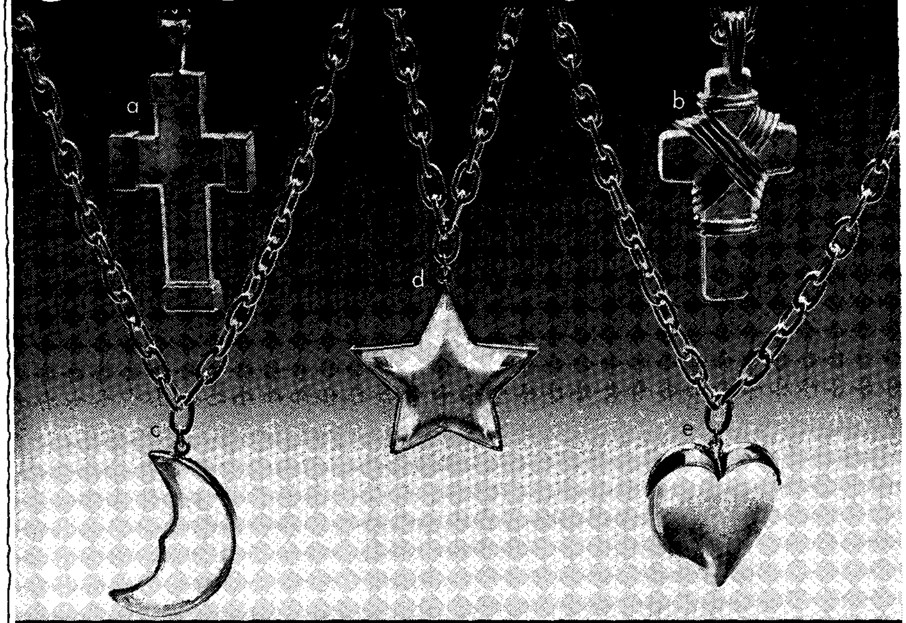

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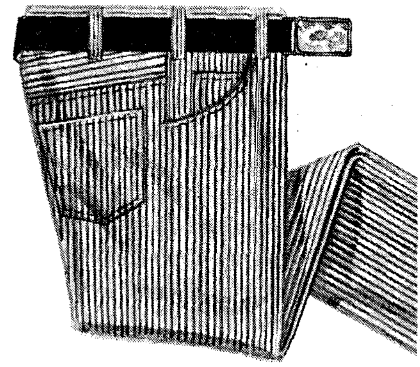

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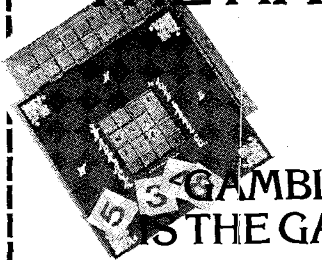

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Tom Brokaw reports on NBC tonight that the President spent thirty-five minutes today with Rabbi Korff.

Senator Barry Goldwater is reported on tonight's news to have made an emotional speech in the Republicans' meeting this morning, and to have said, "You can only be lied to so often."

Tonight, we see Tower saying that the senators' view is that "it would be best for the country" not to have a trial, that a Senate trial would be "a wrenching experience." "That's their rationale," said Tower. Robert Byrd is quoted as saying that if the vote were taken in the Senate today the President would be convicted.

And then we see still more of the ten Judiciary Committee Republicans—who had wished to see no evil and hear no evil—announcing their turnabouts. The speed with which these turnabouts are occurring gives one the sense that at least some of the Judiciary Committee Republicans who opposed impeachment may have been living with more doubts than they displayed. Hutchinson: "I have been deceived." Sandman: "I'm prepared to vote to impeach." Latta: "If I were in his shoes, which I'm not, I would resign." This is something out of fiction, or out of the movies. In actuality, members of Congress don't vote one way on a big issue and then file back before us on television only a little more than a week later and tell us they've changed their minds. But here they are—one by one. Trent Lott, whose Mississippi district voted eighty-seven per cent for Nixon: "I feel let down. . . . The fact that there have been so many bombshells . . . You reach a point of no return."

•

THE President's Senate "friends" are reported tonight to have sent a warning to the White House that the longer he waits, the harder it may be for him to get even a "gentlemen's agreement," much less legislation, granting him immunity from further prosecution once he leaves office. (Tonight's Washington *Star-News* reports that Griffin knew there would be a new disclosure when he made his statement yesterday that the President should resign. Haig had telephoned him on Sunday.)

•

TODAY, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted unanimously to clear Kissinger of allegations that he misled the committee during his confirmation hearings in September, 1973, about his role in the wiretapping of seventeen government officials and newsmen. Kissinger told the committee two weeks ago that he had simply "furnished the names of individuals with access to sensitive leaked information." The Judiciary Committee had received information that Kissinger "initiated" the taps, despite his denial during his confirmation hearings that he had done so. (Even before the Foreign Relations Committee held its recent hearings on the subject—at Kissinger's request, during an emotional press conference in Salzburg—a majority of the Senate had signed a resolution attesting to Kissinger's "integrity and veracity.") The State Department announced this afternoon that the Secretary was "gratified" and "no longer sees any reason for resignation."

•

JAMES ST. CLAIR has let it be known, without confirming it directly, that he was instrumental in having the June 23rd tape made public. (But this tape was to go to the court, and would have been made public in due course.) St. Clair seems to be taking pains to look after his reputation.

It has been noted today that in "Six Crises," in the chapter on Alger Hiss—which the President instructed his aides to read when the plumbers' unit was established—Nixon wrote that Hiss's fatal mistake was in not telling his lawyer everything.

•

AFTER William Simon said today that the President did not intend to resign, the stock market went back down.

•

SENATE Republicans met again this afternoon. There are reports tonight that Goldwater is seeking an appointment with the President.

•

ON an NBC Special late tonight, Robert Dole is interviewed by Douglas Kiker. Dole says that at this morning's meeting of Senate Republicans "there was very little support" for the President. "I just have a gut feeling" that something is in the air, Dole says, and he says that this afternoon he conveyed his view to Haig that the President's situation in the Senate "had deteriorated greatly." The President's resignation, says Dole, "would be good for the Party, but it would also be good for the country." Dole says that he's heard the President say he wouldn't do a lot of things that he then did, and Dole, looking into the camera, as if speaking to the President, his eyes hard, says, ostensibly to Kiker, that, yes, the votes are there in the Senate today to convict the President.

AUGUST 7

THE Washington *Post* Senate correspondent, Spencer Rich, reports that Senators Griffin and Tower favor "absolution from any criminal prosecution if Nixon resigns." Griffin also said he was considering drafting immunity legislation. Said Griffin, according to the *Post*, "The offenses—I mean the alleged offenses—with which he is charged may not be so serious that people want to see a former President go to jail."

•

A DEMOCRATIC senator says on the telephone this morning that he thinks recent events will give the Republicans twenty seats in the House which they might have lost in November. "They're off the hook now," he says. But the Democratic senator also describes himself as relieved. In December, he said to me, "Why should we give Jerry Ford six years in the Presidency?" Today, he says, "The fear that was welling up within me over what I thought was the impotence of the institutions was such that I wondered whether they would last. Suddenly, I realized that your position on the issues wasn't very important—that you had to have a framework of institutions within which to fight for your position on the issues, and that without the system nothing else matters."

There *is* a sense of relief. It is important to remember the fears—how deep they were, and on how many levels they worked. The stakes *were* enormous. The actions of each of the other branches—the Congress and the courts—were not as neat or inevitable as history may show. Those branches consisted of human beings who were groping. The framers of the Constitution understood that that's how it would work. James Madison wrote in Federalist Paper No. 51, "The great security against a gradual concentration of the several powers in the same department consists in giving to those who administer each department the necessary Constitutional means and personal motives to resist encroachments of the others. The provision for defense must in this, as in all other

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cases, be made commensurate to the danger of attack. Ambition must be made to counteract ambition. The interest of the man must be connected with the Constitutional rights of the place. It may be a reflection on human nature that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature." They were not beguiled by illusions about human nature, nor should we be. There is not much cause for serenity in how this is turning out. This story has a number of "what if"s, and we shall never be able to go back through it and find the answers to all of them. There is the big "what if" about the tapes, of course, but there are also others. What if Archibald Cox had been a different sort of man? What if there had been no Special Prosecutor? (And what is the likelihood that a future President with something to hide will appoint one?) What if the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee had been someone other than Peter Rodino—had been a fool or a demagogue, or even a man of less good judgment? Or what if the chairman had retained a counsel with poor judgment? The most important moment was when the members of the House Judiciary Committee finally walked up to the issue and decided. The scrambling of so many of the Republicans now is not a very inspiring spectacle. Our safety lay in those who saw what the issue was, and who, when it wasn't easy to do so, pressed on. Now we know what real danger is. Perhaps we actually needed some people to come to power who would test the limits. Fortunately, they were incompetent. But we cannot rest easy—because of that very incompetence, and those obsessive tapes. And, even with the incompetence, a great many things happened. They weren't incompetent at raising untold millions of dollars from people who did business with the government. They weren't incompetent at making newspaper publishers and broadcasters uneasy—at the very least—and we, and perhaps the publishers and broadcasters themselves, will never know how many of their decisions were affected. They weren't incompetent at getting laws passed and taking actions that had the effect of reducing our rights. They weren't incompetent at causing people to think again before marching, signing, or speaking out. We shall never know if it was the end or the beginning of something. I keep remembering what Leon Jaworski has said—how Jaworski, the former Nuremberg prosecutor, has told people he thought there was an analogy between the way it began in Germany and what was happening here. Nixon may have been, as a friend of mine has suggested, our greatest reformer. He showed us the possible consequences of our acquiescence, inattention, cynicism.

•

At three o'clock, a friend calls from Capitol Hill. I had kept the radio off for a few hours in order to get some work done, and it was as if I had spent a week on Mars. My friend says that the atmosphere on Capitol Hill is "electric." Today's Phoenix *Gazette* quoted a "highly reliable" source—assumed to be Goldwater—as saying that the President would resign this afternoon. The Providence *Journal-Bulletin* has also said that the President would resign, and the speculation is that the source of that story was Rabbi Korff, whose National Citizens Committee for Fairness to the Presidency was founded in Providence. There goes the rest of the day. (It was Goldwater, despite his denials, who predicted Agnew's resignation. Goldwater's role in our national life gets increasingly curious. His authority as a spokesman for the conservative wing of the Republican Party is not hard to understand, but the origin of his role as moral arbiter is less clear.) There are rumors on Capitol Hill that the television networks are getting prepared to broadcast a Presidential statement. Some aides on Capitol Hill have done research and found that a President can be impeached and convicted even if he is not in office. Senator Mansfield has said that the processes of impeachment and a Senate trial should go forward if the President resigns. Senate Republicans met in caucus this morning and decided that a delegation—Scott and Goldwater—representing the moderate and conservative wings of the Party should go to the White House. A "delegation" to the White House. I always thought that that was something out of mythology.

•

CBS radio says that "high-ranking Republicans" in the House and Senate—who would not permit their names to be used—were telling fellow-Republicans to expect a resignation soon.

•

At 3:35 P.M., the radio says that the White House press office has said that the President's position has remained unchanged since this morning—that he is going to stay on, will not resign, is determined to go through the processes in the House and Senate.

•

AS the four-o'clock radio news comes on, a senator returns my call. With one ear I hear the news ("Senator Goldwater has just come from a meeting with . . ."), and with the other I hear the senator, who is trying out a statement he has prepared ("This is a sad day in the history of our country . . .").

•

NOW the radio says that Scott and Rhodes met with the President. Half an hour ago, the radio said it was Scott and Goldwater who met with the President. Ford cancelled a breakfast meeting on Capitol Hill in order to meet with Haig. Then Ford went to Capitol Hill to meet with Rhodes and Representative Albert Quie, Republican of Minnesota. Afterward, it was announced that this was a regular prayer meeting.

•

CBS radio, 5:45 P.M. Goldwater, Scott, and Rhodes have come out of the White House. All three of them met with the President. They are outside the West Wing of the White House, surrounded by reporters. It is the kind of moment in which one expects solemn evasions rather than candor, yet one listens intently. If they did not want to see the press, send a message through it, they could have slipped out through a side door. Goldwater's voice says, "Whatever decision he makes, it will be in the best interest of our country. There have been no decisions made. We made no suggestions. We were merely there to offer what we see as the condition on both floors." Hugh Scott's voice is saying, "The President stressed that his decisions are made and will be made entirely in the national interest." Scott says that they told the President that the situation was "gloomy on Capitol Hill," that it was "a very distressing situation." Scott also says, "We gave him further evaluations," which Scott will not now discuss.

I turn on the television set, and the same scene is on NBC, live. Goldwater says the President "invited us." Of course. That's the proper thing to say. Goldwater looks solemn. Scott is holding a pipe in his right hand. He looks confused. Goldwater is asked about immunity for the President. "That subject was not touched on," he replies. "The

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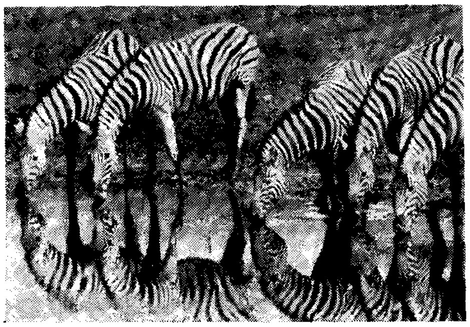

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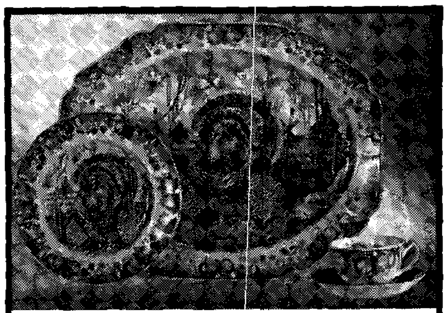
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discussion was quite general in tone. We were four old friends talking over a very painful situation." Rhodes, smaller than the others, is in a gray suit. He looks calm, impassive, his narrow eyes expressionless. This is an extraordinary scene. Who are these people, and for whom do they speak? Are these our leaders? Might this visit be exactly what the President wants, enabling him to say he was pressured into leaving office? Gerald Warren is glimpsed off to the side. This little press conference has White House approval. The three Republicans say that the subjects of resignation and immunity did not come up. That sounds plausible. The three men may have been delivering bad news, but they were still speaking to the Presidency; besides, some things don't have to be said.

Scott is saying, "The President is in entire control of himself. He was serene and he was most amiable."

Rhodes is asked whether, if the President resigns, the House and the Senate might go ahead and vote on the articles of impeachment. Replies Rhodes, "No useful purpose would be served by that."

•

THE Dow-Jones went up 23.78 points today.

•

Rabbi Korff was at the White House again today, and tonight on television we see Mrs. Korff picking him up in a red Mercedes. The Rabbi has issued a statement saying that the President may resign unless there is a flood of support from Americans of all persuasions.

•

IT is reported that just before nightfall Kissinger was seen going into the White House.

•

MUCH attention is now being given to who has the power to do what in order to spare the President future criminal prosecution. There seem to be four possibilities: the Congress might try to do it, but there are legal doubts about whether it is empowered to; the Special Prosecutor could do it; there are those who suggest that Nixon could pardon himself, though there are doubts about this; Ford, as President, could pardon Nixon. None of these possibilities could spare the ex-President from being summoned to appear as a witness in trials (though what would he say?), from being prosecuted in state and local jurisdictions, from civil suits, or from being disbarred. Today, Attorney General Saxbe said that the question of granting immunity was in Jaworski's hands. Jaworski's office wouldn't comment, but I am told that Jaworski has for some time been consulting people on what to do about this question. On television tonight, we see a replay of the moment in Ford's Vice-Presidential confirmation hearings in the Senate when he was asked whether a new President could pardon an outgoing one, and Ford replied, "I don't think the public would stand for it."

•

TODAY, Jake Jacobsen pleaded guilty to giving John Connally ten thousand dollars in exchange for a rise in milk-price supports, and it was announced that Jacobsen will testify against Connally in court.

•

TODAY, James St. Clair told Judge Sirica that nine of the sixty-four conversations that the Special Prosecutor had subpoenaed and the Supreme Court had ordered turned over by the President had not been recorded or could not be found.

•

ALMOST unnoticed, an odd situation has developed. Sometime in the past seventy-two hours, the capacity of our Chief Executive for acting with the support and confidence of our national leaders and the people—a capacity that had been waning—has totally vanished. It is as though he were already gone—with no successor yet in place. One thinks of Woodrow Wilson when he was incapacitated and, unbeknownst to the nation, his wife governed. Another thought—a lurid one—has struck some observers. Though incapable of acting with national support, the President—a man under crushing strain—may be capable of some act of desperation. But that possibility, if it ever existed, probably exists no longer. There are all kinds of constraints on what the President can do at this point. I remember last fall a friend's saying that somewhere along the line the President's situation might have so deteriorated that if he did anything rash the "Tilt" sign would light up. That seems to be the situation now.

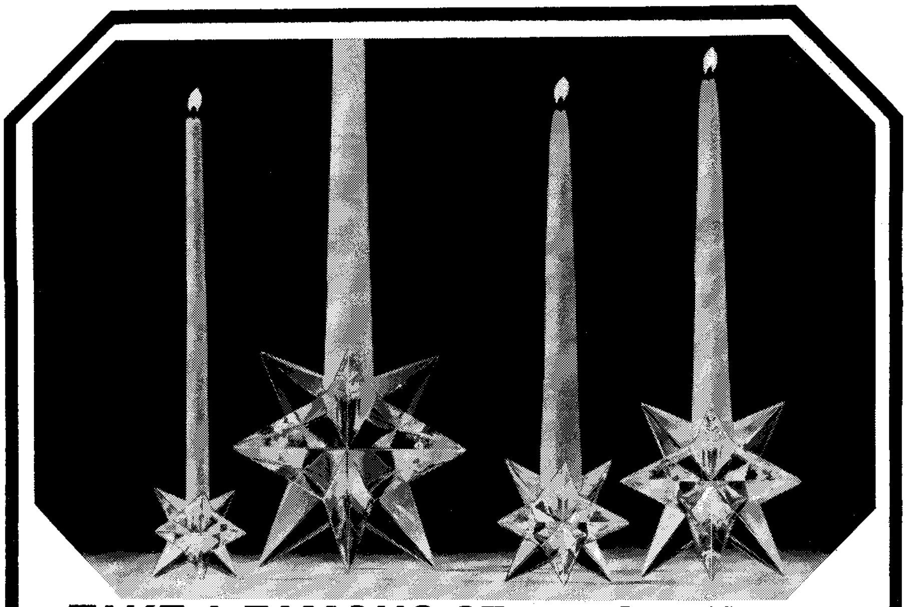
•

LAST fall, they had to invent a way of approving a Vice-President selected under the Twenty-fifth Amendment. This winter, spring, and summer, they had to invent a way of conducting an impeachment of a President. And now they have to invent a way of arranging for the resignation of a President and the transfer of power.

AUGUST 8

THIS morning, I phoned someone who knows the President fairly well. Last November, when the calls for the President's resignation were widespread, this person said that the President would resist and fudge and fight to the end. Now the President's friend said that Rose Mary Woods was calling various people who had been friends of the President and talking over his situation. This person had offered Miss Woods the opinion that the President had no choice but to resign, and immediately—that the longer he remained, the more he jeopardized himself and the country. With the outcome of a Senate trial clear, there would be no point in his going through it. Moreover, a trial could last for months, and meanwhile the economy would be getting in deeper trouble. If the President made a proper withdrawal, this person suggested to Miss Woods, he might receive more consideration of leniency. "He is living on his viscera," this person said to me this morning. "The President has blocked out reality. He externalizes the situation, as if it weren't he who was involved. It's a horrible end. He defied the best advice all along—at the beginning, to make a clean breast of things, and then at various stages later. He believed to the end that the Court might be closely divided or not rule against him. He could have saved himself a number of times. That's why there's a feeling that he is irrational, responding to some inner belief that he was right when he was actually wrong. Lawyers have seen the same thing over and over in clients. Lawyers have to say to a client, 'The facts are not this, they are that.' Why didn't he destroy the tapes? That may again have been his inability to grasp reality, his belief that he would never get caught up in this. The only explanations lie very deep in the man. Your reaction to trouble always comes from within you. It may still be his disposition not to give up. But the reality has just got to penetrate."

This person pointed out that Brezhnev had staked a great deal on détente, and that Sadat was in some difficulty. The more often people mention the maintenance of foreign policy as a consideration, the stronger one's impression is that Kissinger has been calling around. In fact, last fall a friend of Kissinger's said that he was cementing his relationships on Capitol Hill and



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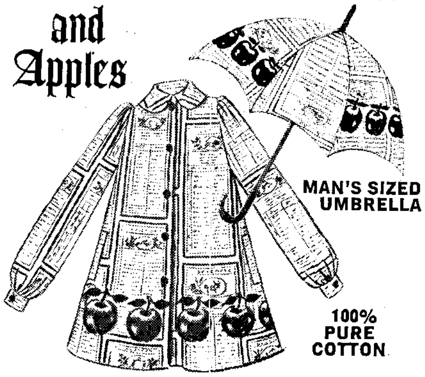

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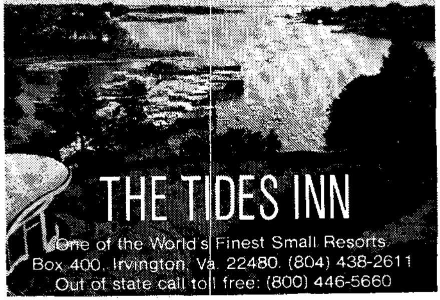

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getting ready for "the inevitable." Yesterday, in the *Times*, James Reston wrote, "The need for a rapid transition is obvious. The Chinese in particular have been asking for reassurances of continuity in American foreign policy ever since the impeachment of Mr. Nixon seemed certain, and Mr. Kissinger twice this week, once at the Chinese mission here, and again in public, has been trying to assure them and other nations that the foreign policy of the United States has been settled on a steady course, with bipartisan support." There are also stories and speculation about the President's emotional state—actually, a subject of interest for years about this unusually self-absorbed man. But few people have seen the President for any length of time in the past week. And it is a very tricky business to diagnose someone's emotional state. Someone describes the President as "distraught," and that figures. It is said that he is "out of touch." If so, that would be understandable, too.

◆

NIXON still the center of the piece. This man who took us through his crises, talked of winning, fighting, never quitting, made personal the most important political processes in this country. On the one hand, we had a system that was supposed to rest on accountability, due process, the rule of law, and limited power, and, on the other, we had a man driven by his own character. So one must think about Nixon. Volumes will be written about his psychopathology. But there was so much that was right out there in plain view for years. The fabricated man, the man who invented himself, shaping his image with almost every move, tirelessly touching up his self-portrait. (I'm tough. . . . I never take the easy way. . . . I'm calm, a Quaker, with peace at the center, etc.) The limitless faith in manipulation, in his capacity for conning the public, and even his own associates; the extraordinary capacity for piling lie upon lie. The almost perfect pitch with respect to the hypocrisies that conventional people live by—the fears they don't admit, the hatred they want to express but can't, the images they would like to have of themselves—and a sense of how to exploit all that. The overreaching, the absence of any sense of limits, of the unwritten rules. The deep well of vindictiveness, even when he was expressing just the opposite. (The press has a perfect right to report it that way. . . . I shall be very lenient about amnesty. . . . People have a perfect right to disagree with me.) The faith in power and the tough exercise of power: punitiveness toward opponents; using the levers of control against those, within government and outside it, who disagreed too loudly. The "loner" quality, the man without many deep human connections, the man who used and discarded people wantonly, who perceived himself—and became—the solitary figure fighting against overwhelming odds. He is ending his Presidency as he began it: the lonely man in the Lincoln sitting room.

◆

THERE is another "what if." What if Richard Nixon had been a more plausible figure? It may be that a more plausible figure would not have got into this mess, but we can't be sure of that. As it was, a great deal of plausibility was imputed to Nixon for a very long time. He was twice elected President of the United States.

◆

A BULLETIN on the radio shortly before 11 A.M.: Gerald Warren has announced that in about two minutes the President and the Vice-President will meet in the Oval Office. Warren is said to have made the announcement in "a grave manner."

◆

THE radio, a few minutes later: Helen Thomas, the U.P.I. White House correspondent, has written that the President has decided to resign.

◆

ONE cannot reach the White House by telephone. The switchboard is overloaded. The last time, to my knowledge, that the White House switchboard was overloaded was on that Saturday night when Special Prosecutor Cox was fired.

◆

THIS morning's *Times* says that Goldwater told the President that he could count on no more than fifteen votes against his conviction in the Senate. It also says that Goldwater said he would be willing to serve as the next Vice-President.

Scott is quoted in the *Times* as saying that the President had his feet on the desk when the Republicans spoke with him yesterday, and that he, Scott, had told the President that the situation in the Senate was "gloomy." According to Scott, the President inquired, "Damn gloomy?" And Scott replied, "Yes, sir."

The *Times* also reports that Haig was leading a "movement" within the

President's staff to convince Mr. Nixon that he should resign.

The Washington *Post* reports that Ford's contingency plans for assuming the Presidency, according to one of Ford's "associates," began Monday night.

•

SO Ford, handpicked by Nixon and confirmed by a Congress anxious to have a successor in place, is about to become President. Ford was chosen, it seemed at the time, because he was loyal, uncontroversial, a regular Republican, and perhaps precisely because he did not seem especially well qualified to be President. But then the parties themselves do not exactly set out to nominate the best-qualified people. And things could be worse now. Agnew could be the Vice-President. And though the processes by which a new Vice-President was chosen under the Twenty-fifth Amendment are troubling, one must consider how much more complicated this situation would be if there had been no provision for selecting a new Vice-President, and, with the Democrats in control of the Congress, Nixon's leaving office would have involved the accession of the Speaker of the House and a change of parties in power. Now people are speculating on who the *next* Vice-President will be. Melvin Laird, who was instrumental in the selection of Ford, is pushing Nelson Rockefeller.

Ford has his limitations, and is more conservative than most people seem to think, but his relaxed and apparently open style have made him popular. Ford is also a creature of the traditional political and congressional processes. Will the public grasp at this opportunity to assume that most of our problems are over? The particular grotesqueries of Watergate may be gone, but many issues involving how decisions that affect our lives get made, how power is allocated and superintended remain. There is still a lot of work to be done. It is still not settled whether government can be bought. It is still not clear whether government agencies can be used to harass us. Or whether Presidents can be called to account.

•

JOHN RHODES has reported that the President will resign. Says Rhodes, "I feel relief, sorrow, gratitude, but also optimism."

•

SHORTLY before 12:30 P.M., we suddenly hear Ron Ziegler's voice on the radio. Ziegler sounds shaken and

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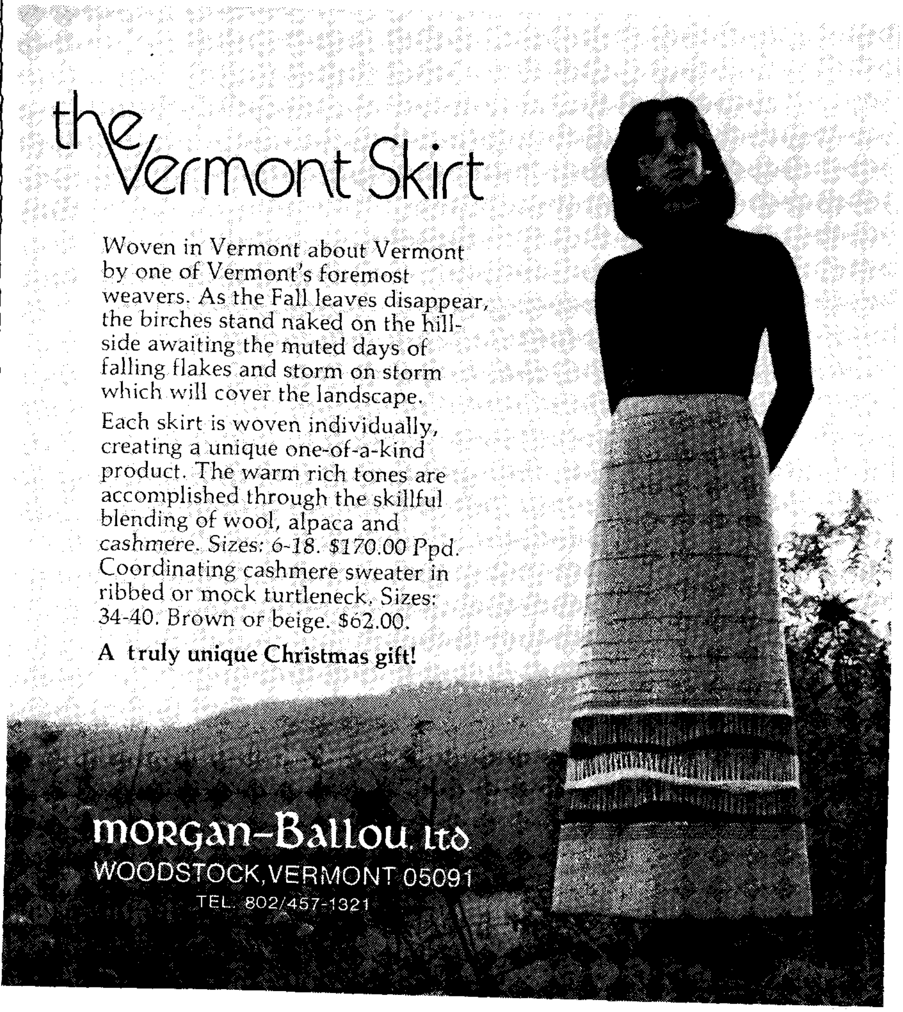

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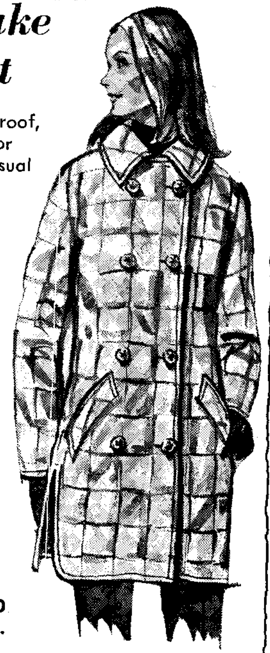

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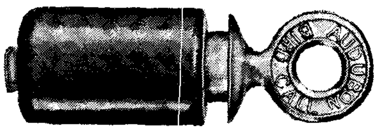

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out of breath, barely able to speak, as he announces, "Tonight, at nine o'clock Eastern Daylight Time, the President of the United States will address the nation on radio and television from his Oval Office."

•

NOW we await this last speech. How many times Nixon has pulled us to the television set. Starting with Checkers. I remember watching that one as a child. I didn't know what to make of it. (Perhaps today's children, who have seen so much, would not have had that difficulty.) One prays that he will leave us in dignity tonight.

•

IT has been a gray morning, and now it is beginning to rain. For most of this week, it has been sunny but not too warm. Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw are broadcasting from Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House.

•

THE Dow-Jones average has been falling today. The stock market never did make sense.

•

REPORTS are coming from Capitol Hill about proposals by both senators and House members that the President be given immunity. Brooke has hedged his proposal for a sense-of-the-Senate resolution that the President be given immunity by adding the condition that he "confess" his wrongdoing. Unlikely. A number of the statements about immunity are couched as warnings to the President against making a divisive speech tonight (they are still afraid of him), and several call for contrition. Democratic leaders are opposing legislation to grant immunity. Carl Albert says that this "is a matter for the courts, the executive branch of the government, and not for the legislative branch." Apart from the Constitutional niceties recited by the politicians, there is fear of public outrage if the Congress grants the President immunity now. One Senate aide tells me that the calls and telegrams coming into his senator's office against granting the President immunity are as numerous and as intense as was the reaction against the firing of Special Prosecutor Cox. The Senate aide in the traffic patterns says, "Why have two standards of justice—one for the President and Vice-President, and one for the rest of us? Dual standards are wrong. There is something beyond the present. This whole thing was about the rule of law Where *was the compassion when the* voted to restore the death penalty What about the kids living in Swede and Canada because they opposed th war? Compassion is marvellous, bu why be so selective?" Some of th politicians are sensitive not only t the public reaction against special legal treatment for our highest officia but also to the fact that Nixon wi be leaving with a comfortable pensio a staff, and arrangements for an office.

Those few on Capitol Hill who ar still interested in seeing the processe of impeachment carried through ar being overtaken by events. The Hous Democratic leaders have come ou against going ahead with impeachmen The House Judiciary Committee's report, still being prepared, becomes a the more important. It may turn out t be the only definitive document.

•

THERE is already some talk abou what "the historians will say"—the *historians, those unknown peopl* who in the future will have the franchise to interpret what is going on now We tend to assume that out of the years of accumulation of fact they wi sift the truth—a truer truth than an we can hope to grasp. They will hav many more facts. And they will hav what is called "perspective" (whic means they will not be trapped in th biases of our day and can freely writ in the biases of *their* day—can fin what they are looking for). But wonder if they will really understand what it was like. Will they know how it felt to go through what we hav gone *through? Will they know how* i felt to be stunned—again and again—as we learned what had been done b people in power? Will they know how it felt to be shocked, ashamed, amuse by the revelations—will they understand the difficulty of sorting out th madcap from the macabre? (What, fo example, *was one really to think abou* someone in the pay of the White Hous putting on a red wig and travelling across the country to visit a sick, disgraced lobbyist?) Can they conceivably understand *how* it felt as we watched on our television screen, our Presiden say, "I am not a crook"? Will they *be able to understand why, almost tw* years ago, some very sensible people wondered whether it was the last election? Will they understand how i felt—as it did last fall at the time the President fired Special Prosecutor Cox and on several later occasions—when i seemed that there were no checks on power? Will they understand how degrading it was to watch a President being run to ground? Will they know how it was to feel in the thrall of this strange man, who seemed to answer only to himself? Knowing the conclusion, as they will, will they understand how difficult, frightening, and fumbling the struggle really was?

•

THIS afternoon, the House of Representatives passed a bill to provide for the public financing of Presidential—but not congressional—campaigns.

•

THE Nixons will go to San Clemente tomorrow. They have promised to give that house to the nation. But no papers have been signed, so it remains only a pledge. The President can still change his mind.

•

A REPUBLICAN says that the politicians who are talking about immunity for the President are thinking personally, not institutionally. They are seeing Nixon as a former colleague. They are seeing the loss of power as "punishment enough." That is a very "Washington" way of looking at it. It is a hard question. But one must think of the damage that was done this country. And so much of that—which brings us back to where we began on the question of impeachment—is not covered in the criminal statutes.

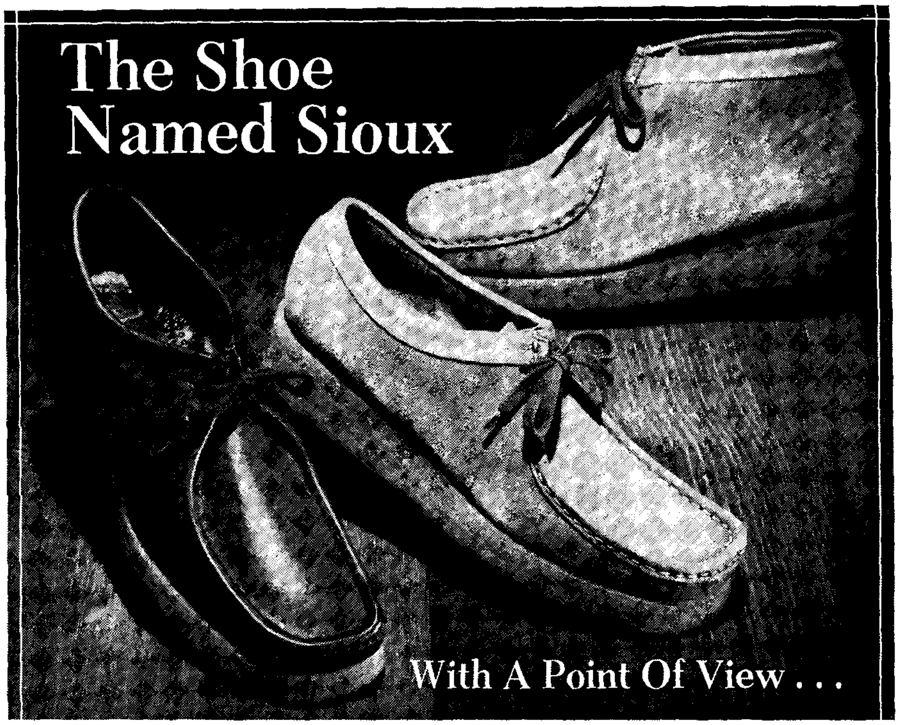
•

THE real transfer of power is going on out of sight. Tomorrow, it will be marked by another ceremony, signifying still another beginning. Soon we shall have both a President and Vice-President who were not elected.

•

THERE are reports tonight that the President made the decision to resign Monday evening on the Sequoia but that his family, who were along, begged him to reconsider, and that at dinner last evening he once again told his family that he would resign. And then the speech-writers were called in.

The stories are continuing to come out—some in print, some in conversation—about what went on in the White House and on Capitol Hill in the past few days. On the day that the Supreme Court ruled on the tapes, the President phoned Buzhardt from San



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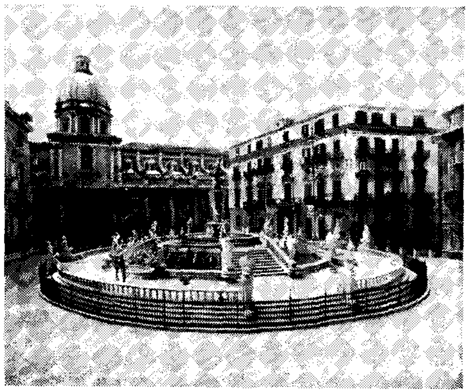

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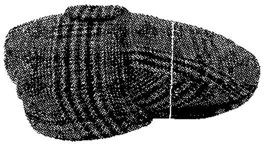

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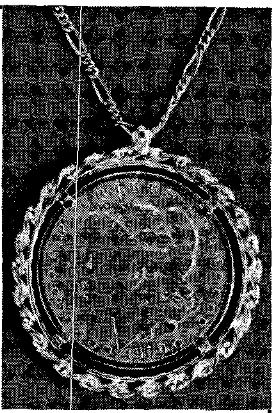

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Clemente and asked him to listen to the June 23rd tape. Even before then—for some time, in fact—some of the President's aides had seen that it was over, that the House would impeach and that very probably the Senate would convict. And they had reached a point where, whatever the prospects, they, like the Republicans in the Congress, wanted to get it over with. The President's aides were exhausted, battle-weary, shell-shocked, and, as one of them put it, nearly fit for psychoneurotic discharge. They had lived with this thing for more than a year. Some felt that such was the distraction at the White House that it had cost the nation a year—in dealing with its problems, its allies, its adversaries. It was, says one, more an unconscious perception that grew, and worked on these exhausted people. So the last tape was only the precipitating event; there were people in the White House who seemed to grasp it as eagerly as did the Republicans on Capitol Hill, and who did what they could to persuade the President that he must give up his office. At lunch in the White House Executive Dining Room on the day of the Supreme Court decision, Dean Burch, Buzhardt, William Timmons, who is in charge of congressional liaison, and Leonard Garment, another Presidential adviser, discussed whether the President should resign. All of them thought so, but Garment had some reservations—considered that there was something to be said for seeing the processes through. Only Buzhardt had heard the June 23rd tape, and the others took notice when Buzhardt, the last to speak, said quietly, "He should resign." In California, Haig was trying to get through to the President about the degree of the trouble he was in. And then there followed the showing of the transcript of the June 23rd tape to Wiggins by St. Clair and Haig, and telling Griffin and Rhodes about new evidence. During the last week, there was, in fact, a movement within the White House to get the President out. The President's declaration at the last Cabinet meeting that he would not resign, the importunings of his family that he not resign, even the call by Rabbi Korff for the country to rally round the President worried those who thought he must go. Bryce Harlow, a former White House counsellor and now a lobbyist for Procter & Gamble, went to work. Harlow made calls to the Hill. We have learned of some of the calls these various people were making to the Hill, but there were many—many of them redundant. Key Republicans—Goldwater, Tower—were got in touch with. And it was seen to it that Mississippi Democratic Senator John Stennis—"Judge Stennis," who was to listen to the tapes last fall, and who is one of the most influential men on Capitol Hill—conveyed word to the President about the depth of his trouble. Therefore the statements by key Republicans. Therefore the delegation to the White House. Therefore the aborting of the processes. Inevitably, the anxious conversations and meetings will come out in multiple versions, told from the perspective, and to the advantage, of the various participants—this will be the "Rashomon" to end "Rashomon"s—but the show was over before they began.

•

THE speech. During the day, researchers have found that it was six years ago tonight that Nixon made his acceptance speech at the Miami Beach convention. It is hard to believe that this is the last speech Richard Nixon will make as President. Yet there he is, sitting in that familiar scene, at the familiar desk, one flag in his lapel, one by his side, holding white sheets of paper. Just as when he talked about the economy, or the war. Johnson stunned us when he looked up from his white paper and said that he would not run for reëlection. Nixon's speech will not stun us. It is just there. He looks bad—the face more creased and drawn. He is wearing a dark suit, a dark tie, and a white shirt. He begins by telling us that this is the thirty-seventh time he has spoken to us from that office, and we recall that he is our thirty-seventh President. He gets down to it quickly. He says that he will not continue "to make every possible effort to complete the term of office to which you elected me," because it has "become evident to me that I no longer have a strong enough political base in the Congress to justify continuing that effort." A euphemism, but so be it. Yet this makes it sound as if the President were resigning for the very reason that he insisted so often he would not resign for; he is talking as if we had a parliamentary system. Perhaps, *in extremis*, we do. He says he has concluded that "because of the Watergate matter I might not have the support of the Congress that I would consider necessary to back the very difficult decisions" he has to make. "I have never been a quitter," he says. "To leave office before my term is completed is abhorrent to every instinct in my body," he says, and one believes him. Yet, he says, to continue his fight "would almost totally absorb the time and attention of both the President and the Congress in a period when our entire focus should be on the great issues of peace abroad and prosperity without inflation at home." And then he says the flat, straight sentence—a sentence one thought one would never hear but now hears numbly: "Therefore I shall resign the Presidency effective at noon tomorrow." He says some graceful things about giving the next President our support. He talks about putting "the bitterness and the divisions of the recent past behind us," and says, "I regret deeply any injuries that may have been done in the course of the events that led to this decision. I would say only that if some of my judgments were wrong—and some were wrong—they were made in what I believed at the time to be the best interest of the nation." He looks straight into the camera, projecting a look of sincerity. He probably believes this. We have had no indication that he believes anything else. He says, "I leave with no bitterness toward those who have opposed me." Doubtful. Then he speaks with deep pride of his foreign-policy achievements, which he used to say so often would bring us "a generation of peace." He does not seem to understand that so much of what went wrong was done in the name of that foreign policy. From time to time, he manages a wan smile. He says that he will continue to work for his "great causes," and tells us that because of him "the world is a safer place." Shortly after that, he says, "May God's grace be with you in all the days ahead," and the camera pans to the Presidential seal, and it is over.

AUGUST 9

LEON JAWORSKI issued a statement last night, saying, "There has been no agreement or understanding of any sort between the President or his representatives and the Special Prosecutor relating in any way to the President's resignation." It seems uncharacteristic that Nixon would leave office without having made arrangements about his legal future. Perhaps it is simply understood that if the President goes—without tearing us apart in the process—he will be given immunity. There was that comment by the President's Senate "friends" earlier in the week about a possible "gentlemen's agreement." It may be that the only way immunity might be possible would be if it is *not* talked about. Nixon has a subtle enough mind to understand that. Again, perhaps the only hope lay in getting out and taking his chances. On the other hand, it seems unchar-

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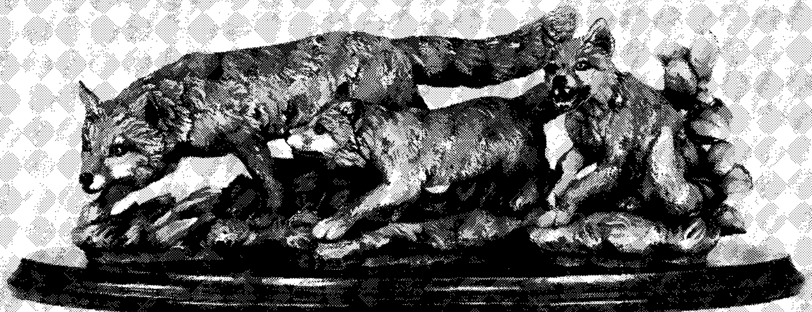

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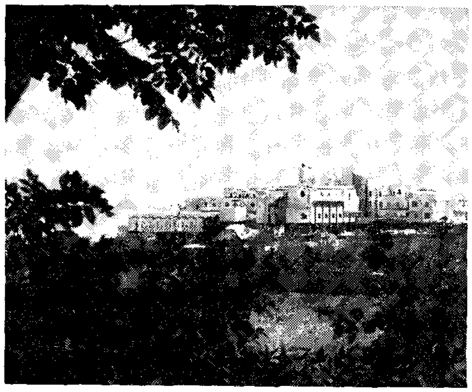

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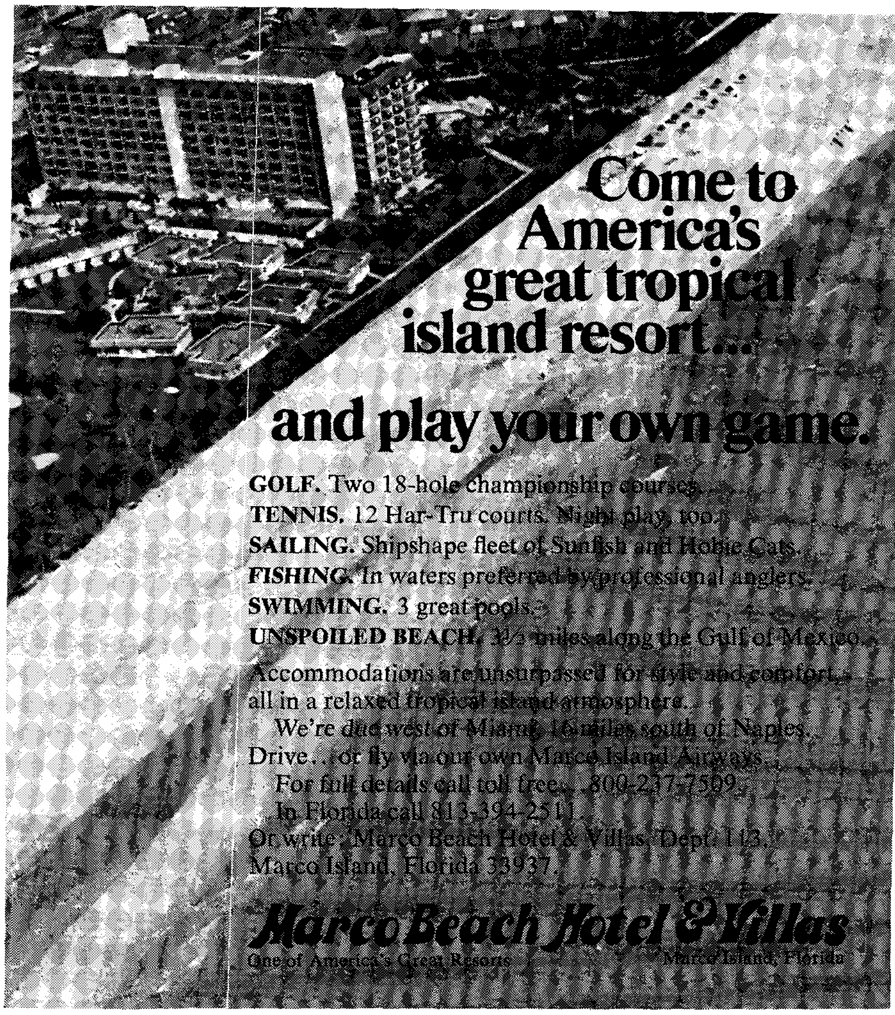
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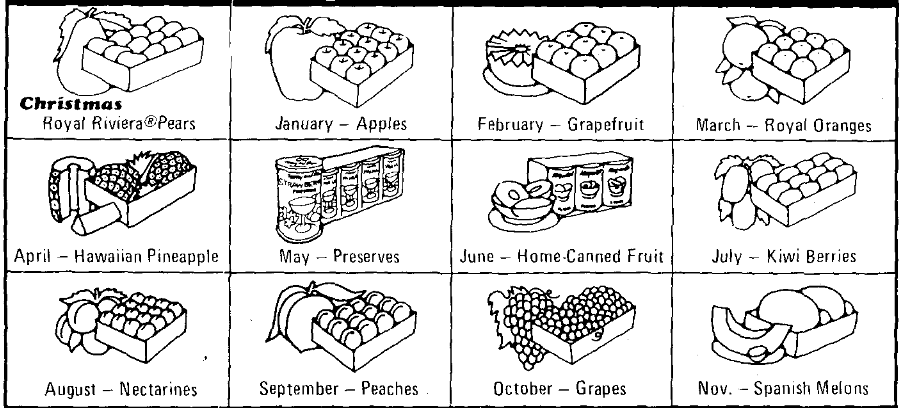

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acteristic that Nixon would take such a big chance.

•

ON television last night, we were told about Ford's life and his children. The building of the next totem has begun.

•

LATE last night, Nixon was up making phone calls. In one post-midnight call to an aide, who told me about it, the President expressed some anxiety that he would be pursued and prosecuted in the courts. And then Nixon joked, "Some of the best political writing in this century has been done in jail."

•

ON television this morning, we hear "Hail to the Chief" played for Nixon for the last time. Perhaps it is only in the imagination that it sounds slightly like an echo of itself. Staff members and their wives are seated in chairs in the East Room. The East Room: site of press conferences, religious services, and the naming of Gerald Ford as the next Vice-President. Today, the applause for the President goes on and on. James St. Clair and Raymond Price, a speech-writer who worked on last night's speech, are in a front row, applauding. Henry Kissinger and his new wife and William Simon and Alexander Haig are also in a front row, applauding. They all look grim. One wonders—watching them applaud—how much each of them had to do with bringing this moment about. The President and Mrs. Nixon—in a pink dress—and their daughters and the daughters' husbands stand on a platform in the front of the East Room. A gold curtain is behind them. Nixon looks better than he did last night. Mrs. Nixon is composed, as always. James Schlesinger, the Secretary of Defense, puffing on his pipe, applauds. Fred Buzhardt applauds. That's all he can do for Nixon now. There is something to be said for these people who stuck it out. One can't help feeling for them at this moment. Rabbi Korff, in a front-row aisle seat, applauds lustily.

Nixon, almost as if he couldn't help himself, begins with a jab at the press, suggesting that the press will be skeptical that this is a "spontaneous" event, and the skepticism "will be so reported in the press, and we don't mind, because they've got to call it as they see it." The President says that he is saying not goodbye but "*au revoir*—we'll see you again." He expresses his gratitude to the unseen staff people—the upstairs people—who keep the White

ouse going. The President seems
ore human today. Again he is wear-
g a navy suit and a white shirt, and
gain a tiny American-flag pin is in his
pel. (What happens to the American-
ag pins now?) He is trying to buck
p his staff. And then he says some
range things. "Sure we have done
me things wrong in this Adminis-
ation," he says, "and the top man
lways takes the responsibility, and I've
ever ducked it." But, he says, "no
an or no woman came into this Ad-
inistration and left it with more of
is world's goods than when he came
." Remarkable in several respects
at he is standing there and saying that
ow. He talks of the importance of
merica's leadership in the world, and
ets back to the point that no one in
is Administration was "feathering
is nest," and that government service
important but so are other careers.
"This country needs good farmers,
ood businessmen, good plumbers, good
arpenters.") And then he talks of his
ther. Despite the hardships and the
siness failures, his father was "a
reat man," he says. "Nobody will ever
rite a book probably about my moth-
r," he says. (Is he thinking of the
ook about Rose Kennedy?) And then,
is eyes brimming with tears, he says,
My mother was a saint." (My mind
ashes back to Egil Krogh telling
e, four years ago, about that morn-
g in May, 1970, when there were
emonstrations here against the inva-
on of Cambodia, and the President, at
awn, went to the Lincoln Memorial
nd talked to the demonstrators about
ootball, and then he went to Capitol
ill, where he encountered, in the
ear-empty corridors, a cleaning wom-
n. Krogh told me that the cleaning
oman was carrying a Bible and asked
e President to sign it, and as he did
the President told the cleaning wom-
n that his mother had been a saint.
You be a saint," said the President to
he cleaning woman.) Now, choking
ack sobs, the President tells of his
other's having two sons die of tuber-
ulosis and taking care of four boys not
er own so that she could afford to
ake care of his older brother. One
hinks of how often, through all the
ampaigns, he told us of his hard child-
ood, how deeply this is still in him.
nd there are some other touches that
re pure Nixon. "I'm not educated, but
do read books," he says, and then he
ays that he was reading last night,
which is hard to believe. In his speech
ast night, he quoted from Theodore
Roosevelt about the importance of be-
ng in the arena, of being a man who
if he fails, at least fails while daring

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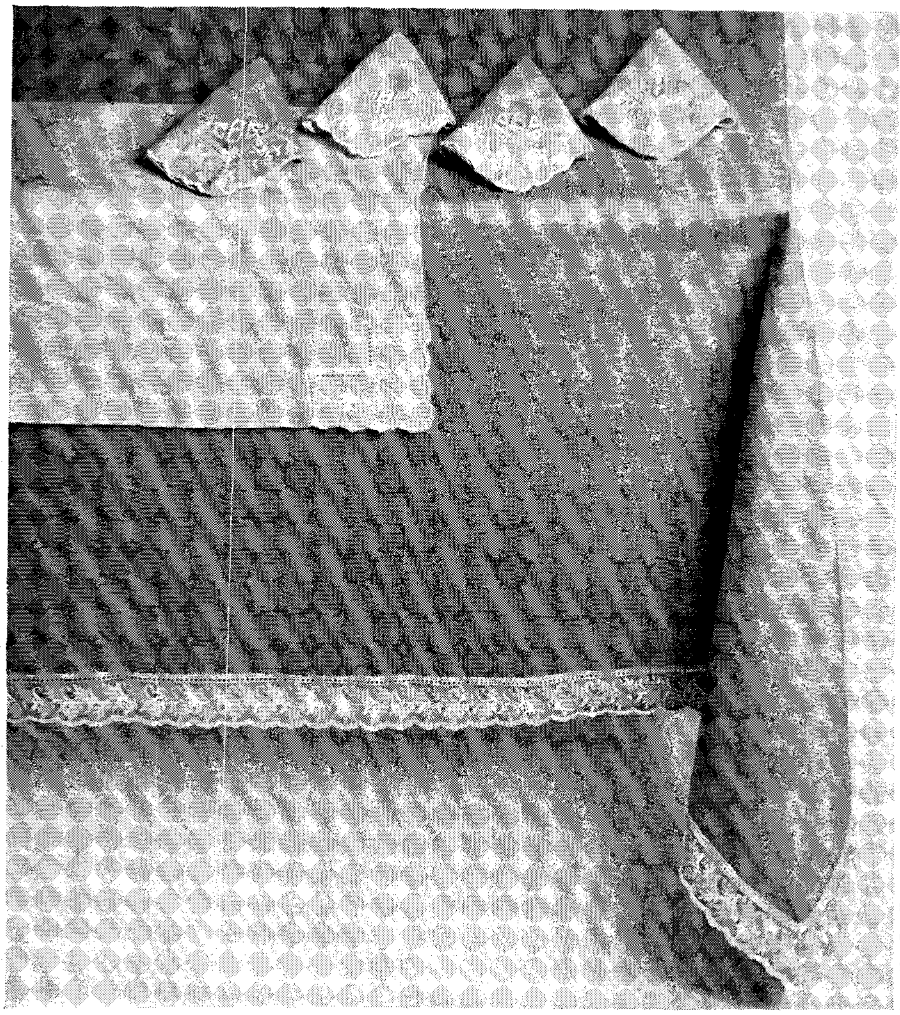

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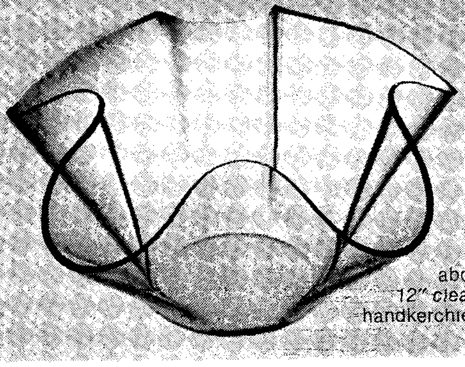

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greatly." This morning, he reads fron Theodore Roosevelt's diary upon th death of Roosevelt's first wife: "An when my heart's dearest died, the ligh went from my life forever." On thinks of the times Nixon has been Disraeli, Woodrow Wilson, Lincoln, Patton. The Theodore Roosevelt phas seems to be new. (So are the glasses which he puts on while reading fron Roosevelt's book.) This is a very painful sight. Nixon has this emotional side too, and we have been through s much with him that one cannot hel feeling his pain now. Distraught, destroyed, confused, broken, telling himself, because he has to, that this last defeat is "only a beginning." He say some true things about the tests and th strengthening that can come from th deepest disappointments and sadness He puts it, characteristically, in term of "the deepest valley" and "the highest mountain." And then one watches transfixed, as he advises his staff, "Never get discouraged. Never be petty. Always remember others may hate yo but those who hate you don't win unles you hate them. And then you destro yourself." This speech will be muc studied. But it shows almost nothin that we did not know about him before And so the grief that one feels at the moment is for him, this man whose character was his fate, and for us, that w went through so much with and becaus of him. He did make his ordeal ours.

•

ON the South Lawn of the Whit House, a red carpet has bee rolled out to the waiting helicopter The helicopter is olive-colored; a flag i painted on its side. President and Mrs Nixon, together with Vice-President an Mrs. Ford and the Nixon children walk toward the helicopter. Tricia an Edward Cox are going with the Nixons to California; Julie and David Eisenhower will stay behind to pack. Ro Ziegler is going with the Nixons t California. As the President boards th helicopter, he stands in the doorway faces the crowd, and shoots his arm in the air, the fingers of both hand shaping the characteristic "V"s. The helicopter lifts off into the gray sky, circles over the Jefferson Memorial, disappears momentarily behind the Washington Monument, and is gone. Nixon seems to have just floated away. Moments later, he will land at Andrews Air Force Base. At twelve o'clock noon, when the President's plane—the Spirit of '76—is midway across the country, Nixon's resignation as President will take effect. —ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the last of a series of articles.)

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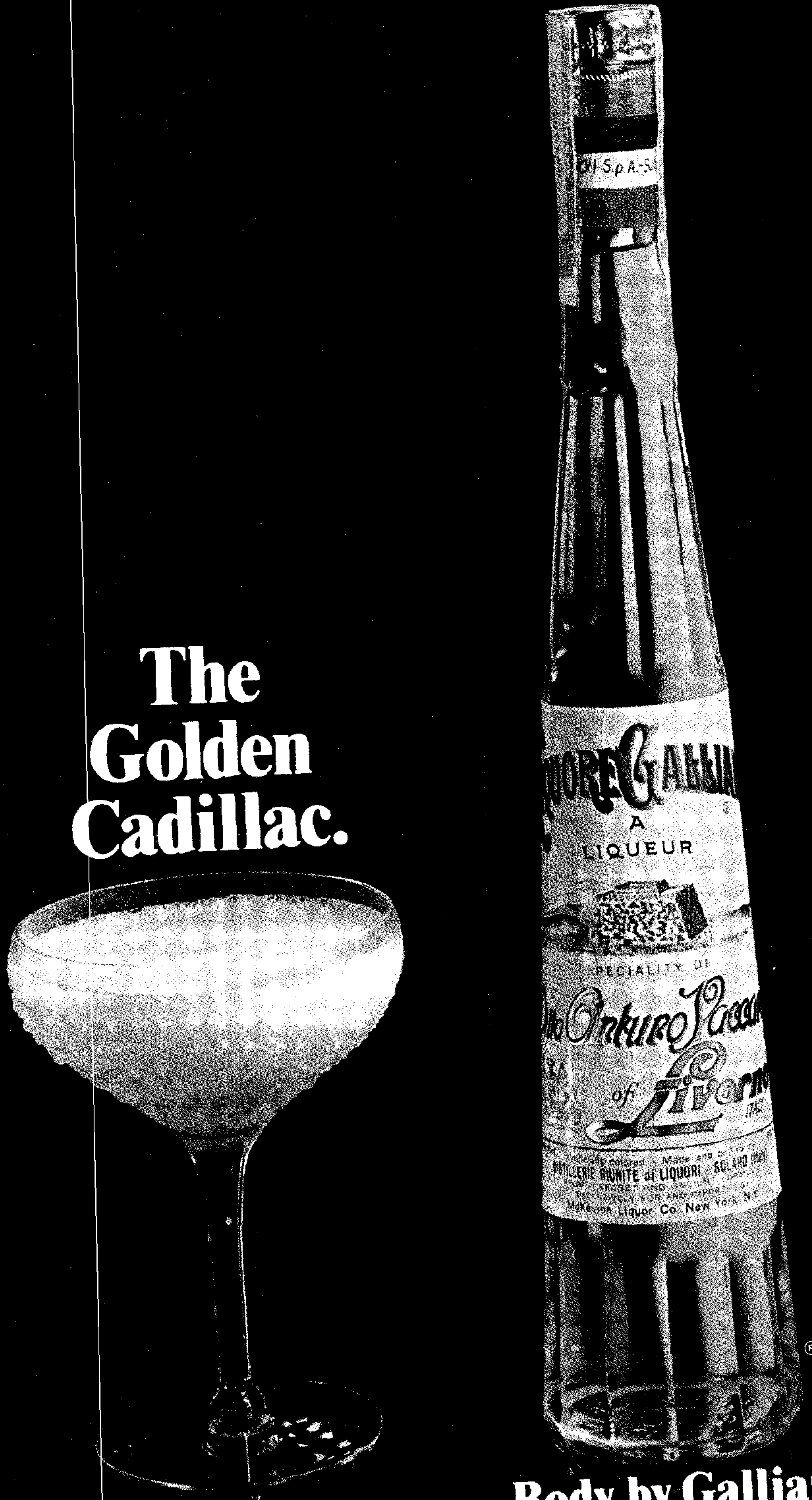
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FOOTBALL

Where Credit Is Due

IT was Award to Red Grange Day out in Champaign, Illinois, and it was Four Horsemen Day out in South Bend, Indiana, on Saturday, but more than a few celebrants waited until Sunday, in the national capital, to carry on about what they have decided is a Sonny Jurgensen Season. The Season began, late as usual, a couple of weeks ago, when Jurgensen, a long-drawn-out case history of battered muscles and bones, was reënacted in the fourth quarter of a game the Redskins seemed determined to lose. Throwing the ball as though he were twenty, not forty, he almost worked out a solution; a week later, management apparently having realized that youth may not be everything, he was permitted to operate for the full afternoon, and the Dolphins, who never lose easily to anyone, lost. Sunday last should, therefore, have been a day off for Jurgensen, inasmuch as the opposition was the Giants, but for the Redskins the supreme virtue is inconsistency; a faulty comprehension of the rules of the game and of the art of holding on to the ball conspired with a reset Giant defense, and only seconds of playing time were left in the first half when Jurgensen, who had been nearly all the Redskins' offense, finally caught a comrade in the Giants' end zone with a pass that put him (let's say, rather than the Redskins) out in front. Kilmer, until lately the Redskins' starting quarterback, took over after Jurgensen had thrown two more touchdown passes, and Theismann, another quarterback, once a famous character at Notre Dame, appeared instead as a runner-back of Giant punts. And Duane Thomas, another famous character in his days with the Cowboys, made a rare appearance, and did some excellent running for the Redskins. Redskins 24, Giants 3—a surprise, all right, for the Redskins are not in the habit of making it two in a row. But not the surprise of that Sunday, which must be given to Colts 35, Jets 20. Truly, the end of an era. The end of a far briefer era came about the same afternoon—Bills 30, Patriots 28. But then, the Patriots don't come up against people like Ferguson and O. J. Simpson every Sunday.

ANOTHER necromancer was in dire need of a supporting cast on Saturday—Restic, who thinks up the maneuvers his pupils, the Harvard varsity, are assigned to carry out. It was frosty, fumble-fingered weather in Boston, as it was in Washington, and Harvard, less accustomed to the Arctic temperatures that are commonplace in upstate New York, was being an over-generous host to Cornell. Wherefore, down by the count of 21–10 at halftime, it appeared improbable that the sorcerer's apprentices were to give their master his due. Then Cornell entered into the game of catch (or not catch) as catch can, and those apprentices, recollecting what they had been taught, put their knowledge into play. Let us ponder but one great occasion. Holt, Harvard's left-handed Hawaiian quarterback, sends McInally (his pet receiver) and a flanker far downfield to the left, so spreading the Cornell defense, then whips a lateral sharp right to Winn for the screen pass of all time: Winn has a five-man block ahead of him as he begins his sixty-nine-yard tour of the countryside toward Harvard's last touchdown and a final count of Harvard 39, Cornell 27. Sigler, a pro-type quarterback of a skill and precision scarce indeed in the Ivy League, is pitching for Cornell this fall—a cool customer, and a deadly one; Holt is more in the Ivy pattern, of maybe-I-can, maybe-I-can't, which is to say both picturesque and heart-stopping, but he is having a good year. So, for that matter, is Tsitsos, Holt's running and kicking teammate, and so is McInally. . . . For Army, at South Bend, it was really Valley Forge—a carpet of snow, only one of a dozen passes falling into the proper hands, and Notre Dame as its host. Notre Dame fumbled the ball four times to Army, but that didn't help at all: Notre Dame 48, Army 0. In the fourth quarter, Mike Parseghian, the hundred-and-seventy-five-pound son of the local coach (subnormal weight indeed out there), ran four times for twenty-six yards. It was, once again, that sort of day for Army.

—J. W. L.

•

One film showed a mother that she never stopped talking to her son. She controlled that but then found she was directing her son with her eyes. She couldn't control that so she wore a box over her head around her house until her son's problems disappeared, Mrs. Chaney said.
—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

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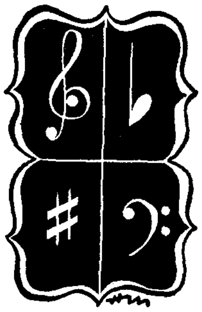
MUSICAL EVENTS

Death in Venice

THOMAS MANN'S *Novelle* "Der Tod in Venedig" is a highly wrought composition that lends itself to musical setting. It employs a technique of motivic repetition, variation, and cross-reference probably suggested by the musicians' leitmotiv system. It is rich in recurrent and developing imagery and in allusions: Plato, Platen, and Plutarch, Socrates and Schiller, Homer, Virgil, and Nietzsche all play upon it. At moments, the chiselled German prose even moves into classical metres. Benjamin Britten's latest opera, first performed at the Aldeburgh Festival last year, and at the Metropolitan Opera last week, is "Death in Venice," to a libretto skillfully drawn from Mann by Myfanwy Piper. If Mann had written his work especially to inspire Britten, he could hardly have made it more apt for Britten's music. Uncannily, its images are those that the composer has been using throughout his career. In Mann's first chapter, his protagonist, Gustav von Aschenbach, has a vision of the exotic, menacing East (birthplace both of Dionysus and of the cholera that between them are to destroy him) and of a tiger's eyes gleaming through the steamy forest; we recall the tiger that lurked in the forest of Lucretia's dreams in Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia," and burned bright in his Blake settings. The sea is another symbol important in Mann's tale and in many of Britten's works. Aschenbach's "love of the ocean had profound sources: the hard-worked artist's longing for rest, his yearning to seek refuge from the manifold shapes of his fancy in the bosom of the simple and the vast; and another yearning—for the unorganized, the immeasurable, the eternal." This theme Britten had already sounded, before his "Death in Venice," in "Peter Grimes" and "Billy Budd." The beauty and innocence of childhood have long attracted Britten, who has written the finest children's music of our day. The children in "Death in Venice" do not sing but they dance to a bright percussion patter and iridescent gamelan timbres that recall "The Prince of the Pagodas" and the child-fairy consort of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." And Mann's central image, of a youth who seems to embody the world's grace and beauty, is one that has long troubled and inspired the composer of the "Michelangelo Sonnets," "Les Illuminations," "Billy Budd," and the "Nocturne."



For the mysterious, prowling menace, for the limitless sea, for the innocent children, and for Tadzio, the lovely youth, Britten has found themes, timbres, rhythms, and harmonies that can play upon one another. Through a clear rising octave followed by a chain of thirds, triad-accompanied, we behold the sea itself. Death, Dionysus, and the sweet, sultry threat from the East stalk through the stricken city, and through the stricken Aschenbach's increasingly fevered fancies, in thirds no longer open but clogged and sinister. Often enough, Mann himself seems to have prescribed the musical treatment—when, for example, Aschenbach sits contemplating the sea, "dreaming deep, deep into the void" as Britten and his heroes have so often done, and suddenly a human form disturbs the horizon; "he withdrew his gaze from the illimitable, and lo!, it was the lovely youth who crossed his vision." In the opera, Aschenbach spins serene melismas around the "sea" motif, and then, across the quiet-glowing calm, the "Tadzio" motif, radiant on the vibraphone, casts not a shadow but a different, more shimmering, immediate kind of light. At the close of both book and opera, there is a transformation and reconciliation of images. Hitherto, the attendant figures urging Aschenbach along each stage of his journey have borne the attributes of Hermes, conductor of souls; but now, in a passage that draws on the "Symposium," Tadzio himself is seen as the young Hermes. Aschenbach's last sight as he dies is of the boy at the edge of the water, of the "lovely psychogogue" beckoning him toward Plato's "vast sea of beauty"—on whose shore the man whose love of the beautiful has transcended the particular "will create many fair and noble thoughts, grow and wax strong." In the score, the "Tadzio" motif, as heard here, seems to provide the answer to Peter Grimes' question, "What harbor shelters peace?" (A similar musical shape, a recurrent Britten motif, accompanied the inflamed Tarquin when he plunged into the cooling waters of the Tiber, and Billy Budd in his dream of long ocean sleep.) Sir Frederick Ashton, in his sensitive choreography for "Death in Venice," mirrors the classical allusion by basing this final sequence on the Giovanni Bologna Mercury.

In his work notes for the *Novelle* (as we learn from T. J. Reed's careful, perceptive edition), Mann transcribed the "Symposium" passage and underlined the phrase "*an die Ufer des grossen Meeres der Schönheit*." His reference to it in "Der Tod in Venedig" is oblique, but then much about the tale, and particularly its close, is by intention ambiguous. The author's first impulse was to make of his real-life experience (what purports to be the real-life Tadzio's account of the event was published in 1965) an "intoxicate song"—in which, presumably, Aschenbach would have found new inspiration beneath the touch of Dionysus. But then, when the Apollonian pressures of thought, study, reason, and careful craftsmanship were brought to bear upon the emotional adventure, the intoxicate song became, as its author somewhat ruefully confessed, a "moral fable." Although homosexuality, he said, was a way of feeling that he honored, and although there could be more essential *Geist*, or inspiration, in it than in "normality," in the *Novelle* it had finally been rejected, not hymned, because the moral and social responsibilities of the novelist should outweigh an individual's lyrical, private enthusiasm. Within "Der Tod in Venedig" lie the preoccupations and unresolved paradoxes of Mann's unfinished essay on "Geist und Kunst." The work itself, though much admired, he deemed a "secret failure."

But Mann was wrong, and Britten's opera shows it. Opera is the medium in which music can answer questions and resolve paradoxes when words must fail. Consider the closing scene of the "Ring." Consider the penultimate scene of "Death in Venice," when a passage from "Phaedrus"—Socrates' reflections on the path, from beauty appreciated by the senses, that may lead to wisdom, or to the abyss—is quoted by Aschenbach. In Mann, the sentences are "shaped in a disordered brain," murmured and muttered from "a rouged and flabby mouth." So, too, in the opera—but they are set to one of the most limpid, tenderly beautiful melodies that Britten has composed and are followed by a brave, splendid paean built from the "limitless sea" motif. The essential, dithyrambic quality that the author feared had been lost during the "sobering, corrective process" of his writing has by the composer been revealed.

Aschenbach, of course, is not a simpie mask for Mann, any more than he is for Britten (or, *pace* the Visconti film version, for Gustav Mahler, who lent only his forename and physical appearance to Mann's hero). Though "Der Tod in Venedig" is one in the series of tales in which Mann explored the techniques by which life is made into art, here the thirty-six-year-old author projected himself forward, imagining the plight of an established, honored author whose rigorous dedication to purity of form has been extreme. One who has followed only Apollo is destroyed at the end by Dionysus. Britten approached the experience from, so to speak, the other side. Older than Aschenbach, established and honored, author of a recent opera, "Owen Wingrave," whose musical manners and gestures, timbres and tricks of utterance, were commonly judged masterly but disappointingly familiar, he may well have been struck by some sentences in Mann's account of Aschenbach: "His later style gave up the old sheer audacities, the fresh and subtle nuances; it became fixed and exemplary, conservative, formal, even formulated. . . . Not that he was doing bad work. So much, at least, the years had brought him, that at any moment he might feel tranquilly assured of mastery. But he got no joy out of it—not though a nation paid him homage. To him, it seemed that his work had ceased to be marked by that fiery play of fancy which is the product of joy and which, more potently than any intrinsic content, forms in turn the joy of the receiving world." It would be impertinent to impute any such reflections to Britten did not his "Death in Venice" make it plain that audacity, freshness, and the fiery play of fancy have not left him, were not the opera a product of joy in which the receiving world can rejoice. Dionysus and Tadzio are here not rejected. The opera embraces at once fidelity to the events of the printed tale, a marvellous musical realization of its intricate, delicate facture, and that lyrical, "hymnic" celebration of beauty leading to "many fair and noble thoughts" which Mann reproached himself for not having sung.

After that has been said, some details of the technical mastery can be noted. There is perhaps a slight naughtiness in the opening phrases: Aschenbach climbs a twelve-note row and then limps down its inversion to voice the sterility ("unyielding, unproductive") he is experiencing. His line moves with dragging, painful gait, leaping only once, from B to E. The

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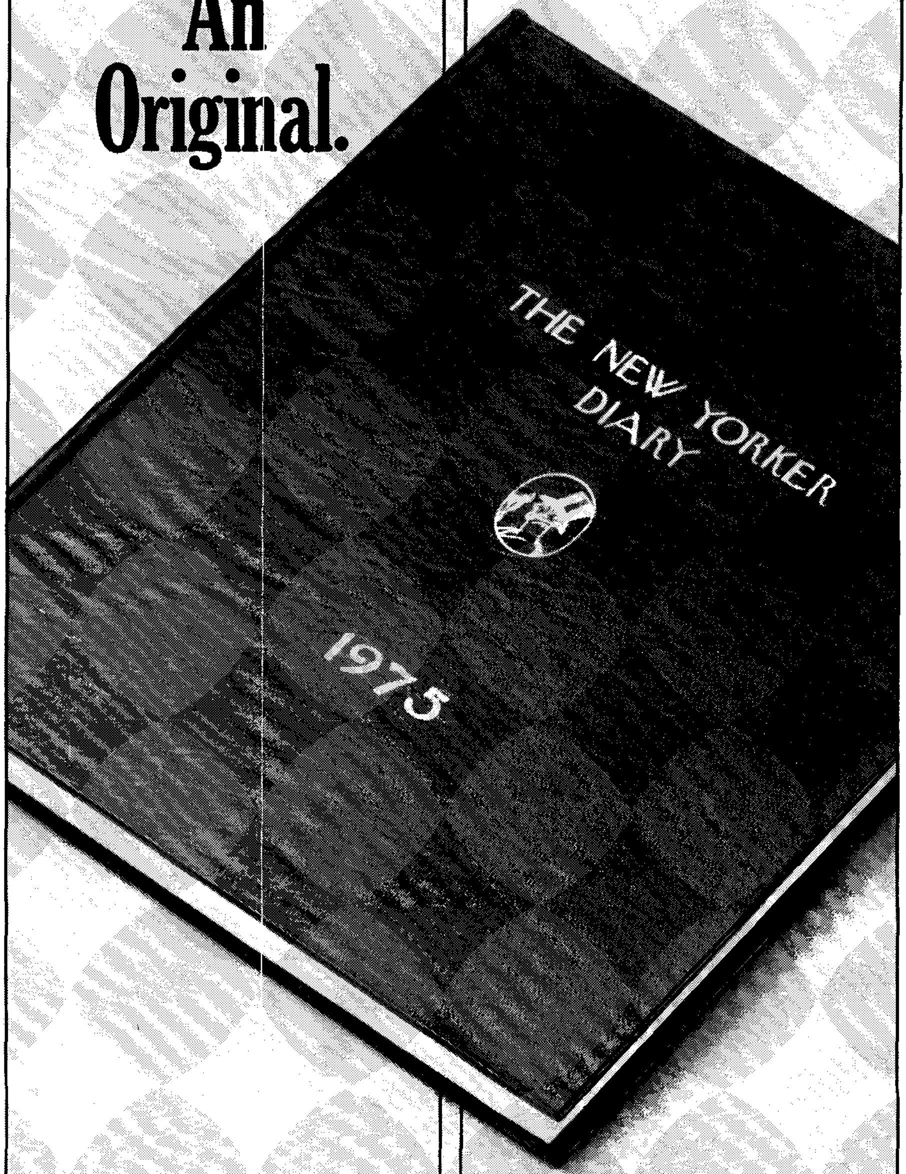

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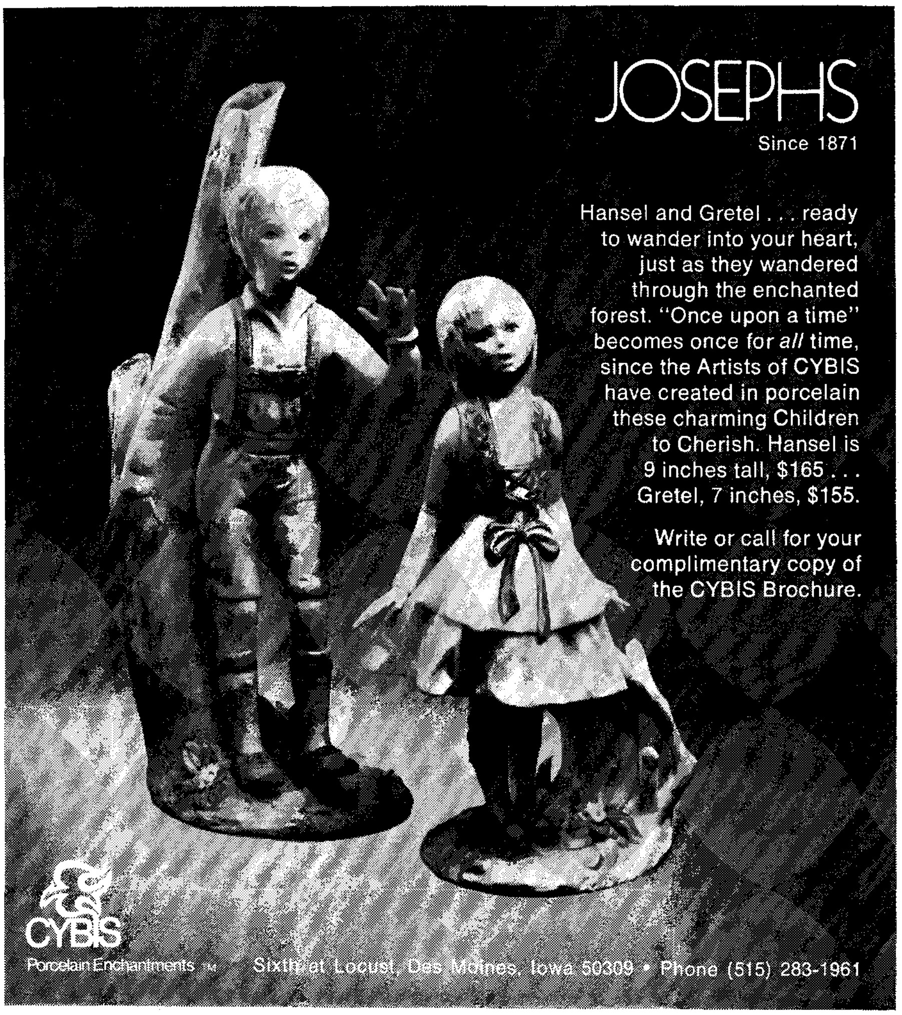
note row does not recur, but proud declamation on and around E characterizes Aschenbach in his aspect as the famous writer. B and E underpin his involuntary avowal at the end of Act I, "I love you," and form the long pedal point of the Act II prelude, through which the notes of "love you" ("hackneyed words . . . ridiculous but sacred too and no, not dishonorable even in these circumstances"), like dancing, teasing points of light, dissolve each attempt at a resolute, connected phrase into confusion. The main themes of the music are distinct and memorable. Broad, picturesque strains conjure up a vision of Venice, the fabulous city rising from the sea. Lulling barcarolles accompany passages between the Lido and the Piazza; the gondoliers' strange, ringing cries later insinuate themselves into Aschenbach's musings. In piano-accompanied recitative—as if thinking aloud, or jotting down his reflections in a diary or writer's notebook—Aschenbach voices observations that on the page the novelist can tell us. It is a successful musical device for keeping the narrative levels apart, although as a result Mrs. Piper's and Britten's Aschenbach becomes an even more self-conscious creative artist than Mann's; Mann can preserve the distinction between his own and his protagonist's accounts of events and appearances. (Music, however, is an even better medium than Mann's prose for communicating the emotions that fill his hero during the approach to Venice, on his first glimpse of the sea, at his first sight of Tadzio.) Another device in Mrs. Piper's skillful libretto—casting Tadzio, his family, and his friends as dancers—reflects the fact that, in Mann, Aschenbach never speaks with them.

The opera is in two acts, the first lasting about eighty minutes and the second about an hour. Formally the score is divided into seventeen scenes, but several of them are "scenes" of shifting location. The ninth, for example, begins in a gondola, traverses *the Piazza, settles for a while in a café,* moves into St. Mark's, then down the Merceria, across to the Lido by gondola, into the hotel, to the door of Tadzio's bedroom, and finally to Aschenbach's own room.

The Metropolitan production is a re-creation, differing only in some details of action and grouping, of the Aldeburgh original, conducted by Steuart Bedford, directed by Colin Graham, choreographed by Ashton, designed by John Piper, and lit by John B. Read. (It has also been given in Brussels, Edinburgh, Covent Garden, and Venice itself.) Having been at the Aldeburgh première, I can affirm what must anyway have been pretty evident to anyone encountering "Death in Venice" for the first time in New York: that the house here is too large for it. Its marvels can still be clearly heard, and valued. It was well worth doing, and by the first-night audience it was warmly received. But the scoring is too light, the forces Britten employs are too slender, and in general the drawing is too fine for the music to fill the place. In the Maltings, Aldeburgh's wonderfully resonant auditorium, the echoing spaces of St. Mark's were evoked, simply but grandly, by a small choir singing the same chants at two different speeds. In the Metropolitan, something on the scale of the first finale of "Tosca" is needed to create that effect. An attempt to set the place sounding by piping some of the choruses into the auditorium was spoiled by the poor quality of the reproduction; from the loudspeakers the singing emerged tinny and distorted. Scenically, too, the scale was too small for the stage. John Piper's backcloths are beautiful. His contrasting visions of Venice—enchanted city rising from the waves, and teeming, oppressive, beautiful slum—and his burning seascape play as positive a part in the opera as do Mann's atmospheric descriptions in the *Novelle*. But they were reproduced far too small. What at Aldeburgh had spanned the action shrank here to peepshow proportions.

The opera is very nearly a monodrama for Aschenbach, a tenor. He is seldom off the stage. It is a very taxing role. The other important singing part is for a baritone, who in multiple incarnations plays all the figures conducting Aschenbach on his journey, and sounds the Voice of Dionysus in his Act II nightmare. The offstage Voice of Apollo is a countertenor or (as here) high tenor. Otherwise there are just the dancers, and a large group of soloists with small roles who combine to form the chorus. The tenor and baritone were those of the Aldeburgh production—Peter Pears and John Shirley-Quirk. Andrea Velis, his voice borne aloft by amplification, sang Apollo. The other singers were drawn from the Metropolitan Opera Studio, and were good. The bright bellhop of Jon Garrison deserves special mention.

The opera was composed for Mr. Pears, who created Peter Grimes in 1945 and has taken leading roles in Britten's operas ever since. At the age of sixty-four, the tenor made his Met-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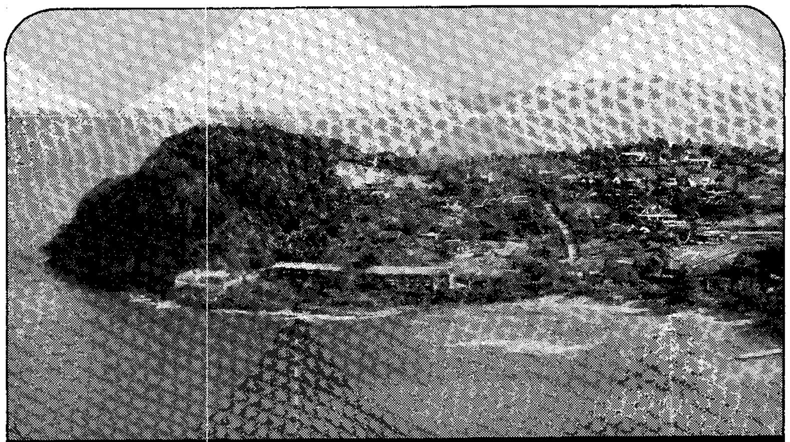

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ropolitan début last week with brilliant success. Let me repeat what I wrote after the Aldeburgh première. "As Aschenbach, Peter Pears is beyond praise. His voice seems tireless. It can be full and proud, sweet, tender, sorrowful, ringing, angry. His placing of tone and word and his control of accent and timing are as affectingly precise as in a performance of 'Die Winterreise.' His singing carries at all dynamic levels. His acting of the part is superb. It is a great performance of a great role." All that is equally true of his Metropolitan performances, and it needs qualification only in that the impact of his tone is less in the larger house. What he does can be clearly heard; but the "Phaedrus" aria, for example, should sound fuller than it did. Mr. Shirley-Quirk, in his various linked roles, is again very subtle, very deft. Careful not to exaggerate, he brilliantly reflects the ambiguity between separate veristic personages and recurrent symbol that is a feature of Mann's story. Tadzio, that "mortal child with more than mortal grace," proves difficult to cast. Bryan Pitts, from the New York City Ballet, seemed, like his Aldeburgh predecessor, a shade too old, a shade too much physically developed, and not really quite beautiful enough. But his performance was accomplished; the soft, tender glance, the "speaking, winning, captivating smile, unabashed and friendly," were nicely judged.

In this Metropolitan production, the main change is in the presentation of the "Apollonian games"—children's sports seen through the fond, classicizing eyes of Aschenbach—in Act I. The lighting now gives to the attendant, commenting chorus a more formal, less naturalistic aspect, and Aschenbach's movements during the episode are effective. (Before, he just sat and looked on, rather like an infatuated prep-school master watching his favorite on sports day.) One of the introductory choruses, the Apollo and Hyacinth episode, has been cut, but the sequence of choral dances nevertheless remains dangerously long.

The natural home for "Death in Venice" is not the Metropolitan. (Nor, for that matter, is it Covent Garden, which also proved too large a house for it.) The Aldeburgh performance is now available on disc (from London Records). This should be heard as a complement to the Metropolitan's fine production. The richness and passion of this beautiful, detailed score are most fully enjoyed in a closeup.

—ANDREW PORTER

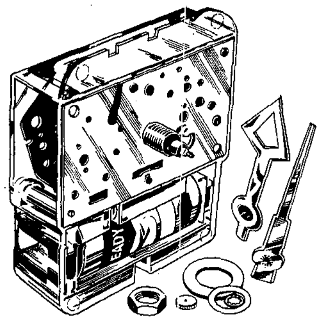
AROUND CITY HALL

THANK YOU

IN one sense, it has been just like the good old days in New York State politics since Congress began its hearings on Nelson Rockefeller's designation as the country's new Vice-President. In fourteen of the first twenty-one Presidential elections after the Civil War, at least one of the major candidates was a present or former governor of this state, and in 1944 both the Democratic and the Republican nominees had lived in the Executive Mansion in Albany. For much of the first three-quarters of this century, a big story in New York State politics was likely to be almost equally newsworthy on the national scene. The kind of political exposé that under some other dateline would have got no more than a couple of paragraphs in the national press—the shoddier details of a governor's patronage deal with his party's county bosses, say—would be a matter of coast-to-coast interest when the governor's name was Roosevelt. Since 1948, however, not a single New Yorker has been a major-party Presidential nominee; in fact, if Rockefeller is confirmed he will be the first Vice-President from this state since James S. Sherman, of Utica, who served under William Howard Taft. The state political controversies that have made national headlines in recent years have generally happened somewhere other than New York; the details of the wheeling and dealing in provincial Albany were treated as being only a bit less removed from general interest than those of Montpelier, and until late this summer there seemed little likelihood that that situation would change much in the near future. Rockefeller, having resigned as governor last December, had gone national as chairman of the Rockefeller-funded National Commission on Critical Choices for Americans—a move widely viewed as a ruse to put him in the spotlight for another try for the Presidency—and it was almost impossible to imagine a political story of nationwide interest resulting from a confrontation between his successor, former Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, and the equally colorless New York City mayor, Abraham Beame, or any other figure on the New York political horizon.

Now, of course, everything is changed, and the full glare of national attention is being trained on the Rockefeller era in the state. Although Rockefeller has long been an all-American celebrity, the indifference of the national press to the plots and subplots of his operations as governor made it possible after his designation as Vice-President for some Washington-based writers to refer to his years as governor as if they had been an unalloyed triumph. In fact, there were serious doubts here whether he could have been reëlected this year, even without the handicap of Watergate, some of his previous victories having been only the lucky result of the splitting of Democratic and Liberal votes between two other candidates or of egregious Democratic mistakes. Whether or not the congressional investigators and other interested parties taking an intent look at his years as governor expect to find evidence of any secret Rockefeller collaboration in his opponents' miscalculations, they are presumably not ruling out the possibility of other dubious enterprises similar to the scurrilous book that the Rockefellers secretly commissioned attacking as a "Sammy Glick type" former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, Rockefeller's opponent in the 1970 election. The former Governor, who once told an audience, piously, "To call politics dirty is to call democracy dirty," at first insisted that the book, paid for through a dummy corporation, had been a routine sixty-thousand-dollar investment by his brother Laurance, a claim that led Goldberg to make charges of laundered money, dirty tricks, and a coverup—all terms that the Republicans must have hoped they had heard the last of for a while.

As for the couple of million dollars—a few thousand here, a few hundred thousand there—that Rockefeller distributed among state officials and political associates (most of the donations were in the form of loans that were ultimately forgiven; thus the Governor circumvented the law against offering gifts to public officials), there will undoubtedly be a vast rummaging around in Rockefeller-era history to discover whether they were merely "gifts of love to his friends," as Governor Wilson has described them ("If we read the Testaments, New or Old, we will see the great credit which is given to people who forgive debts. Remember, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors' "), or were something else. For example, did the 1960 gift to L. Judson Morhouse, which eventually came to a little over eighty-six thousand dollars, have anything to do with Morhouse's role as Republican state chairman at a time when Rockefeller was a newcomer to politics and would need full state Republican backing for any try he might make for the Presidency? Did the 1965 gift to the late Fred A. Young—he got only fifteen thousand dollars, but the money was soon followed by an appointment as presiding judge of the State Court of Claims—have anything to do with the fact that, despite his name, Young was an Italian, a significant influence on the upstate Italian vote, and a man who had publicly defended Rockefeller's divorce and remarriage? The last credential might have made him an especially appropriate candidate for a gift of love—although the support also happened to come, most fortunately, at a time when Rockefeller was making a try for the Republican Presidential nomination. In a rather comic scene earlier this month, Hugh Morrow, Rockefeller's press aide and the former New York State director of communications, while dealing with questions from the press about why all that money had been handed out, noted that, by the bye, he himself had received something over a hundred thousand dollars from the former Governor. Unfortunately for Rockefeller's prospects, even if every gift should turn out to be a case of simple multimillionaire generosity the suspicion that there were many other unrecorded payoffs and perhaps dirty tricks may persist among Americans now more cynical about politicians than ever before in history. In *Newsday* recently, a cartoon by Tom Darcy showed a public official standing before the Devil, who held a paper labelled "Soul Purchase Con-



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tract." The caption was "Mind if I wait to see what Rocky offers me?"

The largest total gift reported by Rockefeller was six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to Dr. William Ronan, whose name is high on the list of those who will probably now be called to testify at the congressional hearings on the Rockefeller designation. Until his resignation earlier this year, Ronan was head of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, the state agency that has over-all responsibility for the city's subways and buses as well as for other city and state transit facilities. In his numerous appearances representing the M.T.A. before the Board of Estimate and other public bodies, Ronan's manner was often so imperial (a *Times* headline once referred to his domain as the "Wholly Ronan Empire") that by the end of a meeting everyone in the room was in a rage at him, and that worked out well for Rockefeller, since the enraged listeners often neglected to go a step further and blame the man who had appointed Ronan. When, after one such appearance a few years ago, the witness who followed him declared that Ronan seemed to have forgotten that he was being paid by the public, and added, "Dr. Ronan is the most arrogant man alive," every official on the dais nodded vigorously. Ronan, meanwhile, stood at the rear of the room, rocking back and forth on his heels and smiling faintly. Not long after the revelation earlier this month that he had in fact had independent resources all along—or, at any rate, resources independent of his state salary—Ronan turned up for a public ceremony at City Hall. As M.T.A. chairman, he made eighty-five thousand dollars a year, but as the chairman, since last May, of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, a position that offers enormous power over the transportation and shipping resources of New York and New Jersey, he has received no salary. However, Ronan, a walking symbol of the combination of public, private, and pseudo-public roles that Rockefeller clearly considers perfectly proper for his favored associates (he insisted that there was no possible conflict of interest in his gifts to public officials, since "we had identical objectives"), collects twelve thousand five hundred dollars annually for a part-time job as a trustee of the State Power Authority, various emoluments as a director of two state banks and Continental Copper and Steel Industries, about thirty-five thousand dollars a year from state pensions, and an unspecified sum as "senior ad-

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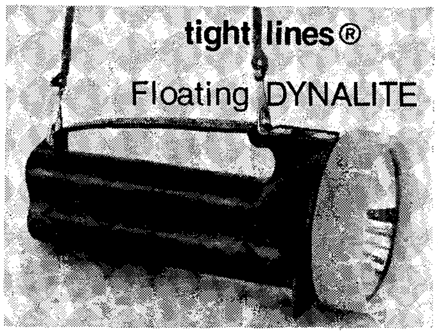

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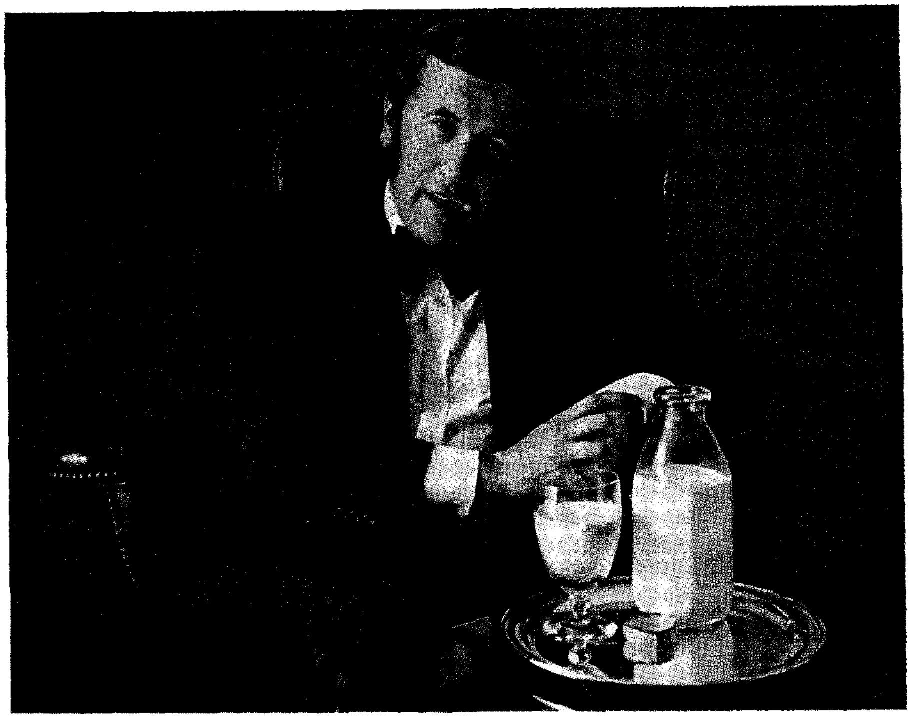

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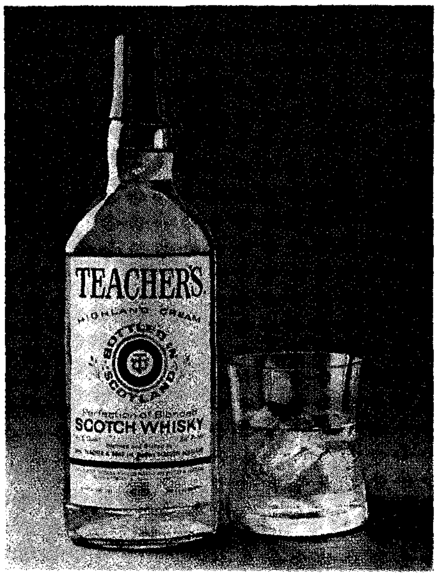

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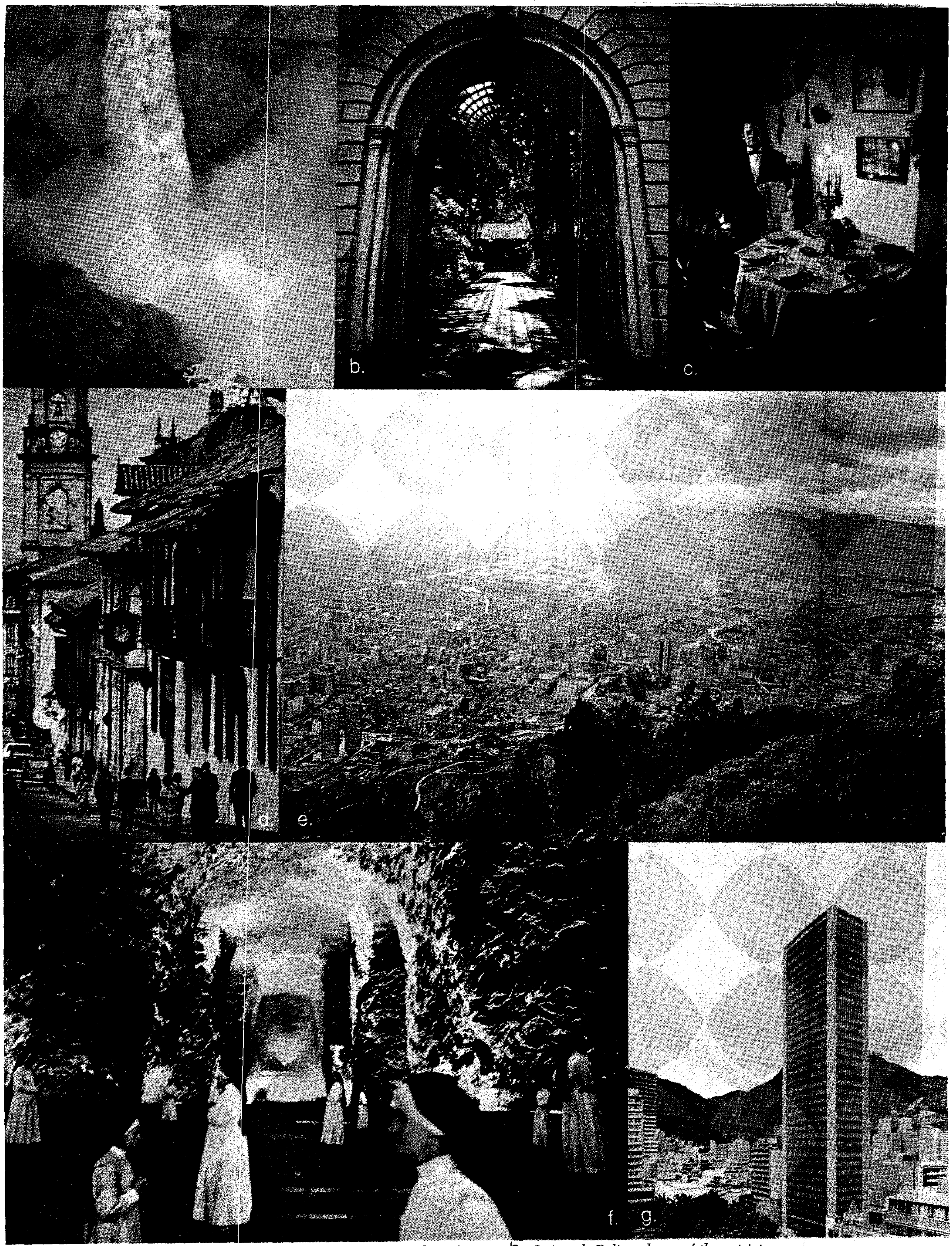

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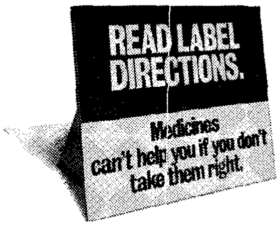

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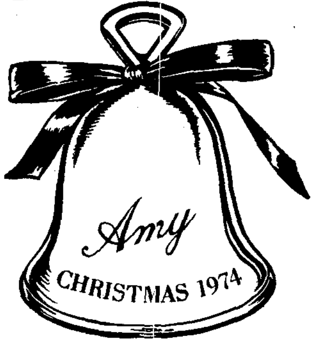

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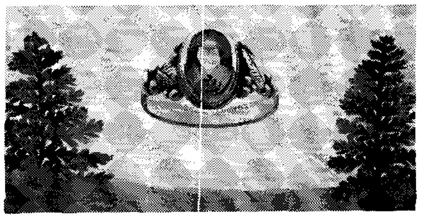

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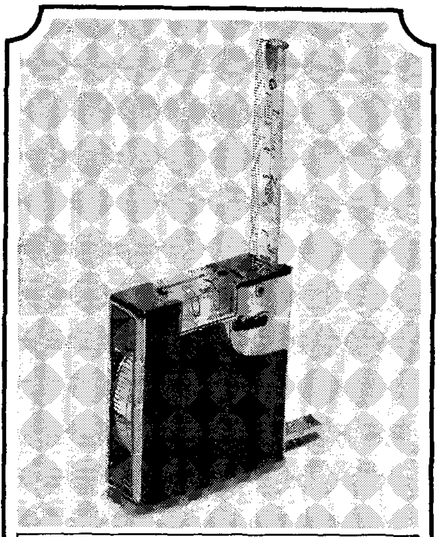
viser" to the Rockefeller family. When Ronan went to City Hall this month, it was to sign a lease with the city which will allow the Port Authority to develop a container port in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. To the City Hall press corps, the big story was, naturally, not the container port but the Rockefeller gifts. There was "nothing immoral or illegal" about the gift-giving, Ronan said.

"Now, what did you do for your good friend in return?" a reporter asked him.

"I said 'Thank you,'" Ronan replied, with his familiar faint smile.

ALTHOUGH the current Rockefeller embarrassment, with its implication of still more moral myopia among Republicans, won't help any G.O.P. campaign this fall, no other elections will be as deeply affected by it as the ones in this state, where the veteran vote-getters the Republicans are relying on, Senator Jacob Javits and Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, as well as Wilson, their candidate for governor, have been associated with Rockefeller throughout his political career. They, in turn, have relied on Rockefeller, this year, as always, for large campaign contributions—not a comfortable position to be in when the quid pro quos of so many other Rockefeller donations are being looked into. Soon after the revelations began, Wilson hastily eliminated his standard campaign-speech reference to Rockefeller as "my gifted predecessor." Although the Republicans were prepared to bear down hard on the problems of crime in the streets and governmental waste, which, following tradition, they present as Democratic phenomena, the Democratic team chosen in the primary on September 10th was able to plunge into the final phase of the campaign with a ready-made new issue—the Nixon pardon. At first, Wilson refused to comment on this development, insisting that it was strictly a federal question ("I don't believe in minding other people's business"), but a few days later he called the pardon "premature." His Democratic opponent, Representative Hugh Carey, of Brooklyn, commented, "I suppose that by 'premature' he means that the President should have waited until after the election."

The furor over the pardon had no sooner died down than the news about the Rockefeller gift list broke, and it was put to heavy use by the Democrats. Robert Abrams, the Democratic candidate for attorney general, imme-



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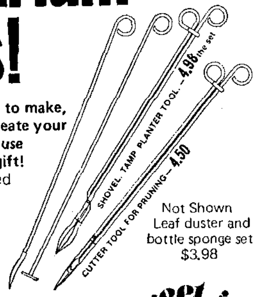
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diately accused Lefkowitz of having failed to investigate ethical and conflict-of-interest questions among the state officials on the list, particularly Ronan, and of having served primarily as the attorney for Rockefeller rather than for the people of New York State. Manhattan District Attorney Richard Kuh, who had been appointed by Wilson, then lost to Robert Morgenthau in the Democratic primary, and is now running for election on the Republican ticket, insisted that there was no legal question involved, adding, correctly, "There must be thousands of people out there who wish they were part of the Governor's largesse." Meanwhile, Ramsey Clark, the Democratic candidate for senator, has called on Javits several times a day either to give back a campaign contribution of fifteen thousand dollars from Rockefeller or to disqualify himself from voting on the Rockefeller designation. In a valiant attempt to change the subject, Wilson, to whose campaign the Rockefeller family has made substantial contributions, including forty-six thousand dollars, the legal limit, from the former Governor, charged that the policies of the Democratic Congress, of which, he pointed out, Carey is a member, had caused the present national inflation. "The way to fight inflation is to tax the people who can afford to give half a million to their buddies as gifts," Carey said. The Republicans looked more cheerful after Gabe Pressman, a local television reporter, cornered Carey and asked him whether he was worried about rumors that federal agencies were looking into the affairs of the New England Petroleum Corporation, whose president, Hugh Carey's brother Edward, had given Carey over one million dollars for his primary campaign. Representative Carey's response was to urge the federal government to investigate the operations of all major oil companies, including those in which the Rockefellers have a large interest.

ALL the candidates were on hand this month for the annual Italian American parade honoring Columbus, traditionally the city's final open-air celebration before the frost. Skipping all the usual questions about the achievements of the Italians in America, and even about the weather, the members of the press seemed interested only in getting the candidates on record on the subject of the Goldberg book, for which the Vice-President-designate had taken full blame the day before. The candidates, anxious to dissociate them-

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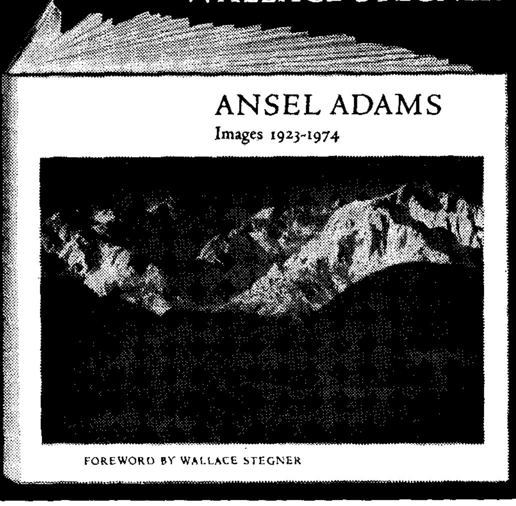

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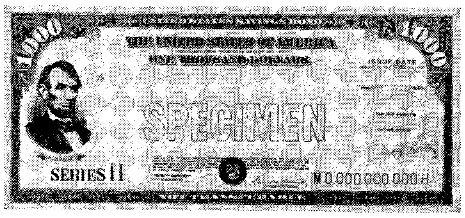

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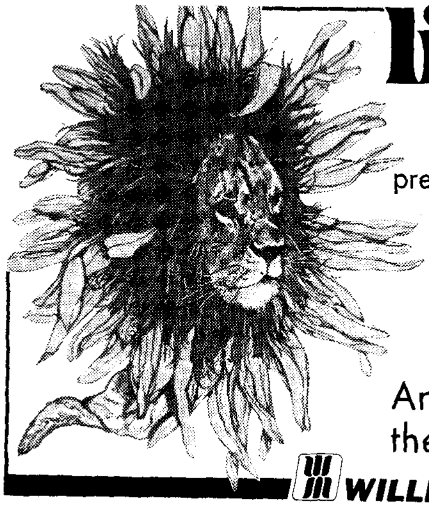

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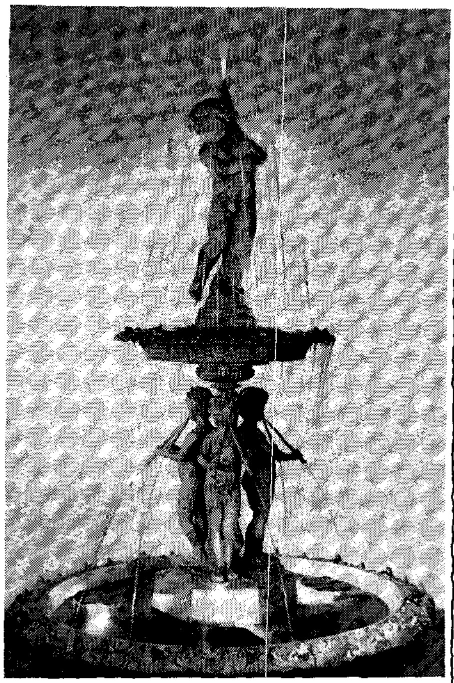

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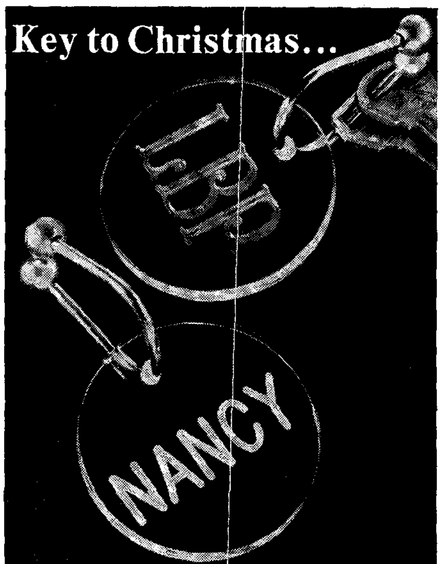

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selves from the anti-Semitic as well as the dirty-tricks aspects of the episode, were equally eager to go on record as deploring the book and Rockefeller's part in it. It was fortunate that Rockefeller was not on the reviewing stand, as he had been virtually every previous Columbus Day within memory.

In the brief intervals between the passing floats and the marching bands playing "Oh, Marie!," some of the officials on the stand, wearing "Kiss Me, I'm Italian" buttons, reminisced about earlier parades. At the one two years ago, standing beside Rockefeller, who was then the chairman of the state campaign for the reëlection of Richard Nixon, had been Tricia Nixon Cox, representing her father. Also on hand had been the Democratic Presidential candidate, Senator George McGovern. McGovern had even fallen in with the Italian American marchers for a time, causing Tricia to frown in disapproval and make a remark for which she has become somewhat celebrated in New York politics. "This was supposed to have been a nonpolitical event," she told Rockefeller indignantly. (The day before, her husband, Edward Cox, had made a nonpolitical appearance on the reviewing stand at the Hispanic parade honoring Columbus.) Tricia was on the reviewing stand again in 1973, taking her place among the large delegation of candidates in that year's mayoral race. (This year, she was apparently not invited.) The Yom Kippur war had broken out two days before, and most of the candidates had left early to attend various rallies in support of the Israeli forces. Henry Kissinger was also in New York that weekend in 1973, using his suite at the Waldorf as a command post from which he advised the Israeli and Egyptian foreign ministers and the Soviet ambassador and President Nixon. He did not then have to stop and answer questions about the fifty-thousand-dollar gift of love that Nelson Rockefeller had given him—questions he would be fending off in 1974 when, a few days before Columbus Day, he left for the Middle East for more conferences on the prospects for a peace treaty in the same war.

ANOTHER old friend of Rockefeller's from Washington was in New York on that weekend in 1973. Late in the afternoon, while the Columbus Day parade was still going on, Spiro Agnew arrived in the city, to be ready the next day to deliver before a luncheon meeting of New York building executives what he must have

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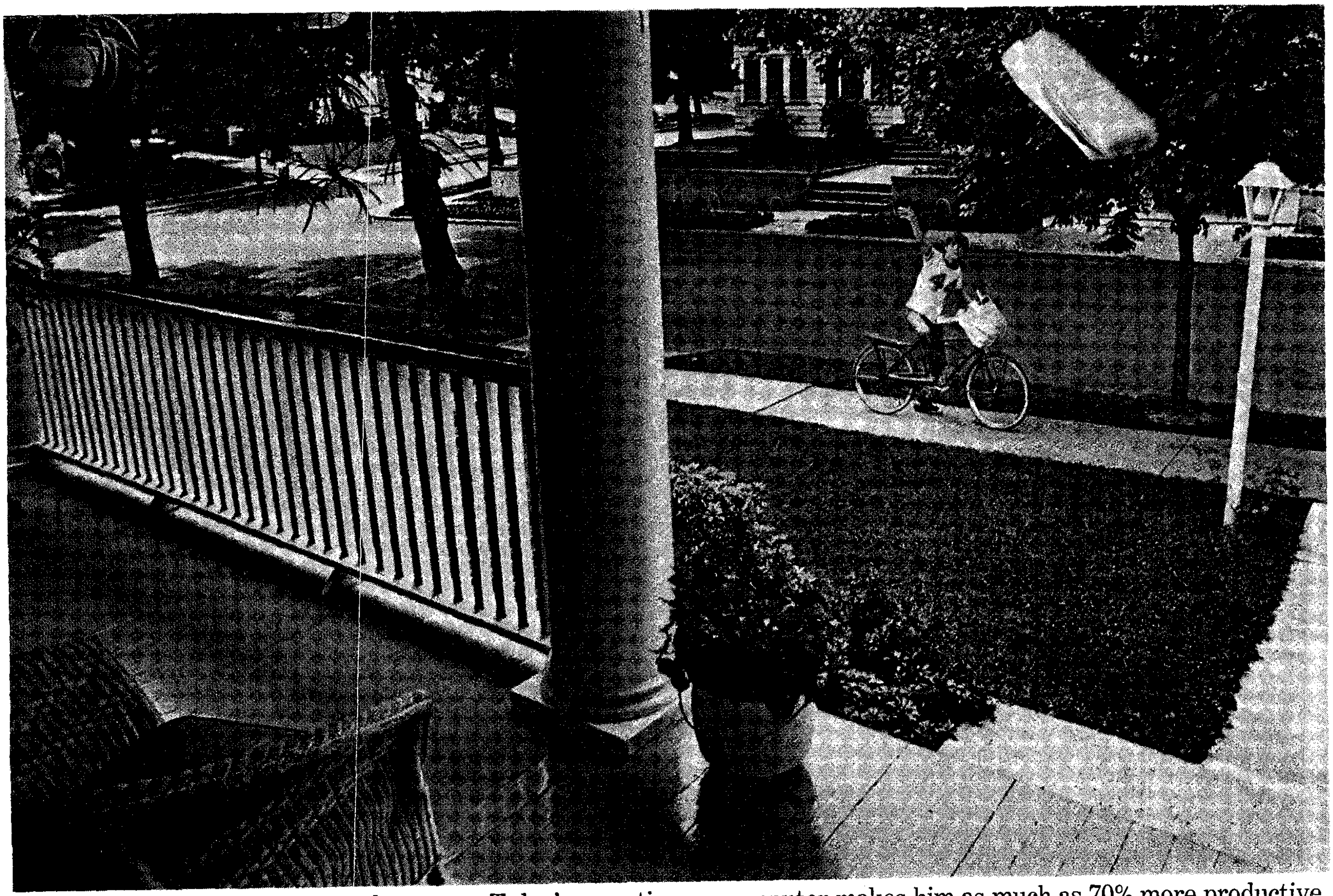

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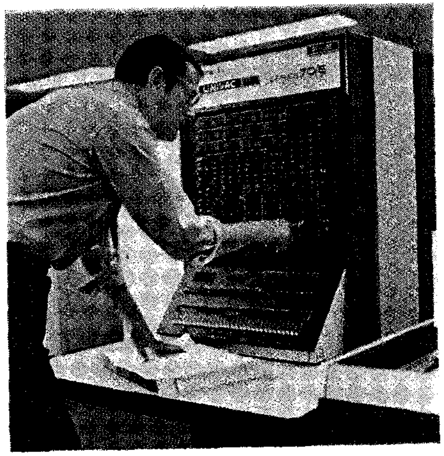

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known would be the last speech of his public life. The final details of his historic plea bargain were then being hammered out in a Virginia motel by his lawyers, a federal district judge, and Henry Petersen, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's Criminal Division. When Agnew rose to speak at the Waldorf the next afternoon, the eight hundred and fifty builders on hand gave him a standing ovation. In the early evening, back in Washington, Agnew sat at his desk and wrote out his resignation as Vice-President and then paid a brief call on the President in the Oval Office, where, ten months later to the day, another historic resignation was written out and signed.

When Agnew's resignation was announced, the next afternoon, Rockefeller happened to be watching a news ticker on the ground floor of what was then the Governor's New York City headquarters, on West Fifty-fifth Street. According to one observer, he raised his eyebrows in astonishment and, without a word, went swiftly into his private office. There he set in motion an intense lobbying effort to secure for himself the designation as Vice-President. A year ago, a majority of the members of Congress still seemed to regard uneasily the prospect of exercising their nearly dormant Constitutional powers over the executive branch. The public hearings on impeachment, from which they have taken much of their growing, though still tentative, strength, were many months away. At that low moment in national history, when a Vice-President had just resigned after an array of charges that included the taking of bribe money for road-building contracts, Congress might well have gratefully seized on the chance to vote for a vastly rich man who, whatever his other failings, would never involve himself in questionable money transactions. Had Rockefeller succeeded in getting Nixon to send his name to Congress early in October of 1973, it seems likely that he would have been speedily confirmed after a series of deferential hearings, and today still another former governor of New York, for better or for worse, would be President of the United States.

—Andy Logan

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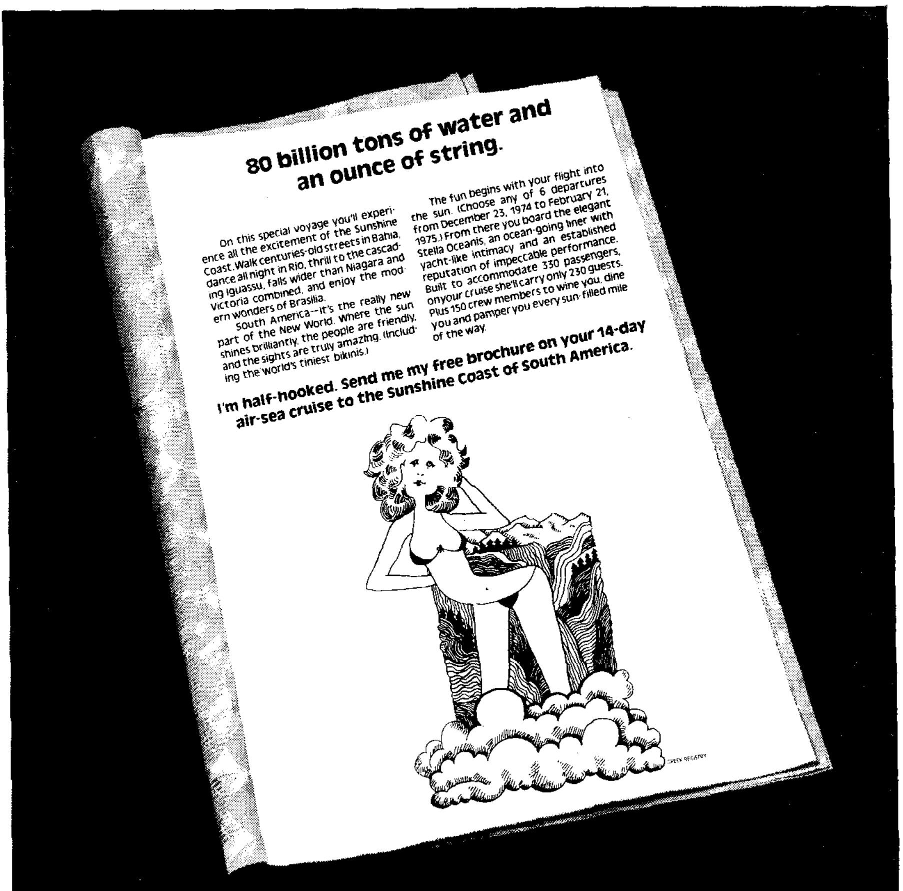

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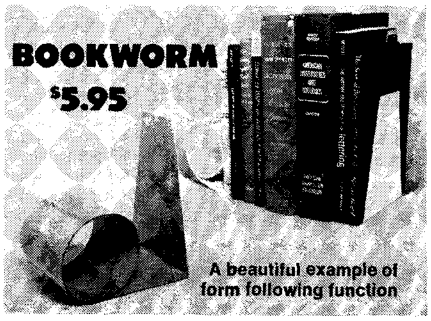

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LETTER FROM LONDON

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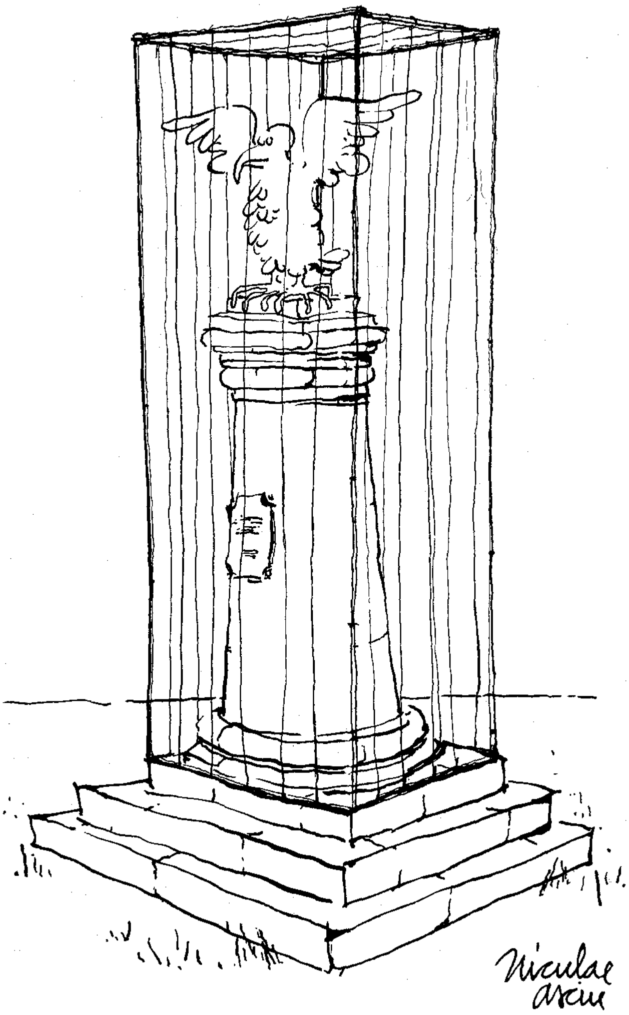
THIS most unpopular, uninspiring, lacklustre election that anyone can remember left everybody, winners and losers alike, feeling disappointment and worry in varying degrees. Its result was one of those British compromises that are often politely admired by puzzled outside observers as indicating political sagacity, and that sometimes work quite well. By the way it voted or sourly did not vote, the country has just plainly declared no enthusiasm at all for left-wing Socialism, the Conservatives, or maybe even parliamentary democracy. The marked drop in the number of votes for all except the triumphant Scottish Nationalists, who sent the Tory Sassenachs packing across the border in disarray, showed that on election day, which was cold and showery, millions of people did not bother to go around and mark their crosses for anyone.

It was a remarkably spiritless, impersonal campaign, largely conducted on television. Noticeably fewer party stickers were pasted up in house windows, and fewer volunteers, it was said, showed up at their neighborhood headquarters offering to drive cars or lick envelopes. The election-night crowds in London used to be rather jolly, with lots of good-tempered shouting, colored balloons, and happy drunks, but in recent years more and more people seem to have settled for staying soberly at home and watching the box. It was a melancholy election, too, for brave, rebellious spirits. The men who had differed with the official Labour Party line in February and had successfully stood as independent Socialists were thrown out in October. In spite of all the newspaper talk about a coalition government's being the most serviceable umbrella to put up against the darkening economic storm (which Mr. Wilson mentioned less insistently and far less ominously than Mr. Heath), the electorate demonstrated unmistakably for the Big Two party system. Mr. Jeremy Thorpe's Liberals, who confidently fought as the untried third party to which voters tired of the dingdong battle of the giants were said to be eagerly rallying, suffered a severe rebuff and will return to Westminster with their tiny handful of M.P.s docked by one.



Since Friday, of course, the characteristic local gift for seeing the best side of things has been showing up all around, though some of the stiff upper lips are fixed rather grimly. It was certainly a dismaying shock to Mr. Wilson's supporters, who had been cheered by the once again stunningly inaccurate message of the opinion polls, to find that they were back—and even less comfortably—to the old days of 1964, when his first administration was balanced on a tiny, easily eroded ledge of a four-vote majority in the House of Commons. But—at least on second thoughts—even a very shaky mandate is better than no mandate at all. Besides, the Ulster Unionist members and the Scottish and Welsh Nationalists are unlikely to go jaunting off frivolously to London to vote in any debate that does not concern their special interests, so the opposition in the lobbies will generally be a good deal thinner than it looks on paper. The Liberals are finding wan consolation in the fact that five million citizens who felt that neither Labour nor the Tories were the answer voted Liberal—one million had vanished somewhere or other since the last election, though—which, under the electoral system of proportional representation that they have always been agitating for, would have returned many more M.P.s. Though Jeremy Thorpe has stoutly declared that the Liberals will live to fight another day, the result has been shattering to their hopes. To judge by the Conservatives' profound gloom before the election, most of them had expected to be beaten far more decisively than it turned out, and the way in which the Tory center held firm all over the place was heartening. The wryly cheerful thought they were exchanging over the weekend was that it might have been worse—worse being a landslide affirmation (as some of the opinion polls had indicated) of nationalization and the other Socialist reform schemes that Labour had put out as its platform, including the promised, and constitutionally tricky, referendum on membership in the Common Market.

Now that the country has given Mr. Wilson such a grudging half nod, it is felt, perhaps too optimistically, that even such a masterly tactician as he will not find it easy to carry through the more controversial features of his program. His address to the nation on Monday night was certainly carefully placatory, with its popular hint that next month's budget will contain relief from the almost lethal tax squeeze that Chancellor Denis Healey applied too zealously on industry and business in the spring. He also served oblique warning to any sections of the community who might be flexing their muscles for a new round of pay claims that this could not be allowed if England is to stagger through her worsening troubles. The speech went down well, it seems, but doubtless was angrily received by Labour's left wing.

IT was the shock of finding that their collective vote had crumbled to its lowest point in this century that set off the Conservatives' critical debate now raging over the leadership, and their analysis of where the Party had failed, for the third time, to appeal to voters. In the opinion of very many unhappy Tories, it was impossible that Edward Heath could have led them to victory and to unity, as he repeatedly asked in his speeches, in the face of the still largely unappreciated dangers of the worst economic crisis since the war—a crisis, as his listeners often wearily reflected, that has seemed to turn up punctually practically every year since then. Last February and its tribulations were too near. The public's Pavlovian reflex reaction to Mr. Heath's warning presence, once more talking of blood, sweat, and tears on their television screens, was probably to think immediately of the three-day week, cold rooms, trains not running, and the constant abrasive crunch of conflict between government and unions. His style seemed to have changed a great deal since February. In his campaign appearances, everybody remarked that he was quieter, more conversational than lecturing in tone, and perhaps closer to what his devoted friends insist is the real, private Edward Heath than the rigid, smile-flashing totem figure, shoulders shaking with curiously uninfectious mirth. (A brilliant young TV comedian called Mike Yarwood takes him off hilariously.) But it seemed to be too late. Mr. Wilson's big card was undoubtedly Labour's "social contract" with the union leaders, somewhat frayed though it already seemed at the edges. In contrast, the Conservatives had been able to offer only vague talk of a government of national unity, which everybody knew would never include Labour, plus a plummy offer of easier mortgages to help despairing young would-be house buyers.

Nobody seems to doubt that the Conservative Party must eventually set about electing a new leader, though many voices are urging that nothing should be done with unseemly haste. All the papers, however, are busy burying Mr. Heath alive, with or without honors, and running through the names of his likely heirs. It is possible that this candid discussion will result in a wave of popular sympathy for him from loyal grass-roots constituencies, who reacted that way when everyone assumed too quickly that Harold Macmillan would resign after the Profumo scandal. At the moment, however, most Conservatives seem to be uncertain only about the timing of his giving up the leadership and probably taking on the Foreign Secretaryship in the Shadow Cabinet—and, of course, about the awkward question of who will succeed him. On this, no name exactly

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leaps to anyone's mind, for the choice is hardly dazzling. The truth is that *all the big trees in the forest have long* been felled, and there is not a promising sapling in sight. Edward Heath was never entirely to the liking of the Party's right wing, which criticized him for moving away from "true Conservative principles" and confusing exasperated supporters by taking a moderate center ground that was often too close, they felt, to the political philosophies of the other parties. The leading candidate appears to be Mr. William Whitelaw, Mr. Heath's loyal right-hand man, maybe because nobody would ever mistake him for what he is not, and because of a patient, conciliatory knack of getting warring elements around a table, which brought him much praise when he was Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. He is a large, shrewd, affable man, who looks as though he had come straight off a grouse moor, which is perhaps more like the accepted image of a true-blue Tory stalwart to some in the Party than Mr. Heath's sailing and organ playing. Many thoughtful Conservatives fear that Mr. Whitelaw would be no match in the Commons for Mr. Wilson. For this reason, Sir Keith Joseph, a man of formidable intellect, much respected in the House, though not well known to ordinary citizens, is preferred by many. The one outsider mentioned in the present discussions is Sir Christopher Soames, one of Britain's two E.E.C. commissioners in Brussels. He has a good brain and a strong personality, is an experienced House of Commons man (he lost his seat in 1966), and is, naturally, an ardent European. He would be free of any strings attached to a damaged administration, but on his own assertion his candidacy does not seem likely. The *Times*, which appears to have set itself up as an Olympian umpire on the leadership question, observed coolly of Soames, "He is more than something of a bully when he wants to get his own way"—true enough, come to that, of his late father-in-law, Sir Winston Churchill. Meanwhile, indignant Conservatives are writing to the newspaper's correspondence columns, declaring loyally that Edward Heath is head and shoulders above any of the men who are waiting to step into his shoes, and that it is the Party's loyal duty to support him. It is a sad time for him and for them, and there will be a sort of relief all around when things are settled one way or another.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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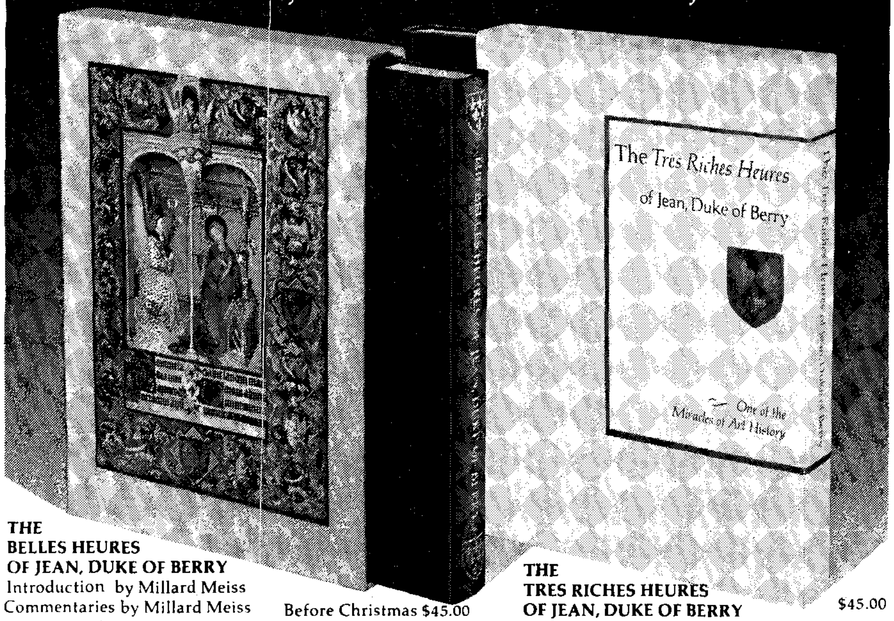

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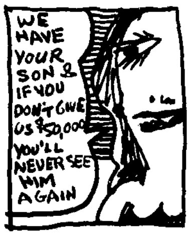
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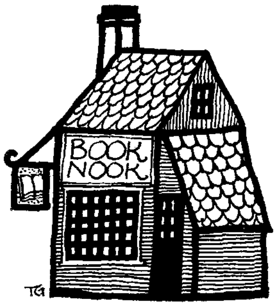
BOOKS

Burnt-Out Case

LIKE an ice-skater cutting an intricate figure, a major writer may often be tracing patterns, seemingly random or eccentric, around a single, unwavering pivot. His divagations are in fact a constant return.



The strength of Graham Greene has been a compulsive amazement—at the pendulum motion of sin and redemption, at the interwoven closeness of human disgrace and divine repair. Various as are their location and style—novels, entertainments, books of travel, thrillers, plays—the works of Graham Greene have their obsessive focus in the mystery of man's fall and in the mystery of spiritual, psychological resurrection that could not come to pass without the fall. It is this focus that gives to the seedy landscape of Greene's fiction, to the disenchantment and even cruelty of his political horizon, their peculiar dignity. The motif, the paradox of "the happy fall" (it is Adam's sin that makes possible, that literally necessitates Christ's sacrificial entry into the condition of man), is, of course, traditional. It is at once common to the whole of Christianity and a dramatization of the differing perspectives of Catholic and Protestant sensibilities. The Catholic bias inclines toward the harmonious logic of compensation, toward the perfect economy that binds repentance and absolution to original sin. The Protestant temper, notably in its Calvinist vein, dwells on the strange density of evil, on the uncertainties of purpose and self-knowledge which may, even at the last moment, frustrate contrition and the homecoming of the individual to a state of grace. In its obsession with the motions of spirit and of flesh which lead from evil to remorse, Mr. Greene's Catholicism has retained a Calvinist edge. But the theme is not only theological. The "strong spirits" (*esprits forts*) of the Renaissance and the seventeenth century gave it a gambler's twist. How far could a man wade into abomination yet reach the shore of grace? Should he blaspheme and violently debauch himself precisely so as to then make manifest the boundless mercy of God? Could an individual set aside a pious, sacramental portion of his will while allowing his inferior senses and mortal flesh to wallow in bestial delights? Behind these questions lurked an even blacker, more sophistic taunt. Was it in reach of a human being to sin so hideously that he would compel God to damn him, that he would abrogate God's infinite compassion and powers of redemption? It is to these challenges, to these equivocations with the absolute, that the legends of Faust and of Don Juan owe their ubiquitous, commanding presence in Western feeling.

The metaphysical rake also existed in actual life. The type flourished in the mid-seventeenth century, and acquired the general name of *libertins*. The timing is no accident. The period from the sixteen-forties to the sixteen-nineties witnessed a dynamic interplay between religious forms and personal doubt. Daily existence, the ceremonies of state, the language of public and familial exchange continued to be marked at every point by the authority of the Church. Rivalries between sovereign states retained their religious character: Catholic against Protestant, absolutist Counter-Reformation against the slowly evolving Lutheran and Calvinist systems of mercantile democracy. Simultaneously, however, skepticism was spreading amid the educated and the audacious. The explosive gains made by the sciences—by medicine, astronomy, and geography in particular—had severely weakened the world picture of orthodox faith. The bitter, persistent fragmentation of Christianity into internecine sects cast doubt and ridicule on theology. An intricate process of individuation was altering the personality of the more gifted European men and women: community and dogma seemed less important than the unexplored territories of private consciousness, of erotic and intellectual reconnaissance. Thus the old scenario of sin and redemption took on a special psychological, social intensity.

Graham Greene wrote his biographical study of John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, in the early thirties. At that time, Rochester's poems were available either in the curiosa sections of a few libraries or in an unreliable edition published by T. S. Eliot's friend John Hayward in 1926. This bibliophile enterprise had escaped prosecution for obscenity only because it was limited to one thousand and fifty copies. Mr. Greene's publishers turned down the manuscript, fearing that his citations from Rochester's works and his references to certain episodes in Rochester's career would lead to court action. "I hadn't the heart to offer it elsewhere," remarks Mr. Greene in his prefatory note. So the work lay some forty years in the archives of the University of Texas waiting for a more liberal climate.

"Lord Rochester's Monkey" (Viking) is quintessential Greene: spare, elegant, beautifully researched, and wholly immersed in the topic of depravity and of the gamble on salvation. No English literary figure could have been more apt to Mr. Greene's design.

The life of Rochester (1647-80) began with panache. Admitted to Oxford at twelve, the young Earl left little more than a year later to take his place in the brilliant ambience of the Restoration court. Various escapades, including the attempted kidnapping of Elizabeth Mallet, a wealthy heiress from Somerset, were soon eclipsed by Rochester's performance in the naval wars against the Dutch. Aged only eighteen, he proved his courage and steadiness of nerve during the ferocious, inconclusive battles at Bergen and in the English Channel. He wrote coolly to his mother, "Mr. Montague and Thomas Wyndham's brother were both killed with one shot just by me, but God Almighty was pleased to preserve me from any kind of hurt. Madam, I have been tedious but beg your Ladyship's pardon." High in royal favor, reputed for daring and for wit, Rochester married Miss Mallet and her fortune in January, 1667. He was to love her, to come back to her always in his own ambiguous fashion:

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
  That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
  That tears my fixt heart from my
    love.

When wearied with a world of woe,
  To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love and peace and truth does
    flow,
  May I contented there expire.

The sexual exhibitionism, the bullying, and the maniacal drunkenness that were to make of Rochester's name a byword set in within a year or two after his marriage. The reasons are not

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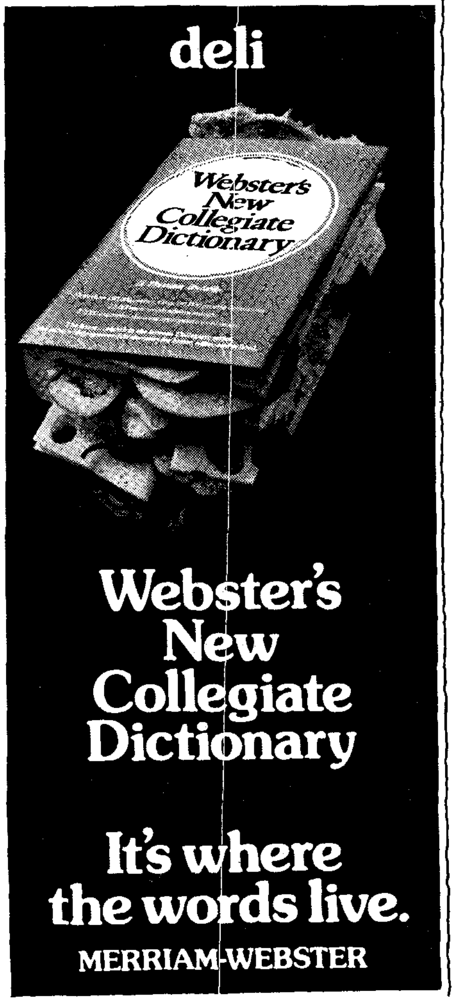
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MERRIAM-WEBSTER

altogether clear. Mr. Greene cites the vacuity of Charles II's court and the general nervous exhaustion that followed on the stress of civil war and restoration. Rochester had acquired a taste for drink when he was an adolescent. There may have been hereditary dispositions to debauchery. But these motives do not explain a vehemence of waste so prodigal, so public that it even entailed the collapse of his physical courage (a frustrated duel with the Earl of Mulgrave left Rochester with a lifelong reputation for cowardice).

The agencies of self-destruction lay deeper. They find expression in the desolate candor of Rochester's bawdry, in the loathsome picture he draws of his life routine. Brilliantly endowed, Rochester seemed to be in the grip of a terrible impatience. He knew the King and his peers to be lecherous buffoons. He had experienced the false glamour and hollowness of war. Mankind itself, he declared in his best-known poem, seemed no worthier than the lubricious monkey (whence Graham Greene's title). He contracted venereal disease as early as 1669. He tore away at his own failing health. By the time he was twenty-seven or twenty-eight, Rochester was, to borrow a tag from Mr. Greene himself, "a burnt-out case." There is in such self-dissolution, with its lucid, even passionate awareness of a moral alternative, an inverse piety. No less than the hermit or the flagellant, Rochester was an ascetic, a contemner of the flesh. Like other libertines, but with a finer alertness to the implicit ironies, he did violence to the claims of life and of the world within himself. He hurried toward death, voicing a question at once banal and obsessive:

> Supreme first causes! you, whence all
>   things flow,
> Whose infiniteness does each little fill,
> You, who decree each seeming chance
>   below
> (So great in power), were you as good
>   in will,
> How could you ever have produc'd such
>   ill?

But the rendezvous took an unexpected turn.

Graham Greene's handling of the notorious question of Rochester's deathbed "conversion" shows a perfect tact and a psychological acuity. The picture that emerges is, on the whole, consonant with the account given by Dr. Burnet, the theologian and historian of the Reformation. Rochester returned to the sacraments and died with every mark of Christian piety. He expressed abhorrence of his past conduct and urged the sometime companions of his

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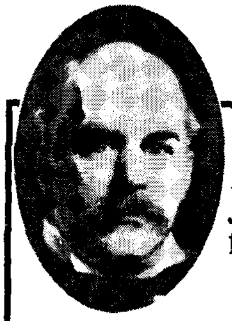

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riots to repentance. These were the public facts of the case, and there is no reason to suppose that they concealed some final tactic of hypocrisy. The inward attitudes were, most likely, more complex. As Mr. Greene reads the evidence, Rochester probably died as a Christian stoic. Burnet had advanced him weighty reasons for belief, but "had been unable to transmit belief." Rochester had modulated into genuine repentance those insights he had long harbored concerning the vanity, the self-deceptions, the waste of mundane existence. To make display of hard-heartedness would, in the deepest sense, be facile and unseemly. Why repeat the state of damnation he had solicited and undergone in his earthly course? Mr. Greene's summarizing phrase is flawless in its ambivalence: "Now, God's fumble was heard at the latch, and he was escaping."

Critics and scholars today have much better texts to work with than did the young Graham Greene (David Vieth's authoritative edition of Rochester's "Complete Poems" appeared in 1968). But it is difficult to imagine that anyone will produce a more penetrating, fair-minded portrait of this remarkable poet. For it is, in the last analysis, the poetry that matters. It is the sinewy wit that could, in the midst of a frankly pornographic passage, define the busy tongue as "love's lesser lightning" or compose the song that begins

> All my past life is mine no more,
> The flying hours are gone:
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> Whose images are kept in store,
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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the White River Valley Herald, Vt.*]

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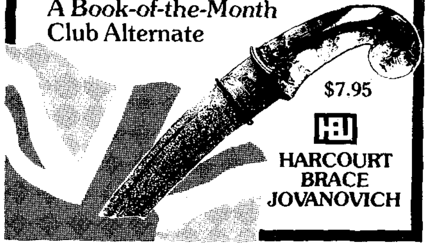

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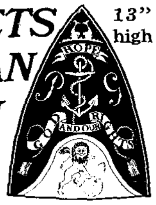

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